

You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 41

Chapter 41

Harper

I rush into the bathroom and make sure that I don't have black mascara running down my cheeks.

Aisha clearly has the worst timing.

And Easton clearly has no balls.

I mean, he does, duh, but I want to scream, why does everything have to be so complicated and dramatic.

Islam my hands onto the sink. A stall door opens. Sadie takes one look at my reflection in the mirror and the angry way I'm gripping the sink and rushes over. "What happened?"

"Easton," I say his name like a swear word. "He's just so hot and cold, and just SO..." | throw my hands up. "He's warning me away from Blake now as if he has a right to. It's so stupid!"

"Hold up." Sadie washes her hands and grabs a paper towel. "The most popular boy in school who was just making out with you in the library warned you away from the other popular guy he's always been competing against...did he say why?"

I frown. "Well, Blake talked to me this morning, and I did flirt, but it wasn't anything that Easton's never pulled with Aisha." Maybe I was being defensive, but I hated how much Easton saw-like he's fully aware of the power he holds over me and lives for my surrender, so yeah, if a hot guy's gonna flirt with me like Blake, right in front of the guy I really like who's driving me crazy, what do you think's going to happen?

"Ah, double standards, gotta love em." Sadie rolls her eyes. "Look, if Blake is giving you attention, it's not a big deal. If Easton can't handle that, then he can just grow a bigger dick and learn how to pursue a girl without snapping his fingers."

"Yeah." I sniffle. "I guess."

Do. Not. Think. About. His. Dick.

“Don’t overthink it, plus we have a pep rally to go to, and you know I like it when the football team runs by in those tight pants.”

I laugh. “They aren’t even that tight.”

“Tell that to DJ’s dick. God, I love sports.”

I smile and then laugh. “You’re such a horny slut. Quick, what’s it called a touchdown or a goal?”

She doesn’t even hesitate. “When DJ’s running the ball, does it really matter?”

I laugh and roll my eyes, distracted and feeling just a bit better since my run-in with Easton.

We link arms and walk out of the bathroom just in time for the first warning bell to ring for the pep rally.

“I gotta go grab a protein bar, plus I left all my stuff at the table.” I rush past Sadie and go into the cafeteria to grab my bag and everything else.

I quickly dump my trash and grab a bar out of my bag.

Blake walls in through the double doors and smiles at me. “I was just coming in to grab your stuff for you.” He tilts his head and I can’t help but think he’s so good looking. I don’t know why I never focused on him before. Maybe because I knew he was always off-limits, and he’s never really flirted with me in a way that didn’t make me want to knee him in the balls? I swear his green eyes sparkle as he walks over to me. Jeans tight, short sleeve vintage shirt clinging to his body. “You okay?”

I nod my head clinging to my backpack. “I will be.”

“Is this the part where you tell me what asses guys are or where you confess it’s that time of the month, and I should approach you while holding chocolate out in front of me if I want to keep my sight?”

“Why would I blind you?” I laugh.

“I have sisters.” He shudders. “That was the most tame scenario I could come up with. So what is it?” He’s so confident standing there watching me. He isn’t intense and he doesn’t hover too close. It’s almost like he waits for me to come to him or to

react to him?

“Boys are all asses.” I finally blurt.

“Up top.” He holds out his hand for a high five. I hit it, grab my bag, and follow him out of the cafeteria toward the gym.

I bypass my locker and keep my bag on me when Blake stops in his tracks. “Shit, I think I left my phone. Save me a seat?”

“Yeah, sure.” I nod then start looking around for Sadie or Ryan as I make my way toward the gym lobby.

I stop at the water fountain to fill up my leopard Swell bottle. By the time I’m done, mostly everyone is in the gym, and I can hear the loud music pumping through the

sound system.

I smile to myself.

Ah, high school.

There’s just something about music, everyone screaming and wearing school colors that makes even the most negative emo kid wanna do a little fist bump and yell. “Go, team!”

I turn to open the gym doors and see a cheerleading uniform out of the corner of my eye. Of course, it’s Aisha, and she looks pissed.

She catches my eye and then grabs at something or someone in the dark hallway leading to the locker rooms.

I immediately recognize Easton’s shirt.

She clings to it and shoves him toward the wall, then leans up on her tiptoes, pulling his neck down with her free hand.

I lose it.

I completely and utterly lose it.

It’s one thing to suspect.

It’s another thing to have to watch it.

To stomach it while knowing he was just with me.

I can’t do this.

I just can’t.

My breath starts coming out in short spurts like I'm about to hyperventilate. I do a small circle, feeling slightly faint.

I have to get out of there.

All my brain can do is show me pictures of her leaning in and Easton meeting her mouth with his. What if they see me? Are they still kissing?

How stupid can I be?

He warned me!

He doesn't care.

He never will.

I feel like I'm going to be sick.

I turn on my heel, ready to run, when I see Blake walking toward me, holding out his phone. I don't even think about it as I hear Aisha and Easton's voices behind me.

I grab Blake by the shirt once he's close enough and kiss the hell out of him. His lips part, and then he's tugging me against him. He tastes different than Easton, but damn, he's a good kisser.

I don't know how long we

All I know is I hear the word slut.

Blake freezes.

I pull back to look over my shoulder. Aisha is standing there, her arms crossed, face red.

Easton's expression is one of pure rage as he looks between us, and even though the kiss saved me from their confrontation and made my pride feel better for like two seconds...

Now all I feel.

Is sad.

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Chapter 42

Easton

What the actual fuck did I just witness?

After fighting off Aisha's dirty claws as she tried her damndest to pull me in for a kiss-not happening, not ever again-1 head for the gym to go to the pep rally and see Harper's lips smashed against...

Blake's.

Yeah.

No.

I storm toward them, ready to rip Blake off of her when Harper breaks away from him first, her eyes wide as she stares up at him. The look on her face clearly says, what did I do?

While the look on Blake's face says, hell yeah.

Fucker.

My hands curl into fists as I wait for her to see me. Will her to see me with my mind.

Come on, Harp. Give me a look. Just one. You can do it.

But she doesn't. She just laughs off whatever urge might've taken over the both of them, her gaze briefly cutting to mine only when she hooks her arm around Blake's to let him lead her into the gym.

I glare, frozen, my fingers clenching and unclenching as I contemplate all the many ways I can rearrange Blake's stupid face.

"...don't know what came over you just now, but keep doing it," Blake says with a chuckle as they walk into the gym together.

Wait a minute.

Harper kissed Blake? It wasn't the other way around?

I storm into the gym after them, about ready to ask her what the fuck she's doing when I realize there are hundreds of us in the gym. Hundreds of witnesses. I'm not supposed to like this girl. Or even talk to her.

"Hey, there you are." I turn to see Ryan approaching me. "Want to sit together?"

"Sure. Not with Blake though," I add as we start toward the bleachers.

"Really?" Ryan frowns, glancing around as if he's trying to find him, scowling when he does. "He keeps talking to my sister."

This is my chance to distract him from me completely. "Uh, don't know how to tell you this, but I just saw them kissing in the hallway."

"What the hell?" Ryan sounds positively enraged. Good. Maybe he can kick Blake's ass for me. "I'll murder him."

I grab his arm when he acts like he's going to do just that. "Bro, it was nothing. Seriously." I'm downplaying it so my own mind won't go into pure freak out mode. "I just thought you should know. Watch out for that guy."

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"I know. He's a complete player. And no good for my sister," Ryan mutters as we climb up the bleachers and find a spot to sit.

Sadie chooses that moment to plop her butt next to Ryan. "Who are you talking about not being good enough for Harper? You, Easton?"

The pointed look she sends me reminds me of how she caught me with Harper and I send her the same kind of look in return. "No. I just saw your bestie making out with Blake."

Sadie starts to laugh. Slaps her knee like I told her a hilarious joke. "No kidding? God, I'm almost jealous. She's getting so much attention from guys lately."

"Like from who?" Ryan asks her.

"Yeah, Sadie. Who?" My voice has an edge to it. This girl needs to keep my name off her lips.

"Like I'd tell you two." She waves a hand, dismissing us, but I can tell Ryan wants to ask her more questions.

Thank God the rally finally starts.

It's the usual kind of thing you can expect from a high school rally. A rousing performance by the band of the 'Star Spangled Banner' and our fight song, the cheer team shaking their poms-and their asses-along with the beat while we all lose our minds in the stands. The football team comes out. The coaches talk them up. Teachers make announcements. The cheer team comes back out onto the floor for another ass shaking performance.

Aisha finds me in the crowd and never looks away once while she performs. It's unnerving. I stare back, dead inside as I think of the way Harper jumped on Blake.

The manwhore with the stupid man bun.

My friend.

How could he?

How could he not? Harper is a delectable little piece with a juicy ass and juicier lips. I'm dying to tap that juicy ass. Just once, to get her out of my system. Then I can move on. Obsess over someone else.

Ryan would kill me if he could read my thoughts right now. Hell, Aisha would too, since she's still shaking her tits at me with that fuck me expression on her face.

I finally have to look away, unable to take it any longer. My gaze scans the crowd, snagging on Harper, who's watching me with pain and confusion in her eyes. What a load of shit. Who does this girl think she is? Playing the both of us for fools is what she's doing.

I'm over it.

Over her.

Liar.

Yeah. I'm also most definitely a liar.

The remainder of the rally passes in a blur. I'm not paying attention, too consumed with thoughts of Harper and her betrayal. Of her giving that mouth to someone else, even for just a little bit.

That mouth belongs to me.

It's mine.

No one else's.

The rally ends and we exit the bleachers, herded like cattle. I fall into step behind Ryan with Sadie ahead of him, trying my best to ignore the familiar voice rattling on behind me.

"Come on, H. Let's grab dinner tonight. You said you'd be down."

I clench my jaw and breathe through my nose. He's asking her on a date and I'm right fucking here. And Ryan's already so far ahead of us with Sadie, he can't even hear Blake ask his sister out.

"I wish I could, but I don't know. I have a ton of homework to finish." Harper sounds genuinely sad.

"I can help you with it after we eat. I'm a genius, remember?" Blake's tone is cajoling. Flirtatious. The fucker thinks a couple of winks, one shitty kiss and a free dinner is going to break this girl down?

Nah.

Maybe I should help it along.

"You should go for it." | glance over my shoulder and stare directly at Harper, noting the guilt flashing in her eyes.

Good.

"Go for what?" she asks me, her dark eyes blazing.

"Dinner with Blake. I'm sure he can show you a good time" I smile—more like a baring of teeth—and then get the fuck out of there.