

You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 37

Chapter 37

Easton

I don't remember driving to Julia's house. I mean, clearly I was parked in front staring at the large two-story brick house deep in the suburbs, but I was still thinking about Harper.

About her taste.

About the way she threw me out of her fucking house like I was yesterday's trash when I was completely innocent-well okay, so not completely innocent but

Aisha had been all up in my business for the last few months, and I'm a guy, so I took her up on it a few times, but now I have a different taste on my tongue.

Too bad she hates me.

With a groan, I kill the engine to my Jeep and distractedly snatch my phone in my hand. It feels like betrayal, even though I know I didn't do anything wrong.

I let it slide.

Shake it off and get out of the SUV. Is Harper pissed? Yes. But I am too because she's constantly jumping to conclusions, constantly waiting for me to do the shitty thing.

Do you blame her? A voice says in my head.

"All I do is fuck." My own stupid ass brain reminds me.

I groan and make my way to the door, but before I can even knock, Aisha is opening it. "You made it."

Her grin is way too wide and excited like I'm here delivering candy and free weed when really I just want to get in, get my fucking paper written, and leave.

I'm already suspicious of her because, let's face it-it's her, so I shove past her and mutter a "whatever" and make my way into the sizable stark home.

It's one of those houses that tells you exactly what type of people live there without even confessing all the secrets.

Perfect family photos line the white walls.

Expensive candles are littered around the living room-with its fur rugs and high end furniture. Anyone would expect Julia to have the perfect life.

Instead, she flew solo most of the time and used that time to dive into her studies and, in her words, not mine. "Make my parents pay when I have a company bigger than Amazon and give them nothing."

A bit vindictive? Yes, but I don't really care.

I just need the paper written so I can get the fuck out of here and go home, then potentially try to figure out where it all went wrong with Harper.

My brain chooses that moment to show me all the moments we had together, her thighs, her mouth, her taste.

"Hey," Aisha snaps her fingers in front of my face. "You here or what?"

I literally have no idea how I even made it into the kitchen.

With a shrug, I sigh and fall onto one of the metal bar stools. Julia is on her phone texting. Her blonde hair is in a high ponytail that keeps whipping around every time she turns her head.

The doorbell rings.

"Probably Ryan," I say more to myself than anyone.

Aisha shrugs and leaves the room.

Once she's out, I drum my fingers against the white marble countertop. "So, Julia, how long will this take?"

"Depends. How much money do you have?" She grins at her screen then looks up. "Chill, I'm kidding, we can get it done in an hour or so.." She licks her full pale lips. "By the way, payment should be negotiated first." Her eyes drop to my cock and she scoots closer to me.

Seriously?

Months ago, I would have said, I'm down.

Now I want to yell.

Because her smell is wrong, just like her mouth, just like her everything.

Everything is fucking wrong.

"No." I find myself saying. "I have a thing with Ryan at my parents, so this has to be fast."

"I can be fast."

"I mean the paper." | clarify, clenching my teeth. Ryan's voice fills the room as he and Aisha argue, and honestly, I can't take it anymore.

"Aisha," I bark. "Go to the Jeep and grab my bag so I can get this shit done."

"Whoa," Julia smirks. "Someone needs a Xanax."

"How perceptive." I glare. "For real, Aisha." | toss her my keys, "Just grab my shit so I can get out of here."

"You sure Aisha going through your shit is a good idea?" Ryan says under his breath.

I sigh. "And don't leave your panties behind like last time. That shit isn't funny."

Aisha visibly deflates. "Fineeeee, be right back, limp dick." ,

"That's a lie, and you know it," I yell after her.

She flips me off, her heels clicking against the marble as I hear the door open and then slam closed. I can't even be pissed. "Yo, Julia," I snap my fingers in front of

her. "Time is ticking—let's get this done."

"Oh sorry." She puts her phone down, not looking the least bit sorry. "All right, we still have terms of payment."

With a growl, I reach for her neck, pull her close and kiss her cheek. My body doesn't feel a thing as she tries to cling to me. "Done. Next."

She shoves me against the counter. "You're such a dick."

I hold out my hands in surrender. "At least I paid."

She rolls her eyes. "Fine, let me grab my laptop. I need to read over some of your notes so it sounds like some shit you'd actually write, and then you and princess Ryan over there can leave."

Ryan ignores her.

| elbow him.

What the hell is taking Aisha so long?

Finally, the front door opens, she's smoothing down her black leather skirt like she just had a quickie, and on top of that, she's looking hella suspicious.

“Find something in there?” | ask.

She holds up my leather messenger bag and shrugs. “You mean other than all those used condoms?”

“Jealous?” | tease.

“Always.” She winks and drops my bag on the table.

It’s maybe fifteen minutes before I’m ready to pull my own hair out. Without realizing it, Aisha had taken a picture of all of us “studying” and posted it to her stories, so now Ryan’s phone is blowing up, and mine isn’t.

Which pisses me the hell off.

I mean, she follows me now, so why isn’t she mad?

Why isn’t she fighting with me at the very least?

Whatever.

“...another five minutes.” Julia yawns, typing on her MacBook Pro.

“Nah.” | grab my shit. “I have somewhere to be.”

“Me too.” Ryan follows suit.

“What?” Aisha’s lower lip pouts out. “I thought we were gonna hang later?”

“Ryan’s sick.” | lie.

Ryan, to his credit, manages a fake cough and looks at me for approval when I want to strangle him, only to cough again.

“See?” I point out. “He’s been feeling sick all day. I gotta follow him home.”

Aisha’s eyes narrow while Julia’s face takes on a disappointed look.

“Email me, Julia.” | grab the rest of my shit and shove Ryan toward the door without saying goodbye to Aisha, which I’m sure pisses her off even more.

We make it to my Jeep.

Memories assault me.

“Bro, who were you hooking up with?” Ryan shoves me.

“Huh? What?” I stumble back.

"I get it now." He smiles. "Why you didn't want to stay, got some girl you wanna get back to." His smile makes me want to punch him. "Nice hickey, by the way, and the scratch marks, I'm sure Aisha wasn't happy."

"Huh?" I touch my neck where he points and sure enough, I feel the scratches, and when I look in the rearview mirror, I see the small hickey.

Planted by his sister.

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Chapter 38

Harper

"You've been warned. I'm killing your brother. Prepare yourself!" Sadie screams into the phone. I have to hold it away, so my head doesn't explode. "I'm serious this time, Harper. Julia's? Why the hell was he at Julia's? She's such a whore!"

"True." I agree. "But..." | almost spill that Easton is using her to write his paper because that would also mean I have insider information, and as of right now, Sadie just thinks we had a few makeout moments and aren't serious when in reality, my heart doesn't understand the concept of beating for anyone else but him.

I deflate a bit and listen as she goes through another tirade about how all boys are the devil and should burn in hell. "...seriously though, Harper, look at both their snaps!"

I pull the phone away and tap my Snapchat putting Sadie on speaker.

Sure enough, there are pictures of Aisha and Julia with both guys, drinks in hand, winking at the camera like, hey there's more where that came from, and it's gonna be a long night

Jealousy burns through my body.

Was Easton still there?

Even now?

I get my answer when Ryan shows up minutes later stomping all over the house like he has a personal vendetta against the hardwood floors.

Did that mean Easton was still there or did he go home, and how do I ask without my brother being suspicious. It's not like I can text Easton after what went down, it might look desperate, or like I was jealous when I'm still pissed he's hooking up with random girls and me.

"Let me call you back," I whisper into the phone, hanging up on Sadie and walking into the living room.

Ryan throws himself against the couch. "I hate girls."

I laugh. "Could have fooled me."

He groans. "Fucking Easton."

I freeze, unable to breathe or move. "What did he do now?" I sit down and wait for

"Oh, you know Easton thinks with his dick more than his brain." He shakes his head. "He's lucky all he had to do was give Julia a quick kiss for her to write his paper. I'm sure Aisha was ready to run her over with her Benz."

"What?" I snap.

Ryan looks over, frowning. "You should be happy. You hate Aisha. I mean, they're both Satan, but if I had to choose..."

I'm fuming.

So not only did he have a booty call with Aisha, but he kissed Julia so she'd write his stupid paper?

I'm so angry I could scream.

I concentrate on the anger.

Because the hurt does nothing but make me feel like I'm bleeding out.

I'm not special to him.

I'm nothing.

And I'm stupid for even thinking that I'm more than what those girls are, that he sees something in me when I'm so off-limits it's laughable.

My heart tries to remind me of his face when he came to the house and tried to comfort me after the car incident, was that genuine though? Was he? He's so

arrogant it's impossible to know if he's randomly showing up because he's just a horny high school guy, or he knows I can't resist him.

I want to punch a wall.

"Whatever." Ryan looks down at his phone. "If he wants to dip his dick into the entire cheerleading squad, go for it. At least he'll get a good grade out of it."

"Right." I clench my teeth.

He smiles down at his phone and then laughs. "Dipshit's home, and apparently Aisha thought we were all gonna hang out tonight, so she's blowing up his phone again. It's scary how obsessed she is with him."

"Yup, crazy." I agree, breathing again because he's back at his house and away from her claws.

"You okay?" Ryan looks up from his phone. "You keep repeating everything I say..." His brows knit together in concern. "Is this about the car paint?"

"No." I sigh. "Yes." My body rebels against me, reminding me of Easton's mouth, his hands, the way he aggressively tugs down my leggings, his full lips glistening after each taste. I'm just tired."

Ryan yawns. "Me too. Don't worry, we'll figure out who has a personal vendetta."

I stand. "I'm going to go do some homework."

Abrupt subject change but the more he reminds me of the cars, the more I think about Easton, and I want to strangle the guy. Why is it so hard? It should be easy. Hot boy with his perfect mouth only wants you for one thing.

And yet, I find myself justifying reasons and actions-even when he says to my face that it means nothing.

I'm so screwed.

I can't focus on anything as I go to my room and sit at my desk. I don't really have a ton of homework or reading to do. My text alert goes off.

Easton: What are you doing?

I snort

Me: Are you serious right now?

Easton: Um, yes?

Me: Shouldn't you be texting Aisha or kissing Julia?

The little bubbles pop up and disappear only to pop up again,

Easton: Aw, it sounds like the cute little virgin's feelings are hurt. Besides, I kissed her on the cheek, dodging her mouth like a pro. Plus, I'm too busy to write the paper, and technically it was your fault.

Me: Name-calling, typical Easton behavior, oh add in a bit of deflection and blame... Did you need anything?

Easton: You really need to get laid. Not it.

Me: Like I'd let you.

Easton: I'd have you panting in seconds but not sure you can handle my dick. It's for women, not girls afraid of the dark and jealous over girls texting me and small kisses and favors.

Me: Yes, you're such a man.

Easton: You're being a bitch.

Me: And you're an asshole, stop texting me, delete my number.

Easton: Fine.

Me: FINE

Easton: BTW I texted you to let you know that you're pretty when you come...

I drop my phone and squeeze my eyes shut.

Easton: Deleting now.**