

You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 61

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Chapter 61

Harper

Shit, shit, shit!

I fall over, trying to put on my shorts. Easton's moving around the room like the Flash, he looks at the hamper, then me, then back at the hamper like he's afraid Ryan's going to see.

I quickly hide the hamper in my closet and shut the door.

Easton approaches, smoothing down my hair with his hands while I adjust his shirt and try to press out the wrinkles.

We're a hot mess.

And it smells like sex in my room even though we were just messing around. It wouldn't matter anyway.

The door's locked, and Ryan's still pissed, so things aren't looking good.

I'm freaking the hell out when Easton opens the door. Ryan's staring straight ahead like he can't stand to make actual eye contact.

"Outside." He glares. "Now."

"Ryan..." I move toward him.

He holds up his hand for me to stop. "This is between Easton and me."

"But-"

"Let's go." Ryan grabs Easton and shoves him down the hall. Easton clearly lets him, probably because he feels guilty.

I run out the door to see where Ryan's taking him.

An early grave?

The bathroom to drown him?

My heart is beating so fast I feel sick, and I'm irritated. I didn't have at least a few minutes to process what Easton and I just did.

Oh God, I was literally on his mouth minutes ago.

The same mouth Ryan's staring at.

This is bad, so bad.

Ryan walks by my dad, who's cluelessly sitting in his chair, sipping a cup of coffee as if Ryan killing his friends is normal. He doesn't even look up!

They go into the backyard.

I nearly fall in an attempt to run back up the stairs. The guest room has an outside deck that overlooks the entire backyard. I rush into the room and unlock the door, then tiptoe across the deck and crouch down.

Easton is standing still.

Ryan's pacing in front of him.

"Hit me," Easton says in a flat voice. "I know *you* want to, and you know you'll feel better about it."

"My sister," Ryan growls. "I held it in because my parents were watching, and I didn't want to be in deep shit. That's the only reason I helped save your ass."

I wince.

"Then hit me," Easton says again. "As many times as you want."

"So, you want to go to school with a broken nose?" Ryan stops pacing and crosses his

arms.

"If that's what it takes," Easton says. "Look, I know I broke your trust, but if you knew the whole story."

"Oh great, there's a fucking story now?" Ryan tugs at his short hair and does a small circle, then faces Easton. "Okay, try me

Easton licks his lips- I wonder if he tastes me there still.

My cheeks heat as he does it again.

"She's my mystery girl."

"The hell?" Ryan frowns. "What are you talking about?"

"Look..-" Easton looks stressed. "It was an accident at first, that time we were over here at the pool and the power went out. It was dark, I thought she was someone else, and then I was thankful she wasn't. I couldn't find her after the party but couldn't stop thinking about her to the point of complete obsession. I mean those curves and"

"Less detail would be great," Ryan interrupts.

"Sorry." Easton smiles and looks away. "I didn't know until later that it was her, and then I was pissed that she was your sister. Can't really get any more off-limits."

"Exactly." Ryan grits his teeth.

Easton is quiet and then, "Does it matter?"

"What?" Ryan seethes.

"I said, does it matter? It happened. It's happening. I respect you, bro, and you know I would have never broken friend code, but some things you just can't help, and I like her, I really, really like her."

"You fuck and flee." Ryan points out.

Easton spreads his arms wide. "I'm literally asking you to punch me. Does it look like I'm running?"

"You will."

"I won't," Easton says, his face so serious I almost gasp.

He means it.

God, he means it.

I want to throw myself off the balcony into his arms. Instead, I wait to see what Ryan's going to say.

Easton takes a step toward him, then another.

Ryan's still.

I think everything's going to be fine when Ryan's fist goes flying, hitting Easton right in the jaw and sending him flying toward the grass. "That's what you get for lying to me and kissing her."

I want to laugh, he did much more than kiss me.

"No details." Ryan shakes his hand. "And I'm still pissed, don't think you're forgiven."

Blood trickles from Easton's lip, both guys are okay but look a bit rough. "Okay."

"It wasn't Aisha." Ryan quickly changes subjects and holds out his hand to Easton, who tentatively takes it and stands. "After we talked, I went and checked it out for real. She wasn't even in town last night."

Easton's jaw tenses. "It has to be Blake."

"I'm glad I have such good friends," Ryan says under his breath.

"Is it our fault your sister's actually hot and fun to be around?"

"Yeah, I think I said no details?"

Easton sighs. "Fine, but you're going to have to look into it, Blake hates me more than you hate me."

"That's really saying a lot."

"Ouch," Easton grumbles. "Hey, got any booze to put on my cut?"

"Bullshit, you just want to drink it."

"Yeah, that too."

"Cocksucker." Ryan kicks the grass. "Yeah, let's go get my dad's stash." Ryan starts walking then calls up. "You can stop attempting to hide, Harper, we can see you."

I jump up. "Hmmm?"

Ryan rolls his eyes. "She's your

Easton grins up at me and says, "Promise?"

Our moment is short-lived when mom comes outside and says, "Boys, Blake just got here. I invited him for breakfast!"

I pale.

Easton clenches his fists.

And Ryan kicks the grass again.

It's going to be a long night.

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Easton

As Ryan's mom's words echo in my head, my fingers are so tightly bound into fists, it feels like my wrists are going to snap.

Blake's here?

And she invited him for breakfast?

No.

More like hell fucking no.

I have nothing to say to that asshole. The last thing I want is to be anywhere near him, especially when I'm positive he's the one who spray painted whore across their garage door.

I've already taken one punch today. I'm not about to start a fight with Blake in front of Harper's parents.

"Get rid of him," I say to Ryan. I wipe my lip and blood smears across the back of my hand. "Tell him breakfast is canceled, tell him you're going over to Sadie's and Harper is coming to my house, tell him he's not welcome here-I don't give a fuck what you say, just make sure he doesn't stay."

"You're giving me orders now?"

I lick across the cut, tasting the metallic flavor of my blood. "If you put us in the same room, your mother's scrambled eggs are going to end up on someone's lap." I grind my teeth together. "And it's not going to be mine."

As Ryan takes me in, his stare narrows, eventually glancing up at the balcony where Harper has been hiding. "While I go take care of Blake, you need to take care of your boyfriend's lip and stop it from bleeding. Mom has already seen him this morning, if she notices his new accessory, there's going to be a lot of questions."

"I'm on it," Harper replies.

"Once you're done with Blake, stop by your dad's liquor cabinet and bring me something worth guzzling." I tell him.

"You're un-fucking-believable, you know that?" He rolls his eyes and walks around to the front of the house.

I head inside, avoiding the living room where Ryan's parents are talking, and I make sure they don't hear me by quietly tiptoeing up the stairs. Harper meets me at the top of the staircase, her hands surround my face, examining where Ryan punched me.

"I'm fine," I tell her.

"You're bleeding."

"But I'm fine."

"Tell that to my mother who will lose her shit if she sees you like this." She links her fingers around mine and brings me into the bathroom, pointing at the toilet. "Sit, I'll get you cleaned up."

I hold her waist and move her in between my legs. "Playing doctor, huh?"

Her leg rubs against my hard-on. "Why am I not surprised you're getting turned on by this?"

It's not the moment that's turning me on.

It's Harper.

All I have to do is look at her and my cock gets hard.

"I'm doing everything I can not to rip your pants off right now."

A blush moves across her face. "Before this turns into a Twilight sequel and your bloody fangs start feasting on me, let me get the bleeding to stop." She wiggles away and reaches into the closet, grabbing a washcloth that she wets and holds against my mouth. She has me hold the cloth in place while she digs under the sink, taking out some peroxide and antibiotic ointment. "This might sting a little, so hold onto something and squeeze tight."

grip her ass. "This should do."

She giggles as she dabs both medicines over the cut and even though it doesn't hurt, I still squeeze those perfect fucking cheeks, wishing she was naked.

"You should be good now," she says, tossing the cotton ball she'd been using to put on the ointment.

glance down. "Hmm, what else can I hurt ..." | grab the buckle of my jeans and begin to unbutton it. "I think there's something in here that you need to examine."

She laughs and it's a sound I love. The way those thick, gorgeous lips spread into a smile, and her head slightly tilts back.

"Easton, you're relentless."

"I just can't get enough of you."

But just because my dick's hard and all I can think about is her pussy, that doesn't mean I'm going to let this Blake thing slide. She needs to stop giving that motherfucker the benefit of the doubt. I don't care how well she thinks she knows him, she has no idea what he's capable of.

We may be the richest and safest prep school in the state, but every one of us has a dark side. We all have skeletons. And we all do things we will eventually regret.

Even me.

"I need to talk to you about Blake ..."

"Not now," she whispers and leans down, tugging my injured lip. "I'm going to need to be easy on this one."

"It's a good thing I have two."

She surrounds my top lip with her mouth, gently kissing me as though I'm going to break.

But her softness is a side I enjoy. It's a side that makes me want to scoop her up and carry her to her bed, showing her just how gentle my mouth can be on her body.

She pulls back, pressing her nose to mine. "I hate that Ryan did this to you."

"Baby — I deserved it."

"No one deserves to get punched."

I gaze into her eyes. "It's how guys speak. It's our language. We get pissed, we get protective—we fight."

"No more fighting. At least not with Ryan."

Her mouth returns to mine and her hands cup my face. Each breath gives me more of her tropical scent, and I want to lick it off her, pulling on the back of her thighs, so she moves closer to me.

I end our kiss when I hear a noise outside the bathroom, the sound of someone clearing their throat. I glance around Harper's waist and see Ryan standing by the doorway, a small bottle in his hand.

I don't know how long he's been there, but he definitely saw us kissing. My face doesn't need him to come swinging at me again, not when breakfast is probably only minutes from now.

"Ryan ..." I swallow. "Sorry you had to see"

"Blake's gone," he says, cutting me off, not sounding as pissed as I'd thought.

"Thanks .. and for the drink, too." I reach for the bottle, and he steps inside the bathroom to give it to me.

At the same time, Harper slides out of my grasp and tosses the washcloth into the hamper. "I'm going to get changed for breakfast." She goes into her room, leaving me alone with Ryan.

I follow him into the hallway where he pauses outside his bedroom door. He exhales several times before he says, "You really do like her."

It wasn't a question.

I still don't know how long he watched us in the bathroom, but it was long enough to come to this conclusion.

"You're my best friend, Ryan .. I need you to be all right with this."

The fight is back in his eyes, but it's different than before. "I'm only going to tell you this once." His finger points at my chest. "You hurt her, and I won't stop with one punch. I'll keep going until you have no fucking teeth left."

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Chapter 63

Harper

It's school official. Easton and I are together and everyone knows it.

That's because from the moment he met me at my locker this morning, his arm has been planted around my shoulders. It doesn't matter where we are in the building, he can't stop touching me. When we walk down the hall to class, he's right next to me. When we go to lunch, he joins the table I share with Sadie. He even has Ryan and a few of their other friends come sit with us, everyone in the cafeteria glancing in our direction as we share a slice of pizza.

We're inseparable.

And there isn't a single person in this school who hasn't seen my smile today.

I can't hide it. It's impossible to mask the way he makes me feel and there's no reason to

-we're out of hiding.

I want the whole world to know I'm Easton's girl.

At this point, I'm positive everyone has witnessed it ... except for Blake.

When I whispered about him to Sadie this morning, she told me he never showed up for school. So weird. I don't dare ask Ryan or Easton about him, Ryan would probably want to murder me-again-and Easton would chew my face off for even thinking the question.

What I do know is Blake's absence has put Easton in the best mood and my reputation has shifted overnight.

I'm no longer Ryan's invisible twin sister.

I'm dating the most popular guy at school.

And nothing could change this from being the best day ever.

Not even running into Aisha.

She's been staring me down since she saw me with Easton this morning at my locker, before first period even started. I've been trying not to let her dirty looks eat at me and gloat over my win and her loss.

But as I leave my fifth period class to run to the bathroom, she's in the hallway.

Like she's been waiting for me.

"My, my," she sings, a chorus as evil sounding as her. "Don't I love coincidences."

I don't believe this is one. I'm positive she's been scouting my whereabouts, figuring out how to catch me alone.

That's what she does-she hunts, she attacks, she destroys.

I don't care what anyone says, she's responsible for all three spray painting incidents and I'm sure she faked being out of town on Instagram just to appear innocent.

As far as I'm concerned, Aisha is guilty, and she's not going to stop until she gets Easton.

Except this isn't a contest.

He's mine.

"I'm surprised you're not shoving your hand down your pants and telling me that Easton has turned into a ghost and he's eating you out in this hallway." I eye her down, the same way she's doing to me. "That was one desperate move and the fact that you were fingering your own pussy" I laugh even though I'm trembling on the inside. "That just makes you pathetic."

"Is that really what you believe?" She takes a step closer, shaking her head. "Why am I not surprised he lied to you about what really happened that night. My God, he'll do anything to seem like a saint to you, but deep down, you have to know he's lying." Her voice is turning sly, like the snake that she is. "Easton's dick has been in almost every pussy at this school, including mine. Don't believe me?" She smiles, closing her eyes as she lets out a long exhale. "He has a scar in the shape of a half-moon that's a couple inches above and to the right of his dick. Hair doesn't grow there, it's just a thick, white line."

My heart starts beating so hard, I feel nauseous.

She's right.

I first noticed the scar when I was giving him head at his house. I keep meaning to ask him about it and I keep forgetting.

Regardless, she's just trying to get under my skin. I know he's slept with Aisha and lots of other girls at this school.

But that's all in the past.

He's with me now.

I shrug, letting her know it doesn't bother me. "You're not telling me anything I don't already know. Try harder, Aisha. You're starting to get weak."

She laughs so hard, she almost snorts. "It's sad that you think that, that he's brainwashed you to the point where you believe I'm the one who's lying." She glares at me like I'm gum stuck to the bottom of her shoe. "It's obvious you're new to this relationship thing. You're so gullible, you'll believe anything he says, and then you'll swallow his cum like the robot he's turned you into." Her lip curls. "These are warnings, Harper. I'm trying to save you." Her hands move to her hips. "But not even the sound of Easton licking my pussy will make you realize he doesn't give a shit about you, that he's dying to take your virginity and dump you like he does with every other girl."

How does she know I was a virgin?

Was it a guess? Or did Easton tell someone and that someone told Aisha?

Or worse .. did Easton tell Aisha?

I take a step back. "You're wrong .."

Her arms move to her chest, crossing them over her breasts. "Next time his tongue is on my pussy, which will be very soon, I'll make sure to text you a pic. Nothing like a little proof with your morning coffee, right?" She leans into a locker, looking more relaxed than I like. "But I won't be the only girl he's touching, there will be others over the next few weeks, and I promise one will corner you in the bathroom or in the hallway or the parking lot after school and she'll start shit with you because she thinks she's Easton's girl too." She grins. "Except she won't be as nice as me. She'll beat your ass."

I know what she's doing .. and it's working.

Every bone in my body hurts, every worry I had before is resurfacing.

I can't listen to this anymore.

I take a step back but keep my eyes on her, making sure the Easton smile is plastered across my lips. "When are you going to accept that Easton doesn't want you? He thinks you're disgusting and so does everyone else at this school. Why don't you go bully some single guy into dating you. Someone you actually have a chance with instead of making yourself look like a pathetic fool. Jealousy is really a terrible look on you."

I turn my back toward her, not giving her another second of my attention. But after a few steps, I hear her. Heels clicking on the floor, like she's running. And then I feel a hand wrap around my hair and pull so hard, my neck snaps back from the momentum.

"You fucking cunt," she roars in my ear. "That'll be the last thing you ever say to me."

She tugs harder and a pain shoots down my back. I gasp, searching for words, clawing at the air to sink my fingers into any part of her.

But before my nails land, I hear a familiar voice growl, "Let her go, Aisha. Right fucking

now."

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Easton

From my classroom, I can hear Aisha's voice in the hallway, the rotten snarkiness in her tone, the evil words she's spewing. My teacher isn't going to do anything to stop Aisha, she just continues lecturing, but I can't ignore what I'm hearing because I know there's only one person who can be taking those verbal punches.

My fucking girl.

I tell my teacher I'm going to the bathroom and haul ass into the hallway. I make it just in time to see Aisha yanking on Harper's hair.

That fucking bitch. She's pushed every goddamn button of mine ... and I have no patience left.

I'm seeing red by the time I growl my second warning at her, "Did you fucking hear me, Aisha? Let her go right now." When she stops tugging on her hair but doesn't let Harper go, I tear Aisha's hand away, freeing Harper, and pull her into my arms. "Are you all right?" I ask her.

It takes her a second to respond, "Yes."

The hatred pulsing through my body makes my jaws tighten. "Don't ever touch my girl again."

"Your .* girl?" Aisha stammers.

"Yes. My fucking girl."

"That's what she is to you now? But what was the other night? When you were in my room, between my,"

"Harper and I are together now." While I hold Harper against my chest, I glare at Aisha, disgusted by the innocent look on her face. "You need to accept that and stop all this bullshit." My arm lowers, wrapping around Harper's curvy waist. "If you have a problem, you take it up with me, not Harper. Do you understand me?"

"But Easton-

"The only thing I want to hear from you is yes."

I don't wait for her to say it, since I know she's not going to, and I turn Harper around and lead us in the opposite direction, holding her tightly to my side. "Do you want to get out of here?" I ask when we're halfway down the hall.

"Here?" There's emotion in her voice. "You mean school? But we still have a few periods to go."

"I'll get us excused."

“How?”

“You’re just going to have to trust me.”

She nods. “Okay.”

When we reach the front office, I place her against the wall right outside the door. “I’ll be right back, don’t move.” I walk inside, stopping at the counter, waiting for Leigh, the office administrator, to finish with another student.

“Easton ...” Leigh’s face heats up as she approaches. “What can I do for you?”

I smile, knowing how much she likes my grin. “A favor.” I reach into my wallet, pulling out a fifty that I slip under her fingers. “I need to be excused from school and so does Harper.”

She holds on a few seconds longer than she needs to, pulling away to put the money in her pocket. “You mean Ryan’s sister?”

“Yes.”

Her brows raise and she glances at the notebook that sits next to the phone. “Looks like your mom called a few minutes ago.” She pauses, pretending to read her notes. “You have a doctor’s appointment.”

We’d hooked up only once, and then she felt guilty that I was a student and it never happened again.

But the once had paid off.

“And Harper’s mom?” I ask. “She happen to call, too?”

She winks. “I expect a phone call from her any second now.”

I thank her and rejoin Harper, my arm finding its place around her shoulders. “Let’s go to your locker, grab what you need, and then we’ll bounce.”

“We’re not going to get in trouble?”

Her concern is adorable. “No, not even a little.”

We walk to her locker, and she starts putting her books into her bag. “How do you do it?”

“Do what?”

We’re now headed for the exit, and she looks at me as she heads through the doorway, my stare slowly lifting from her ass. “Make everything go the way you want it to.”

As we step outside, a breeze of freedom flies over my face. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"You took my virginity, you got us out of school without even earning us a minute of detention, you stopped Aisha from strangling me to death. What else can you make happen today, Easton?"

We stop at the passenger side door of my Jeep. I position her back against it before I slam my mouth onto hers, my dick hardening as I get a taste of her tongue. The grind of her hips against me is what finally makes me tear my lips away. "I'm going to eat your fucking pussy." I press my nose to hers. "And then I'm going to fuck you until you're shuddering and screaming."

She moans against my mouth. "When?"

"The second we get to my house."

She reaches behind her back and opens the door, climbing inside, showing me how ready she is. I hurry to the other side and start the engine, pulling out of my spot and onto the main road.

"I have to ask you something."

I set my hand on her upper thigh, noticing the change in her tone. "Anything."

She takes a deep breath. "Did you tell Aisha I was a virgin?"

"Did I what?" I glance at her as I slow for the red light. "Tell me you're kidding."

She shakes her head.

"We talked about this, Harper. I told you not to believe a thing that girl says. She lies, she manipulates, and she's trying to destroy us-that's her motive."

"I know

. I just had to ask."

I sigh and brush my fingers over her chin. "It's just us now. Tell me you believe that?"

She nods and adds, "I do."

There's relief in her eyes before I face the road again. I link our fingers until I pull into my driveway and the both of us climb out.

"Don't worry," I tell her as we're walking inside my house, "we'll be alone for the next few hours."

I grab us drinks from the bar, and then I take her into the backyard, setting the glasses on one of the tables.

"We're going swimming?" she asks.

"Not exactly."

pull my shirt over my head, dropping it on a chair, my shoes and pants coming off next. I keep on my boxer briefs as I bring the drinks over to the hot tub, removing the cover and checking the temperature.

It's steamy, just the way I like it.

I turn on the jets and take off my last bit of clothing, walking up the stairs of the tub and sinking into the hot water. I reach for my vodka and lean my back into the massager, giving myself the perfect view of Harper.

She hasn't moved.

My gaze drops down the front of her body, staring at the delicious curves of her waist, the heavy dips of her tits. The gap between her thighs. My cock throbs to be inside her. "Get naked ... and get in."