

## You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 49

### Chapter 49

Easton

The last thing I wanted to do when I got to Aisha's was take a shower, but I had to rub one off before I do something I regret. So, I told Aisha I needed to sober up—the best excuse I could come up with on the spot—and headed for the bathroom in her room. Leaving Harper's with a raging hard-on was a bad idea, but the second that warm water hit me, I thought of the way her pussy tasted, and jerked myself off.

When I leave the bathroom with just a towel around my waist, I'm not surprised to find Aisha right outside, lying on her bed, not in the kitchen where I'd left her and Julia.

She eye fucks me as I step toward her. “Yum.”

My pile of clothes are at the end of the mattress, folded. Not like I left them.

grab my jeans. “Nothing you haven't seen before.”

“It gets better each time.” She's chewing her nail, her gaze slowly lowering down my body.

Topen my jeans and she crawls toward me. “Don't bother putting those on when you know I'm going to take them off.”

Fuck.

I should have expected this when I saw her on the bed.

I don't know what the hell I was thinking when I came over here.

“I don't have time for that right now...” I smile. “And you know I'm not quick.”

Leaving the towel securely around my waist, I slip on my boxers and then the jeans, grabbing my phone from the pocket once I'm zipped up and buttoned.

"Ugh, you're so annoying. Here I am, all willing and ready, and you're playing hard to get." She wraps her hands around my thigh and looks up at me through her lashes. "I'm sure you could be quick if you really wanted to." er 49

Ignoring her, I read the messages on the screen. A few notifications, one that says Aisha has tagged me on Instagram, no missed calls or texts.

I'm afraid to even look at her post.

"That wouldn't be fair, would it?" I say and shove the phone back in my pocket. I toss the towel onto her bathroom sink and reach for my T-shirt. "Besides, I've got to talk to Ryan about something, which means I've gotta get going."

Her palm flattens against my stomach. "Ryan can wait." She's toying with the button on my jeans, her lips tugging into a grin, like she's dreaming about sucking my cock.

I need to get the fuck out of here.

"He can't," I tell her. "It's important."

"But you haven't even spent any time with me, and Julia came all the way here to help you."

Julia wants to do more than help me.

I wonder if Aisha knows that.

I put on my T-shirt and take a step back. "I'll make it up to you."

"Wait," she says, clamping down on my waist. "Isn't there something I can do to make you stay?"

She's pouting.

And I can't fucking stand it.

I pull her fingers away. "I'll see you at school tomorrow." I touch her cheek, giving her the tiniest bit of attention, so she doesn't try anything else, like pounce on top of me, and I head for the stairs.

Julia is at the kitchen table, books spread out around her. "I've got to run," I tell her. "We're good with the history paper?"

She rolls her eyes. "You still haven't paid up for the last one I wrote."

"I owe you."

She licks her lips, eventually biting the bottom one. "Double."

Man, these girls are relentless.

I hurry out to my Jeep and take out my phone as I start up the engine, shooting off a text to Ryan.

Me: Headed home, give me a call

Since I pass an ATM on my way, I stop and withdraw enough cash to cover my debt with Julia and continue onto my neighborhood. When I'm only a few houses away, I see Ryan's car parked in my driveway.

I check my phone, looking for a missed call or text from him.

There are none.

Why is he here?

I park and get out of my Jeep, Ryan rushing out of his, meeting me in the middle of the driveway

“Hey, man,”

“What the fuck happened between you and my sister tonight?”

I can see and hear the anger that’s boiling through him.

Blake, that motherfucker.

Ryan didn’t have a story to tell me. He wanted to check my whereabouts, so he could confront me in person.

This is going to get ugly.

I can’t let it.

“Nothing, man-”

“That’s not what Blake said.” He walks closer, his hands clenching at his sides.

“He says

he saw you two kissing.”

“Did Blake mention he was on his way to your sister’s room so he could hook up with

her? That’s why he was in that hallway.”

“He told me.” A death stare moves through his eyes. “I think it’s fucked up, I don’t want them together. But he came to me and was honest about it, that’s more than I can say for you.”

I can’t believe what I’m hearing.

Blake isn’t the good guy here.

He’s far, far from it.

“Ryan, you need to calm down and hear me out.”

He takes another step closer, his fists now balled and positioned. “You want me to calm the fuck down? I don’t think so. This is my fucking sister we’re talking about.” He’s in a fighting stance, his hands high and aimed at my face. “Square up, motherfucker. Square the fuck up.”

Thold my hands up, showing I’m not going to fight him. “You’re my boy, Ryan. I’m not trying to hurt you or your sister. I was with Aisha tonight, just like I told you through text. Do you think I’d try some shit with your sister, and then go to Aisha’s and do the same with her? That’s some cold shit, even for me.”

He’s silent for a few seconds. “Prove it.”

I pull up Instagram, hoping whatever she tagged me in is something I can use. It’s a photo of my clothes on her bed with the caption: Now that’s a sight I can get used to. Three fire emojis follow.

I want to fucking barf.

But I show it to Ryan and say, “Satisfied?”

His hands slowly drop. “What about what Blake said?” His tone is still stiff and gruff. “Were you kissing her?”

“She was wrecked over the spray paint stuff, and I was consoling her. It looked bad, I get it, but it wasn’t what Blake thinks.”

I’m going to kill that cocksucker.

Ratting me out, confessing his fucking love for Harper just so he can get in her pants and drop her like he does everyone else.

I won’t let it happen.

“We good?” | ask.

“Yeah, man.” He pauses. “I guess we’re good.”

I should feel relief.

But I don’t

“You want to go smoke a blunt? I’ve got a few in my room.”

He nods and follows me inside.

With each step, my pulse skyrockets.

Because when Ryan finds out the truth, he’s going to lose his fucking mind.

## You’ re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 50

### Chapter 50

Harper

I can’t believe I have to go to school like this. My eyes are puffy from crying all night, my hair a tangled mess from tossing and turning. I don’t have the energy to do more than tie it up in a messy bun or attempt to even put makeup on.

I just want this day to be over.

And I don’t want to run into Easton.

I don’t want to pass him in the hallway or see him at lunch or watch him get into his Jeep after school.

I don’t want him to even exist.

My heart aches even more than it did last night because the first thing I saw this morning while Ryan drove us to school was Aisha’s post.

As if her moaning wasn’t enough.

Now, I have to see his clothes on her bed. The same outfit he was wearing when he was on my bed, between my legs, his lips on that spot that was making me moan.

My stomach feels like it's been punched. My chest so tight, a chainsaw couldn't even break it.

And, to make me feel even worse, Ryan knows that Easton kissed me. Blake told him and he also told him that he wants to date me. I heard Ryan yelling all that into the phone last night, long after he kicked the guys out. He probably thought I was asleep, but I was far from it, and I tried figuring out who he was talking to and couldn't. He ended the conversation with something I would do anything to unhear. Apparently, Easton told him he was just trying to comfort me because I was sad about the spray paint, that our kiss was nothing.

A charity case, that's what I am to Easton.

A sad, pathetic girl, who can't stop obsessing over being called a slut.

I hate him.

And I hate this school.

I wish this locker would just swallow me as I stand in front of it, staring at my books, unable to even think of which ones I need.

"I was hoping you were going to come in today," Sadie says as she leans into the locker beside mine, making me jump, I'm so deep in my thoughts. "You didn't return my text this morning, so I figured you had your mom call you in sick."

I didn't return Easton's either when he sent one late last night.

He's a lunatic for thinking I would even consider texting him back.

"I asked her to, but she wouldn't," I say.

I even told her I was feeling like death, and she told me to suck it up or she would come home early from their trip and take me to the doctor. I didn't want her to do that.

"I'm glad you came. I can't do school without you." She puts her arm around my shoulders, waiting for me to close my locker, and walks me down the hallway. "Easton is an asshole, we know this, and now we're going to find you Prince Charming."

I glance at her. "Please. I need no such thing."

She nods toward Blake as he rounds the corner, heading right for us. "Maybe that's him right there."

I laugh, even though it hurts my heart. "We both know he's no prince."

"But there's something so hot about his long, thick, silky hair, and how he twists it on top of his head,"

"Stop," I say, looking at my best friend. "This is the horny side of you talking."

"I'm not going to deny being horny, but,"

"No buts," I tell her as Blake approaches.

"Harper," he says, standing in front of us. "I came to your room last night before your brother kicked us out. I wanted to talk to you, but you must have been sleeping and didn't hear my knock

I was smart enough to lock my door.

And smart enough not to answer it.

The last thing I wanted was a conversation and questions and I was sure Blake wanted both.

“I was so tired,” I lie. “And that question you asked me when I was in the doorway of my room “I take a breath, remembering the moment. “I didn’t like it.”

And he wouldn’t have liked my answer. Easton would always be a better kisser than him.

“I’m sorry.” He tucks a few stray hairs behind my ear. “That was wrong, and I shouldn’t have said it.”

“Thank you,” I whisper.

He silently stares at me, then says, “I’m going to find out who’s been doing the spray painting. I’m not going to stop looking for them until their ass is mine.”

“Damn, that’s sexy,” Sadie replies.

I want to roll my eyes at how horny she is, but I can’t, someone behind Blake has caught my attention.

The sight of him makes me want to cry again.

First period hasn’t even started and I’m already running into him.

Rage fills Easton’s expression as he realizes who I’m talking to.

Wow, he has some nerve.

I want to throw up.

As though Blake can sense Easton approaching, he turns toward him, muttering between his teeth, “Don’t even look at that fucking loser. He’s just jealous of us.” His arm possessively goes around my shoulders, putting me in a sandwich between Sadie and him.

Easton eyes up Blake and says, “Do you have something to say to me?”

Easton's close enough that I can smell him.

His cologne.

Shampoo.

Even his body wash.

My eyes close, my heart shattering as my lungs fill.

"Yeah, motherfucker, I want you to keep walking and leave us the hell alone. I told you Harper is mine."

My eyes shoot open.

I'm Blake's?

Oh God.

"Is that true?" Easton pauses, waiting for me to reply. "Blake is who you want?"

What I want is this floor to open and take me in like a sinkhole.

Blake laughs at Easton. "Have you gone to Ryan and admitted you have feelings for Harper? No, you haven't." Blake holds me even tighter. "You just run back to Aisha every chance you get, like you did last night." Blake starts walking us in the opposite direction and says over his shoulder to Easton, "There's no competition here, asshole. I've already won her."

"That was intense," Sadie says when we're a few steps away.

If my heart wasn't so broken, maybe I would have chimed in. Maybe I would have told him how disgusting he was.

But it even hurt to look at him.

“Are you all right?” Blake asks as we turn down the next hallway.

“Mmm-hmm,” I reply, not trusting my voice.

“You know ...” He leans into my ear. “You’re even more beautiful when your eyes aren’t rimmed in makeup, when I can see how deep and perfect and brown they are.”

I’m not even looking at him.

And he knows their color.

“I’ve got to leave you two here and head to class,” Sadie says. “See you at lunch?”

I nod, hating more than anything that we have to part.

Blake leads me toward the stairwell. “I’ll walk you to class.”

How does he know my first period is upstairs?

Would Easton know that? Would he care?

Blake’s arm moves over my bra strap until it rests across my lower back. “He’ll never care about you like I do,” he whispers as my feet hit the first stair.

I suck in a mouthful of air.

And I wait for the tingles to hit.

## You’ re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 51

### Chapter 51

Easton

I watch Blake, Harper, and Sadie walk down the hallway, his arm around my girl, looking at her like he wants to fuck her against a locker.

If I felt anger before, nothing compares to this.

I want to break Blake's fucking nose. Shatter his teeth so he has to gum each word he tries to spew.

I swear, he's coming onto Harper just to get under my skin.

It's working.

Building in my chest.

Swelling every second I see them together and it's constant. Third period, they're strolling the hallway, his arm across her lower back. At lunch, they're sharing chips like they're in a Disney movie about to slurp the same piece of spaghetti. Fifth period, he's leaning against the side of her locker, not even a tornado could break his gaze.

I can't take it anymore.

I need to know if Harper feels the same way about him, but she won't look at me. She won't even glance in my direction.

I know she has history seventh period and Blake has English on a different floor—we're in the same class—so I wait outside Harper's classroom. When she arrives, I grab her arm and lead into the stairwell.

"I need to talk to you," I say the moment we're alone.

She pulls her hand away. "I have nothing to say to you."

"What's wrong?" I wait for her eyes to reach me. "Why won't you look at me?"

"You make me sick." The bell rings. "And now you've made me late for class and you

probably just earned me detention.”

“I’ll serve it with you, won’t that be fun?” I smile. “We can sneak off and find the janitor’s closet again.”

“Gross.”

When I touch her face, she moves away. “What have I done that’s made you so upset?”

She finally looks at me. “What have you ... done?” Staring back at me is so much pain, it’s like I’ve hurt this girl in unimaginable ways. “It’s mind-blowing that you can even ask me that question.”

She attempts to leave, and I set my arm above her head, caging her against the wall. “Talk to me, Harper.”

She swallows, like her throat is on fire. “I can’t believe you’re making me say this ...” Tears threaten to drip. “You don’t remember going down on Aisha last night while I was on the phone—your phone, that I called, and she answered.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” Rage is pulsing through me. “You called me? And she answered? And she told you I was eating her pussy?”

“I heard you doing it.”

“What exactly did you hear?”

She takes a deep breath. “Her moans.”

Aisha. That fucking cunt. She has no boundaries on how far she’ll go.

No wonder my clothes looked different when I got out of the shower, she answered my

“Harper, listen to me, do you honestly think I’d do something like that? That I would ever let you hear that?” When I reach for her this time, she doesn’t move

away. “That’s not even the point, the point is my mouth wasn’t anywhere near Aisha last night.” I drop my head to get closer to her. “When you called, I was in her shower, beating off to the thought of how good your pussy tasted and what I wish I could have done to you if we hadn’t been busted by Blake. A shower I had to take because you gave me a serious case of blue balls.” | explain to her how it all went down, unintentionally giving Aisha

access to my phone, and how I left and that’s when Ryan confronted me.

The sadness starts to lift, but there’s still plenty of emotion in her eyes. “Easton — you went to her house.”

“Only because Julia offered to write my history paper, and she was at Aisha’s.” I know I’ve hurt Harper in the past, but she has to believe I’m innocent. “I wouldn’t play you like that. You have to trust me.” I bend in farther, feeling her exhale against my face. “Tell me you do.”

“Easton ...”

“Say it, Harper. Say you trust me.”

She eventually whispers, “I trust you.”

I cup her cheek, our mouths only inches apart. “You’re all I think about, Harper. I don’t know how much longer I can continue lying to your brother about us.” I press my nose into hers. “I need you.”

I can’t wait for her to respond.

The desire to taste her is far too strong.

I slam our mouths together, circling her tongue while my fingers crawl down her chest, holding the heaviness of her tits, flicking my thumb across her nipples. “Fuck,” I moan, pulling my mouth away. “I can’t get enough of you.”

She tries to catch her breath. “This is such a mess—with Ryan, Blake.” She pauses. “With us. If you want me, you have to do something about it.”

I pull her against me, my cock so fucking hard, it’s ready to bust through my pants. “I’ll figure it out, but no more listening to Aisha, you hear me? And Blake’s hands need to stay the hell away from you or I’m going to lose my shit.”

She sighs, the pain gone from her voice. “Okay.”

I kiss her again and give her ass a little slap. “Go to class. I’ll see you after school, I’m coming over.”

Her eyes widen. “But Ryan,”

“Ryan has some after school shit to take care of, I already asked him.”

She smiles. “See you later.”

The rain is just starting to come down when the last bell rings. I grab my things and head for the student lot, seeing that all too familiar bun heading down the same row as my Jeep. On one side of him is Sadie, the other is Harper, my hands shaking as I watch them.

This is the last time he’ll ever touch her, I’ll make sure of that. And that’s the look I give him when we all turn at the same time.

“You’ve got a problem, Easton?” Blake growls.

I toss my bag into the passenger seat and slam the door closed.

I’ve had enough of his fucking mouth.

I hear Ryan to my right, leaving his car to walk closer. Sadie is stopped at her trunk, watching us.

Harper is frozen under his arm, her eyes telling me she doesn’t want to be there.

Those aren't the only eyes on me. It feels like the entire school is in this goddamn parking lot.

"You've been giving me dirty looks all day," Blake continues. "I've had it. If you want Harper, then stake a claim on her. Make the move. Look at Ryan and tell him how you've been lying about his sister."

My chest is pounding, my fingers clenching.

This isn't the right time to do this ... is it?

"Just like I thought—you're all talk, no action," Blake says. "She's mine, we both know it." He pulls her against him. "She knows it."

I can feel Ryan's stare on me.

Sadie's.

I glance at Harper and she's silently pleading at me to say something.

My mystery girl.

"Blake!" I shout across the lot, my fingers clenched into fists, soaked from the rain.

"You

-but my voice cuts off as I feel a hand touch my shoulder.

## You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 52

### Chapter 52

Harper

Easton whirls around when he feels me touch his arm, his blue eyes widening in surprise that I'm the one standing next to him. Confusion fills his gaze and he glances toward Blake, who I was with only seconds ago.

I couldn't take it anymore, pretending Blake was a sufficient substitute. And it definitely didn't feel right with his arm around my shoulders, as if he was trying to claim me when he's not the one I want.

That's why I ran to Easton. It killed me, witnessing the agony on his face while Blake yelled at him. My brother may be watching us, as well as the rest of the entire school, but I don't care.

I want to be with Easton.

But does he want to be with me?

"Say it," I whisper, fear gripping me. "If you can't tell my brother you want to be with me, I can't keep doing this."

He blinks at me, his lips parting and my heart stalls in my throat.

What if he tells Ryan he doesn't want to be with me? What then?

"Get your pretty ass over here, Harper!" Blake bellows. "Show that asshole who you really want!"

"Shut the hell up, Blake!" Ryan yells.

A trickle of relief flows through me at my brother's words, but Easton still hasn't said a damn word.

Dread curdling in my stomach, I stand a little taller.

"What'll it be?" I ask, my voice low so no one else can hear me. "Do you want to be with me? Because I refuse to be your dirty little secret."

"Harper." He breathes out my name, taking a step closer, and I don't retreat. He reaches up to lightly touch my face and my eyes fall shut, savoring the sensation of his fingers on my skin.

He immediately drops his hand and I open my eyes, watching as he looks over at Blake, who's positively fuming, and then my brother. His two closest friends, yet here I am, like I'm coming in between all of them.

"Ryan, I can't let Harper walk out of my life," Easton says, his voice strong. Everyone can hear him. "I just-I can't. I care about your sister a lot."

My heart swells as he sends me an unsure look, his expression – petrified. I grab his hand and pull him to me, his arms automatically going around my waist as he kisses me.

In front of everyone.

The entire parking lot.

Hell, probably the entire school.

The kiss is hard, as if he's proving a point, and in a way, I guess he is.

"What the actual fuck?" Ryan yells.

"Finally!" Sadie squeals.

"Fuck you, Easton!"

This comes from Blake.

I don't care what anyone is saying. I'm wrapped up in Easton's arms and he's so warm despite the rain. His kiss is drugging, lulling me into a trance with every stroke of his tongue. Until I finally have to pull away before things become too heated, noting the dazed look on his face.

I'm sure I look exactly the same way.

"You said it," I murmur. "You told my brother."

“I can’t lose you.” Leaning in, he presses his forehead to mine, staring into my eyes. “And you’re not my dirty little secret.”

My smile is huge. I can feel it stretching my lips as I slip my arms around his neck and

tangle my fingers into his damp hair. “Oh my God.”

Before I can say anything else, he kisses me again, ending it quick when Ryan screams a string of curse words. My brother storms off, Sadie right on his heels as she calls his name. Easton keeps his arms around me as we both turn toward Blake.

He’s staring at us, his face red, his eyes blazing with fury.

“Such fuckin’ bullshit and you know it. You just hate to lose.” Blake thrusts his finger at us. “He’s going to use you up and spit you out, baby girl. And when it’s all said and done, don’t bother running back to me, looking for comfort. The only thing I’ll say to you is, ‘I told you so’.”

“Blake-“ | start to pull away from Easton, but he tightens his grip on me, not allowing me to chase after him.

“Let him go,” he tells me, pressing his mouth to my temple as Blake jumps into his truck and starts the engine. “He’ll get over it.”

“I never meant to hurt him.” Sadness fills me, along with a giant dose of regret. This isn’t how I imagined it would go down between us. Not even close. “He probably thinks I was using him.”

Easton glances down at me, his brows rising. “Were you?”

| shake my head. “No. Of course not. He was always so kind to me.” Funny. Flirty. I didn’t understand Blake’s sudden interest. Like he almost knew Easton and I had a secret thing going, though I don’t know how he could. “He never really started talking to me until after you and I-”

I clamp my lips shut, not wanting to explain myself any further.

The irritated look on Easton's face tells me he understands. "He knew you were vulnerable. He could sense it." He inhales sharply, his cheeks turning ruddy. "Like a damn predator."

"Oh come on, Easton." I laugh, but it's shaky. "You're exaggerating."

He turns to me, about to speak, but someone catches his attention.

Aisha.

She's watching us along with the rest of the crowd, Julia beside her. They both have looks of utter disgust on their faces and when our gazes meet, Aisha's eyes narrow, her lips thinning into a straight line.

Never looking away from her, I curl my hand around his nape and pull him down to me, our mouths meeting briefly. I want this bitch to know that Easton isn't hers.

He's mine.

Fuck her.

"Let's get out of here," Easton says once the kiss is over.

"Okay." I nod and smile as we pull out of each other's arms. He takes my hand, interlacing our fingers together and he brings our linked hands to his mouth, brushing a kiss across my knuckles.

I can still feel Aisha watching. I actually see her lunge toward us, but Julia grabs her at the last second, stopping her.

And I can't help but smile.

Take that, bitch

We leave the school in Easton's jeep and I'm trying to text Ryan, but he won't respond.

Of course he won't. I'm sure he's furious with me. With Easton. Maybe even Blake.

"Who are you texting?"

"Ryan, but he's not answering me."

Exhaling loudly, Easton grips the steering wheel. "He'll get over it."

"I wish I had your confidence." I send a text to my best friend, who immediately responds. "Okay. Sadie says she's with Ryan, trying to calm him down."

"Thank God for best friends."

glance up, looking out the window. "Where are we going?"

"I was thinking your place? Like we planned?" When I don't respond, he asks, "You okay with that?"

Fighting the nerves that suddenly fill me, I murmur, "Yes. Definitely."