

You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 53

Chapter 53

Easton

Adrenaline races through my veins, making me tense. Eager. I drive like a madman to Harper's house, pulling into her driveway so fast I see her jerk against the seatbelt.

Shit. I need to get myself under control.

We hop out of the Jeep without a word and I fall into step behind her, waiting impatiently as she unlocks the front door. She glances over her shoulder at me, her expression full of heated promise before she starts up the stairs. I slam the door behind me and follow her up, grabbing her by the waist the moment we're in her bedroom, and I haul her to me.

"Finally," I murmur just before I kiss her.

She returns the kiss with as much enthusiasm as I'm feeling. I can't stop thinking about what happened in the parking lot-and how fucking surreal the entire moment was. Did I actually confess my feelings for this girl in front of her brother and everyone else?

Or did I stake a claim on her because, as Blake the asshole so kindly pointed out, I hate to lose?

Yeah no. It has nothing to do with losing and everything to do with this perfect, delicious girl in my arms. With the intoxicating mouth and curvy body. The perfect ass and giant tits that are currently pressed firmly against my chest.

Fuck, just having this girl in my arms sets my blood on fire.

I cup the side of her face, tilting her head to change the angle of our kiss and when my tongue strokes deep, my mystery girl moans.

My cock hardens in response.

Tiny shivers ripple through her and when I finally break away from her lips, her teeth are literally..

Chattering?

"You're shivering." I run my hands up and down her back, trying to warm her up, knowing the wet clothes we're wearing don't help. "Are you cold?"

She gives a jerky nod. "Aren't you?"

"Yeah, I guess. Maybe we should strip."

"1-I should take a shower first."

I go completely still for a moment before I slowly pull away, a devious smile stretching across my face. "I'm down."

"Um, not together." She shakes her head, seemingly embarrassed "I don't think I'm ready for that yet."

I'm such an asshole. Of course she's not. This girl is a freakin' virgin, for the love of God. I need to move slow. "Okay. Just know I won't push you for anything you don't want to do."

Her smile is faint. "You're so sweet."

No girl has ever called me sweet. That's not a word anyone uses to describe me, ever. "Yeah, don't let it get around."

Her laugh is soft and settles low in my gut. "Okay, there's the mean boy who pushed me into a supply closet and shoved his hand down my pants."

I slip my fingers beneath her chin, tilting her head back so her gaze meets mine. "I'm sure I could shove you into a closet somewhere around here and relive the moment."

Harper slowly shakes her head, her fingers going around my wrist and removing my hand from her face. "I need to shower first. Do you want to take one after me?"

Hell no. I don't want to waste any more time. "I just want to get out of these clothes."

"Find something in Ryan's room to wear and throw your wet clothes in the dryer. You know where the laundry room is, right? You know how to work a dryer?"

She looks so amused, teasing the rich guy.

"I know where the laundry room is and I know how to work a dryer. My maid showed me." I'm teasing her right back. We don't have a maid and she knows it

But we do have a housekeeper.

She gently shoves me away and I nearly topple over, it's so unexpected. I like this side of Harper. She's much more confident. Maybe that's because she knows how I feel?

"Come back and wait for me in here, okay? I won't take long."

"I'm not going anywhere," I growl, pulling her in for one last, lingering kiss.
"Hurry up."

"I will," she says as she starts to pull away from me.

I give her a firm smack on the ass that sends her running out of her room and straight into the bathroom, slamming the door. Within seconds I hear the water turn on and the wet plop of clothes landing on the floor. My imagination goes into overdrive and I wait there in the hall, straining to hear what Harper's doing next while my cock stretches against the damp fly of my jeans.

Shaking my head, I go into Ryan's room, rummaging through his stuff until I find a pair of gray sweats. That's all I need.

Not like I plan on keeping them on for long.

I head downstairs for the laundry room, stripping my clothes off before I toss them all into the dryer. Once I've got the sweats on, I'm racing back up to her room and settling on the edge of Harper's bed, keeping the door open as I wait for her. She's still in the shower. I can hear the water running and it's taking everything I've got not to barge in there and join her.

But I don't. I'm respecting her wishes.

I grab my phone and check social media, not surprised whatsoever to see my confession playing out on a smattering of Instagram stories from a variety of angles. Guess everyone had their cameras out for this moment. The biggest player asshole in school confessing he has feelings for the girl no one pays attention to.

Gotta document it.

I watch the stories, caught up in the look on Harper's face as she watches me, her eyes full of unknown emotion when I say I couldn't let her walk away. That I cared about her a lot. And those are such inept words. They don't describe how I really feel about her

Hell, I don't know exactly what I feel toward her, but I know one thing.

It's overwhelming. Like an addiction.

All I want is Harper.

I notice on someone's story the look on Blake's face when I kiss Harper. The way his fists clench, like he wants to beat my ass. I spot Ryan, and while he seems disgusted, he also appears at a loss.

Like he can't protect his twin sister any longer.

And then there's Aisha's expression when she spots us kissing. The look of utter disgust when Harper smiled at her. The venom in Aisha's eyes.

My stomach drops.

That girl?

Is fucking trouble.

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Chapter 54

Harper

The shower did wonders for my cold skin but I'm still a mess of nerves. Knowing Easton is in my room, waiting for me. That we're most likely going to take our relationship to the next level and have sex...

It's exciting.

Scary.

Overwhelming.

Freaking terrifying

I rub lotion all over my body. Run a brush through my hair again and again, wishing I had enough time to blow dry it. I slip on a robe my mom gave me a couple of Christmas's ago. It's black with giant white polka dots on it, and it's super short, barely covering my butt.

That's all I wear. Not necessarily sexy, but I know Easton will definitely appreciate my nakedness.

After stalling long enough, I finally exit the bathroom, crossing the short hall into my bedroom. I slip inside the room and close the door, my mouth falling open at the scene in

front of me.

Easton sitting on the corner of my bed, his legs spread wide in that way boys sit and his head bent as he stares at his phone. He's wearing light gray sweats and nothing else.

Nothing. Else.

His chest is on full display, and I drink in all that smooth skin covering sleek muscle. His broad shoulders and chest. The rigid muscles of his abs. His flat stomach with the thin trail of dark hair that leads from his navel, disappearing into the sweats.

I've seen him before without a shirt on. I've actually had his dick in my mouth. But there is something about him waiting for me like this that is so...

Sexy.

And that's not a word I use lightly-if at all.

Easton lifts his head, his gaze meeting mine and he smiles, tossing his phone onto the mattress like he could care less what's happening on social media.

All that matters is what's happening right now. Between us.

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"That was a long shower."

His deep, gravelly voice rumbles through me, settling between my legs. "I needed to warm up."

"I can warm you up." His smile fades and his expression turns serious. "Come here."

push away from the door and slowly go to him, and when I'm close enough, he hooks his arm around my waist. I rest my hands on his shoulders, standing in between his spread legs, breathless when he pulls me even closer and rests his chin on my robe covered stomach, gazing up at me.

"I wanna take this off." He toys with the fabric belt of my robe.

A shuddery breath leaves me and I decide to be bold. "I want you to take it off."

He arches a brow as he pulls away slightly, reaching for the belt. He slowly unties it while I stand there, trembling despite the hot shower I just took. Despite how his heated gaze singes me from the inside out.

I'm nervous. Anxious to his calm. His movements are slow. Deliberate. He pulls the belt off and lets it fall to the floor, the robe fabric immediately parting and revealing most of my naked body

His gaze never leaves mine as he slips his hands inside of the robe, and I lock my knees so I don't crumble to the ground. His cool fingers skim my stomach, making

me jump and my heart races so hard, I'm scared he'll see it pounding away beneath my skin.

"You're beautiful," he whispers right before he leans in and places his mouth on my stomach. I close my eyes, trying my best to chase the fear away. Blindly, I reach for him, tangling my fingers in his hair, holding him to me.

I stand before him as he examines me with his hands and his eyes while I keep mine

closed, letting my other senses take over. The scent of his hair as it brushes across my belly, his soft, warm mouth tickling my skin. The sound of his accelerated breaths as his hands curve around to cup my butt. Those big hands slip downward, his fingers coming teasingly close to the place I want them the most, and a breathy moan leaves me when he removes his hands from my body completely.

He's such a tease.

"Let's take this off," he murmurs and I shrug out of the robe, letting it fall to the floor.

When he doesn't do or say anything, I crack my eyes open to find him examining me as if I'm a painting hanging on a museum wall.

"What?" I ask, my voice cracking.

"I never get a chance to really look at you." He runs his hand over my hip. "And you truly are beautiful. Like a work of art."

I want to laugh, but can't. "So poetic."

His gaze lifts to mine. "Not a word anyone would use to describe me."

"Maybe you're only poetic for me," I whisper, reaching for him so I can cup the side of his face.

He smiles and my heart catches. He's the beautiful one. I don't know how I got so lucky to catch this boy's attention, but here I am. Standing in front of him in my bedroom, no one else in the house, and I'm completely naked.

If anyone would've told me a couple of months ago this would be happening, I would've laughed in their face. Impossible.

Easton didn't even know I existed.

And now look at us.

"You're a virgin, aren't you." He doesn't ask it like a question.

An awkward laugh leaves me. "Is it that obvious?"

"No, I just-I figured." He strokes my hip again, back and forth. Drawing closer and closer to my pussy. "I don't want to hurt you."

"You won't," I say with confidence.

His fingers trail across the skin just above my pubic hair, teasing. "You sure about that?"

"Yes," I whisper.

He's quiet, concentrating on his exploration. And when his fingers slip between my legs, parting me, I catch my breath, sinking my teeth into my lower lip. My eyes fall closed when he touches me there.

I've touched myself before but I didn't know just how good it could be when someone else does it.

And Easton knows exactly what he's doing.

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Chapter 55

Easton

She's trembling in my arms, little nervous huffs of breath leaving her, and I'm trying my best to restrain myself. My fingers sink into her swollen flesh, back and forth. Tracing all of the delicate, damp skin, noting the catch in her breath when I touch her in a particular way, always careful. I don't want to scare her or make her push me away.

Yeah, no. Can't risk it because I'm definitely going to fuck her this afternoon. After that performance we put on in the parking lot, me confessing my feelings-and I don't normally have fucking feelings, I'm ice cold-it's all I can think about.

Me and Harper. Harper and me. Naked and tangled up together in the sheets. Kissing her everywhere. Filling her up.

Making her mine.

I continue to stroke her, keeping my exploration gentle. I've touched her like this before, but this feels different. More momentous. I can't fuck this up.

I want to put my mouth on her. Hell, I should probably do that first. Tongue fuck her until she's coming. Make her nice and loose for me so I can slip inside her easily.

Fuck, she's a virgin. There might not be anything easy about this.

Pulling away, I stare up at her, noting the fear in her eyes. The flush on her cheeks. Her tentative smile.

Fuck, this girl. I wasn't lying when I said she was beautiful earlier.

Harper is gorgeous.

Without warning I pull her into me, smiling at her yelp, moving quickly so I've got her pinned beneath me on the bed, my phone tumbling off with a thump onto the floor. My erect cock strains against the sweats I borrowed from Ryan-yeah, can't think about him right now-and I thrust against her nice and slow, wanting her to know what she's doing to me.

Clearly, she likes it because she grabs my hair and brings my mouth to hers. The kiss is wild. Sloppy. Tongues and teeth and gasps and moans. I feed on her hungrily, my hands wandering, touching her everywhere I can reach. She leans into my palm when I find her tit and toy with her nipple. I slip downward so I can suck and nip at it, pulling it into my mouth.

A moan leaves her and she shifts, restless beneath me. Her legs slide against mine and I roll away briefly, ridding myself of the sweats.

I turn to face the bed to find her watching me, her lower lip caught between her teeth, her damp hair a riotous mess. She doesn't bother hiding herself, doesn't act modest, though I can tell she's still nervous.

Her gaze drops to my dick and her eyes go wide before they snap back up to mine and yeah. I can tell she's real nervous now.

"Ummm..." Her voice drifts. "Remember I've never done this before."

"Yeah."

"And I just got on the pill."

"Really?" I like the way this girl thinks.

She nods. "Plus I have condoms." Her cheeks turn red.

I raise a brow, surprised. "Where?"

"In my robe pocket."

I grab her robe off the floor and search for the pockets, coming across one, two...

Three condoms.

"Feeling ambitious?" I hold them out toward her with a faint smile.

"Stop." She laughs, her entire face red now. "I'm sorry, I didn't know."

"Don't apologize." I crawl back on top of her, we both groan at the skin-on-skin contact. I thrust my face in hers, brushing strands of dark hair away from her forehead. "I like your ambition."

"You do?" Her voice is the barest whisper and I lean in, lightly brushing my mouth against

hers. "I'm

scared."

"I'll go slow," I promise, kissing her again. And again, dipping my tongue between her lips.

We kiss until my mouth aches and still I don't want to stop. All I can focus on is her. She's smooth and soft and she spreads her thighs wide as we continue kissing, the little whimpers from her throat encouraging me. I run my mouth down her neck. Across her collarbone, her chest. Pay attention to her nipples once more, her fingers returning to my hair, holding me to her as I suck and nibble and lick. She likes that.

Noted. For later.

I shift back up to her mouth, my hands skimming along her side, touching between her legs. She's so damn wet. I press my index finger against her clit and a hiss of breath leaves her.

Fuck.

I can't stop kissing her. Touching her. I slowly slip a finger inside of her tight pussy, testing her, and the more I rub, the more relaxed she gets. Until I'm able to push two fingers inside, pumping them in and out steadily, her body moving with my hand.

Eventually I pull away from her greedy mouth, bringing my fingers to my lips and lapping at them, the taste of her melting on my tongue. She watches me, her gaze darkening as she reaches for me, pulling me down to her mouth once more.

But I avoid her, shifting down her body, my mouth following my hands, exploring her everywhere. Until I'm lying between her thighs and I push them open, staring at her for a moment.

Pink and glistening, all for me.

Unable to resist, I dip my head and run my tongue along the length of her pussy, lapping at her with a thoroughness that has her immediately writhing beneath me. I increase my pace, pressing my hands against her thighs, holding her down as I attack her. Drive her out of her mind with my tongue. My lips. And when I decide to add a finger to the mix?

Within seconds, she stiffens beneath my hold, her thighs tensing for the briefest moment before her entire body begins to tremble wildly.

And she comes all over my face.

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Chapter 56

Harper

I can't move. I think that orgasm just killed me. Or maybe I'm paralyzed for life. I'm not

sure.

I sort of don't care.

Easton grabs one of the condom packets and I watch as he tears it open and rolls it onto his erection. He positions himself above me, his expression pained as he grips the base, the head right there, poised at my entrance. We stare at each other, our breaths accelerated and then slowly, carefully, he pushes inside of me.

I close my eyes as I feel him stretch me wide. Oh God it-it stings. Hurts. But I don't stop him. I breathe shallowly, reminding myself to relax. I can take it. I can take this.

Once he's fully inside of me, he pauses, and I crack my eyes open to find him watching me.

"You okay?" he rasps.

I nod, unable to speak.

He starts to move, slowly at first, me awkward beneath him until we eventually establish a rhythm. And though it's not the most pleasant feeling I've ever experienced, I can tell he's enjoying it from the way he's continuously cursing beneath his breath, his movements coming faster and faster.

Until he's pounding inside of my body, our sweaty skin sticking. His low groans send a shiver through me, and when he reaches in between us to brush his fingers against my

clit?

"Oh God," I gasp, my eyes flying open when he increases his speed.

I can't catch my breath. He's moving so fast, thrusting. Withdrawing. Thrusting again. Out of nowhere he shouts, and I realize he's coming, his big body consumed with shivers as I cling to him, a small orgasm rippling through me thanks to his insistent fingers on

my clit.

We collapse in a heap of tangled, sweaty limbs and he rolls off of me, pulling me with him. His mouth is at my forehead as he breathes heavily and I run my hand up and down his chest, shifting lower to trace his abs.

"Jesus," he finally manages to say.

| giggle.

I can't help it and he starts chuckling, until we're both laughing, my face pressed against his neck, his arms around my waist. Eventually our laughter dies and he's pulling away from me, but I don't want to let him go.

"I need to get rid of the condom," he whispers.

"Oh." I release him, feeling dumb, my gaze trailing his every move as he exits my bedroom and enters the bathroom. I hear the toilet flush, the water run and then he's back, slipping beneath my comforter and pulling me back into his arms. I settle my head on his chest and close my eyes, content.

"Should I leave?" he asks a few minutes later, his fingers in my hair, combing through the still damp strands.

I lift my head. "Why would you leave?"

"Ryan might come back soon."

"I don't care if he does."

"I'm sure he's pissed at me."

"He'll get over it," I reassure him.

"How can you be so sure? And why is he so damn protective of you all the time?" The irritation in Easton's voice is obvious.

"Well, look at you. You're his best friends and you're all a bunch of manwhores." I'm teasing, but then again not. "He wanted to keep you away from me so you couldn't hurt me."

His expression turns serious as he continues brushing his fingers through my hair. "I

don't want to hurt you ever again, Harper."

My heart cracks. Who knew Easton could be so sweet? "You won't." I lean in and brush my mouth against his. "I won't let you."

He smiles against my lips. "So you're a badass now?"

"I was always a badass," I say, kissing him yet again. "You just didn't realize it."

"True." His hand slides down my back, settling on my butt.

"Are we going to keep doing this?" I ask.

"If by this you mean fuck?" He squeezes one butt cheek. "Yeah. You got a problem with that?"

"No," I whisper as he rolls back over on top of me. "Not at all."

We lost all track of time but it didn't matter because my parents are still out of town and Ryan never managed to come home. Easton ordered pizza and we ate it naked in bed together. We used up all three of those condoms and wished for more. We fell asleep in each other's arms and slept that way all night. I woke up rested and refreshed and...

With a giant boner brushing against my backside.

"Good morning," he murmurs into my neck, his deep, sleep roughened voice making my pussy flutter.

"You're definitely-awake." I rub my butt against his erection.

He chuckles. God, I love a happy Easton. "I really wish I'd bought more condoms last night."

He'd wanted to leave at one point and pick up more at a store but I convinced him to stay. I was scared he might leave and never come back.

Stupid, I know.

"We can pick up more today," I suggest.

"We should." He kisses my neck. "I'm hungry."

"Me too." He rests his hand on my stomach just as it growls. "Starved really."

"We should go somewhere."

"Okay." Yes, in public. Maybe we could run into people from school and they could see us together. Public confirmation would be perfect.

"Let's go then." He pulls away from me and rolls out of bed, my gaze landing on the perfection that is his bare ass.

"I should shower first."

He turns to face me, his cock half erect. "Together?"

"Sure," I say, feeling suddenly shy.

We're just entering my bathroom when I hear the sound of the front door unlocking. We both freeze, our gazes meeting.

"Ryan?" Easton asks.

"Must be," I whisper.

"Harper! Ryan! Get down here!"

Wait a minute. That was

"Your dad," Easton says, his eyes wide.

"Hold on." I take his hand and drag him into my room. "Stay here."

Easton slips on the sweats he borrowed from Ryan-he never did pull his clothes out of the dryer-while I throw on an old T-shirt and a pair of panties.

"Harper! Get down here right now!" This time it's Mom yelling.

"I'll be right back," I tell Easton. "Don't leave this room."

He grabs me by the waist, delivering a blistering kiss to my lips before he shoves me out of my room. "Good luck."

I race down the stairs and bolt out the front door, stopping on the front porch when my parents swivel their heads in my direction.

"Hey. You guys are home early." I try to smile brightly, like it's no big deal, but inside I'm quivering, I'm so freaked out.

“Yeah well, we realized we needed to come right home after we couldn’t get a hold of you or Ryan all night long and our neighbor called us at six in the morning letting us know about-” Mom waves a hand in the direction of the garage door. “—this. Care to explain what it’s all about?”

My gaze slowly shifts to the garage door Mom’s pointing at and my stomach drops when I see it.

Oh no