

# You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 43

## Chapter 43

Harper

Oh my God, did he really just say that? And then take off like a scared little chicken shit?

Why yes. He did.

What, now he wants to shove me into Blake's arms? Does this make him feel less guilty for kissing Aisha? If that's the case, what a total prick.

I already knew this though. He's a complete asshole who only thinks of himself. Most of the time.

Well, he's definitely thinking of me when he's got his fingers between my legs. Or his mouth...

"What do you say, Harper? Let me take you to dinner."

Blake's deep voice pulls me from my lust-soaked thoughts and I blink at him, wishing like crazy that it was Easton who looked at me like that. Who asked me to dinner in front of everyone at school because he doesn't care. He wants to be seen with me. I'm not his dirty little secret

But it's not Easton who's asking me. It's Blake, who currently has a giant smile on his face, and I see something in his eyes that I've never noticed before. He's looking at me as if he...actually likes me.

Uh oh.

I am so stupid. I should've never kissed him. Like, ever. And it felt wrong, kissing another boy when I still have feelings for stupid, annoying, make-me-want-to-rip-my-hair-out Easton. Spotting him in an embrace with Aisha had me seeing red. I didn't even need to see her lips land on his. Actually, I couldn't bear to see it. That would've sent me completely over the edge. I was done.

Over.

Finished.

Kissing Blake was impulsive and a giant mistake. That kiss sent him a signal I didn't mean. I like him, but not like that. And now he's looking at me as if I'm the only girl for him.

"I can't tonight," I finally say, hating the way his face falls. "Some other time, okay? I have an essay to finish. And that history test we still need to study for."

"Yeah. I'd suggest a little study time together tonight instead, but I'm guessing you're going to turn me down." His lips form into a cute little pout, making me giggle.

And I never giggle with Easton. Not ever. He doesn't make me laugh. He makes me want to slap him.

Right before I kiss him.

"I'm afraid I would," I say to Blake, willing myself to like him. At least a little bit.

But nope. I look into his eyes and feel nothing but friendliness.

"Gotta go to class," I tell him. "Talk later?"

Blake snags my hand before I can walk away, pulling me in close. "You're a mystery, Harper. One I'm dying to figure out."

Then he lets go of my hand and saunters down the hall, whistling.

I watch him go for a moment, confused. There is nothing mysterious about me. Yeah, I might be sneaking around and hooking up with Easton in dark corners, but that's the extent of my mystery. He's only doing that with me because he's ashamed to be seen with me in public, the asshole.

My heart aches and I mentally tell it to stop. I can't get all twisted up over that boy yet again. Maybe I should give up on boys in general until I start college.

What's happening right now is getting way too out of my control.

I go to my locker and exchange my books, then slam the metal door shut to find Easton right there, leaning his shoulder against the locker next to mine. I take a step back at first sight of the murderous glare on his face.

Aimed directly at me.

"What's your problem?"

"You." He spits out the word as if it's a curse.

The moment he says it, I start walking, not wanting to hear him bash on me yet again.

I'm tired of it. A girl can only take so much.

"You're my problem," he says as he falls into step beside me.

Huh. I guess it's okay to be seen in public when he's tossing insults at me but otherwise, forget it.

"Please. Spare me the details. I don't care if you hate me or not." I push through the double doors and take a deep breath of fresh air, hating how shaky my exhale is.

Easton gets close to me and I'm a mess.

A jittery, fluttery mess.

My heart is thumping. My pulse is throbbing in my neck.

Between my thighs.

And he's just walking beside me.

Seriously. I need help. A therapist maybe? Maybe I'm a sex addict who's never had sex. It could happen

Or maybe I'm an Easton addict. One look, one touch, one kiss, and I want more.

More, more, more.

"You're the one who hates me, remember?" He grabs my arm, stopping me from escaping him, and I struggle against his hold. It's no use.

He's too strong

Easton shifts closer, his voice lowering so I can barely hear him. "Is that why you did it?"

I frown. "Did what?"

"You know." He looks away for a moment, offering me a glimpse of his glorious profile. High cheekbones and sharp jaw. That sexy mouth and those dark eyebrows. A breeze washes over us, fluttering his hair and I long to run my fingers through it.

God, what am I? Some sort of demented fairy princess ready to hurl herself at the evil villain? I've been reading too much fantasy lately, swear to God.

Easton turns to face me once more, his thunderous blue gaze meeting mine and I see.hurt there?

No.

"I have no idea what you're talking about," I say slowly. "And besides, you're the one who was kissing Aisha."

"What the fuck?" He grips the back of his neck, his biceps bulging. "I did not kiss her."

"Yes, you did. I saw the two of you together. Right before the rally. She had her claws in you."

Literally.

"And I pushed her away." He lowers his head until his face is in mine, his mouth so close my lips yearn to close the space between us. "Or did you happen to miss that tiny detail?"

## You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 44

### Chapter 44

Easton

Her dark eyes, which were full of anger only seconds ago, are now filled with shock. Confusion.

"You didn't kiss her?" Her voice is a squeak. My scared little mouse.

Slowly I shake my head, staring at her lips. There are too many people around-and there's hardly anybody out here-but I'm not risking kissing Harper in front of an audience.

No matter how badly I want to.

Harper stands taller. "I don't believe you."

"It's true." I take a step back and throw out my arms, my palms pointed at the sky. "I shoved Aisha away at the last second and she got pissed."

What else is new?

"And then I catch you kissing Blake." I grin, like I'm having the time of my life, when I'm not. Fuck, I'm furious just thinking of her mouth under his. "How was it? I've heard he has sloppy technique. Uses too much tongue."

"Better than you, that's for sure," she spits out, her aim true.

A direct hit to my ego.

And heart.

Leaning my head back, I stare up at the cloudless sky, my brain scrambling to come up with something. Anything. I always have a ready insult to throw at her, but right now, my mind's a blank.

Finally, I turn my attention to her, wondering why she hasn't left yet. If she didn't give a shit about me, she'd be gone already. Right?

"So I guess you like it sloppy and with too much tongue. Noted. Maybe next time that's what I'll give you." I snag her hand and pull her in close, her body colliding with mine. Just like that, my skin tingles, wanting more.

Wanting her.

"There will be no next time," she says between clenched teeth.

"Because you're Blake's now? Wonder what your brother would say when he finds out you've gone from one of his best friends to the next." I smirk. "If you go through enough of us, maybe we could all get together one night and run a train on you. I'd bet you'd like,"

The slap comes out of nowhere, right across my face. She's already jerked her hand out of my grip and there are tears streaming down her cheeks. Angry ones. Her gaze blazes with fury and I've never seen her look so beautiful.

"You're disgusting," she whispers harshly before she turns and marches away.

Away from me.

I watch her go, my gaze dropping to her ass. Even knowing how mad she is, I can't help but check her out. Or find her attractive.

Like I'd run a train on her with my friends. Please. I wouldn't let any of those fucks so much as look at her.

Harper's mine.

She belongs to me.

\*\*

"Come over to my house later," Ryan proposes as we walk out to the parking lot after school.

"Why?" I ask warily, not wanting to see Harper. It's probably best if I keep my distance for a couple hours.

Couple days.

Whatever.

"I scored a few fine ass blunts, that why." Ryan grins. "And you wouldn't believe where I found them."

"Where?"

"On the roof of the school. I was up there in the middle of seventh period and found them hidden behind an air conditioning unit. Wrapped up all nice and neat." Ryan laughs.

"You probably stole someone's stash." | shake my head. "They're going to be real pissed when they discover it's gone."

"Who cares? They're the dumbasses who left it up there." Ryan is still laughing, pleased as hell with himself.

"And what were you doing on the roof anyway?"

He comes to a stop and I do too, watching him carefully. He's been acting more mysterious lately, and I have no idea what he's been up to.

"Sneaking out of class. I can't stand school anymore." He shakes his head. "I just want to graduate and get out of here."

"We've still got a long way to go," I say as we resume walking.

"Don't remind me," he mutters. "We on for tonight or what?"

"Where are your parents?" I don't think they'd approve of us getting together and having a blunt sesh at their house.

Ryan glances around, as if he doesn't want anyone else to hear us. "They're out of town for the next few days and into the weekend. My dad is on a business trip and Mom went with him. And since they found out about our last get together at the house, they gave Harp and I a bunch of shit about having no one over. The lecture was fuckin' torture."

Interesting.

"But you're still having a bunch of people over."

"Not a bunch," Ryan clarifies. "Only a choice few. I'm inviting a couple of the guys. You know, the usual."

"Like Blake?" I'll want to tear that fucker's man bun right off his head the first chance I get.

Ryan frowns. "I already talked to him and he said he had to pass. Said something else came up last minute, though he also promised he'd try to stop by later."

Huh. Wonder what the hell that's about.

"And where will your sister be?" My voice is casual. My entire demeanor nonchalant. I don't want to look like I care about Harper's whereabouts.

But I do care. I care a lot.

"Studying in her room? She said she has an essay due and doesn't want us to disturb her." Ryan laughs. "We can just smoke outside, you know?"

"Sure," I say. "I'll be there. What time?"

"Seven? Whenever, man. My door is always open to you."

We both glance to our left when we see Harper approach, Sadie right next to her. They watch us with wary gazes and I feel like we're doing the same thing to them.

"What are you boys planning tonight, hmm?" The devilish smile on Sadie's face tells me she's on to us.

Hmm, and how would she know? Can't help but wonder if Ryan's fucking around with her on the side.

"None of your damn business," Ryan calls out to her with a smile, making her laugh. "You ready to go, Harper?"

She nods, murmuring something to Sadie before she brushes right past me and climbs into the passenger seat of her brother's car.

I watch her as she pulls the door shut, shoving my hands in my front pockets as Ryan reminds me to come by around seven and then jogs over to the driver's side of his car. She glances out the window, her gaze locking with mine, her eyes narrowing.

I lift the corner of my mouth in a one-sided smile, thinking of all the fun we could have tonight if she'd let me sneak into her room. I'm sure I could convince her to let me inside. I'd even bet on it.