

You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 77

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Chapter 77

Harper

I feel him inside me, all around me, the way his muscles strain and tense like he wants to stay in this moment, in the hot tub until the end of time.

Instead, he pulls away from me like he's about to say goodbye.

"Easton?" I cup his jaw. "What's going on?"

"That was unbelievable." He still isn't looking at me, instead he's completely shut down, chest still heaving from exertion as he grabs the towel next to the stairs, wipes his hands and picks up his phone.

What the hell?

What we shared wasn't just something-normal.

In fact nothing between has been normal since this started.

And now he's acting like every other teenage boy on the planet and grabbing his cell phone the minute he gets off.

I'm so hurt I can't see straight.

Why can't it always be easy with him?

Why am I always doubting him?

Us?

What Aisha said about my circle of friends pounds into my skull until my temples start to ache. I never know if she's playing with me or if she actually has a brain cell next to her fake extensions.

Would they even be able to coexist anyways fighting for all that space?

grab a towel and get out of the hot tub, irritated, and a bit pissed that my body feels so good after his kisses, after his touch.

"You okay?" Easton reaches for me.

I jerk away. "Yeah, fine."

Which in girl speak basically means, you might die tonight, he seems to catch on though and quickly flips his phone over so I can't see the screen which just makes me more suspicious on top of everything else.

He yawns and stretches his arms over his head, then grabs his own towel while I put the top back on the hot tub.

A tense silence exists between us.

I ignore it and decide to just go inside the house when he grabs me by the hand and pulls me back against him, he's warm just like the hot tub and I feel weak because I need him, because his touch tells me that everything's going to be okay when everything feels so messed up.

Maybe it's me.

I'm vulnerable.

And I blame him.

I love him.

I love this boy and I can't read him, because he won't open up to me the way I need and I'm scared that if I say something I'm going to push him away even more.

I slump against him.

"Hey," Easton's lips are on my neck. "What's going on?"

"Things." | shiver and hear his phone go off again and tense even more.
"Someones trying to get a hold of you."

"Yeah but my hands are kind of busy right now holding on to you." He chuckles against my neck, his lips on my skin, and I forget for a few minutes how angry I am and how insecure I feel with him sometimes.

I relax as much as I can.

He holds me tighter. "You know I've never felt this way for anyone, Harper..."

Do I though?

"I know." I lie.

"It's not just." He curses. "It's not just your body, Harp. It's everything. It's the way you fight me when you want to kiss me. It's your bravery. It's every single

smile that kills my heart and steals my soul. Harper, you're it. You are. Even if you don't believe it, one day you will, because one day I'll be able to prove it. You're my everything and as much as you probably hate me half the time, I'd take that hate any day, because it means I'm yours...and you're mine." .

A tear slides down my cheek. "That was stupid romantic for a high school boy."

"I practiced," he jokes, kissing my neck.

His phone goes off again.

With a curse, he pulls away. "Look, I have to take care of this really quick, trust me when I say it's not a big deal ..."

I turn around.

His face is pale as he reads his texts.

His movements jerky.

Something's off.

"Everything okay?" I ask.

He looks at his screen again and shoves his phone into his pocket. "Yeah, I'm just gonna run you home real quick then grab something by the school, apparently in all my anger and excitement I left one of my notebooks and one of the freshman who owes me a favor of massive proportions picked it up..."

"Huh?" What freshman? What favor? I don't say anything else but I want to because it's so out of the blue and why wouldn't he have said something sooner? Doubt starts creeping in again when it comes to Easton like it always does after we're vulnerable together.

He pulls me into his arms, his smile easy. "I'm spending the night. I mean, if that's okay?"

"And when my parents come barging in?"

"I'll be quiet ..." He laughs. He's so gorgeous I want to cry a bit, with his dimples, dark hair, and crystal blue eyes. He's lean but built and even when he's not kissing me I dream of his tongue, of the way my fingers feel against his firm stomach, his crazy six pack on display. "You're the loud one."

I shove him, but also, I mean, what girl would be quiet with Easton standing in front of them? Eating them out? Fucking them? Loving them?

"What? It's true!" He laughs and looks at his phone again, what the hell? "It will literally take no time, plus I can drop you off first so your parents don't get suspicious, perfect

plan."

"Yeah." I decide I have no choice but to trust him even though something doesn't feel right, I want him to communicate more but I'm afraid of being that needy girl so I simply

say. "Okay."

"You mean everything to me." He whispers, kissing my forehead. His eyes flicker then linger on mine for a few beats before he looks away and laughs. "Don't fall asleep without me..."

"Like I could." I pull him in for a hug.

I memorize the way he smells.

The way he feels.

It's right.

Everything about us is finally right, so why do I keep looking for all the wrong? It's not fair to him, or to our relationship.

Texhale.

He smells like hot boy, spice, and rum.

And he's mine.

Right?

– "Hurry back," I say as we both quickly get ready.

He slaps my ass. "Where else would I rather be than by your side, Harper?"

Good question.

I tell myself to trust him.

I tell myself to be the secure one.

And I force myself to smile the entire ride back to my house as if this is completely normal and everything's fine, and I almost believe it. Almost,

I have nothing to worry about, right?

Because I'm his, and he's mine.

And why else would he make up a dumb excuse like a freshman kid holding his notebook? Easton's better than that.

I trust him.

I really have no choice.

My chest hurts as his Jeep pulls away from the curb in front of my house and I don't know why but it feels wrong.

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Chapter 78

Easton

I'm shit.

Like actual shit on shit, the worst shit, fuckkkkkkkk.

My palms are actually sweating as I grip the steering wheel and head over to Leigh's house.

She didn't just send me horrible text threats, she called seven times, which is the last thing you want when you're trying to open up to your girlfriend basically saying, "hey no worries I've changed," only to leave her and go to the guidance counselor slash admin you used to fuck and repeat history. Originally she said she needed a favor, code word for she wants the high school senior to bend her over against her office chair until she's hoarse from screaming.

| snort, yeah, a favor, she said the same thing in her texts tonight, hey can you do me a favor?

Code yet again.

I know what Leigh wants.

I know she's going to use any information she has on us.

And I want to actually run my Jeep into the next brick building I see.

I don't want her anymore. Funny how the minute you have something good, the universe is like yeah just wait for it, I'll fuck with you. You're in love? Cool, let's bring in some hate or competition, or even better, let's make sure your entire life is over if you don't do xyz.

I'm sick the entire drive to her house.

I almost turn around a dozen times, maybe if Harper questioned me I would have, instead my phone is silent, my car is like death as rain starts to pound against my windshield.

It takes me maybe fifteen minutes to get to her house, it's in a nice subdivision five blocks over from Harper's house. The white and black split level house stares me down as I park.

I suddenly hate doors that are white and have fall decorations.

I hate them.

I know what's behind that door, maybe that's why.

Or maybe I suddenly have a conscience, either way, I'm not happy to be here and in the past the only reason I even came here was to get good grades or because it was taboo.

Not feeling that way right now, no. I'm feeling cheap and disgusted and like a total liar.

I stare down the door and take a deep breath. It opens, because of course it does. Leigh is holding it open with a glass of wine in hand, she's wearing a crop top that leaves nothing to the imagination and a pair of low slung black sweats.

Tused to think she was hot, the type of mom or cougar you fuck over and over again because you get bragging rights, but now? I notice the aggressiveness, the manipulation, and the exhaustion.

Slowly, I get out of my jeep and look behind me just in case, not that anyone was following me but I'm suddenly extremely paranoid for some reason as I walk toward Leigh.

She takes a sip of her wine, meanwhile I want to throw up.

"You came." She holds her door open.

I swallow and shove my hands into my jeans. "Yeah well, I didn't really have a choice."

"How's the girlfriend?" She winks.

Again, I want to vomit. "Good, thanks for asking." I force a smile "Gonna invite me in?"

"Of course." She opens the door wider.

She has candles lit around her small living room. The fire roars in the fireplace and two bottles of wine are set on the kitchen table with an empty glass I'm assuming is mine.

I walk numbly toward the kitchen counter and grab the wine, pouring it into my glass until

I'm sure it's going to spill over, then take a long, hard sip. Fuck, I would murder someone for weed right now.

Fuck, I'd probably rob someone for it with the way she's looking at me.

The sound of her front door closing feels like a gunshot to the head as I try to keep my cool.

"So ." She leans against the countertop and all I can focus on is her belly ring. I literally want to yell midlife crisis, instead I look away and drink more wine. "You wanna go into the bedroom or stay here?"

Images of me and Harper in the hot tub assault me to the point where it's hard to breathe. I wasn't just saying shit-I love her.

I truly

Really.

Love.

Her.

Not this crazy person using her authority as a way to play me and my friends. The more I think about it, the more pissed I get as she walks toward me and takes my wine glass out of my hand, setting it on the counter.

"Kiss me," Leigh says.

I glare. "I kiss you and this all goes away?"

She shrugs, fucking shugs. "Sure, why not?"

"You're the worst." I let out a bitter laugh. "How many guys in our school do you do this with, huh? Do you need me to make you feel young again, Leigh?" I draw

out her name and am basically in her face. "Or is this about men your age not getting you off, say where is that husband of yours anyway? Drunk off his ass at some bar because he's afraid to come home after his shift at the Police station?"

- "Well ..." I've clearly lost my mind as I peer around her and shrug. "Looks like your ass has gotten huge so maybe that's why you need to own mine?"

She shoves me again. "Easton, I'm serious."

"So. Am. I." I grin. "Maybe I'm not man enough for you, maybe I should just go."

"Stop playing games." She grabs my shirt and rips it on the sleeve. "Kiss me."

I stare at her.

I see a painful future.

I see a constant loop of me fucking her in order to get out of shit.

And I see Harper's broken face.

Her tears.

It hurts more than being expelled.

It hurts more, I imagine, than being ran over by my own Jeep.

What the fuck am I even doing?

I stumble back. "This won't ever end, will it?"

"What?" She bats her eyelashes and starts to take off her top, then tosses it to the

ground, her breasts on full display. "Do you mean this?"

She starts touching her nipples and I'm out.

I'm done.

I can't.

I just can't anymore.

I shake my head. "Do your worst, Leigh, but I'm done."

"You'll fucking regret this, you shit!" she yells, still topless.

I grab my phone out of my pocket and snap a quick picture of her before she can say anything, then whisper, "So will you."

"Delete that!" she roars.

I shrug. "Now we each have shit. And now you know, I will expose you."

"Expose this!" She flips me off.

I turn around and leave despite her yelling.

I don't care anymore.

I just want my girl.

And I need her.

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Harper

I check my phone again.

It's been an hour.

He's coming back right?

I type out a text then don't want to sound desperate so I delete it right away and go back to my bed. I grab a pair of short black shorts and put on a white tank with no bra. I want to look sexy but not needy. The only issue is that everytime I think about Easton I nip out and then I want to touch myself and then I start doubting all the things because why?

Like, why me?

Why?

Insecurity is such a bitch and I hate it so much but it's so hard when I see signs, when I wonder where he is, when he hides his phone, when I hear rumors.

I shove a pillow over my face and scream.

"Wow, so hot." His voice sounds.

I throw the pillow and look up. He's standing in front of me with a duffel bag, wearing his black jeans and a ripped black old school Van Halen shirt.

It's the moment that any girl would literally die.

He's so gorgeous I swear my ovaries start to weep.

How is he this perfect?

How is he even here?

Before I can say anything he kicks off his Jordan's and crawls into the bed somehow at the same time peeling off his shirt and laying down next to me.

"How'd you get in?" I ask.

He shrugs. "Called in a favor from Ryan, he's probably scarred for life now but .." his lips meet mine in a searing kiss. "Worth it, don't you think?"

"I don't want to think," I say, grabbing his face and pulling him down, our lips meet, our tongues tangle in a heated battle as he grinds his body against mine. I try to help him unbutton his jeans but our hands hit each other before he laughs against my mouth and gets them undone, kicking them down to his knees then his ankles before kicking them off onto the ground.

Now I have him.

I have Easton in nothing but black boxer briefs, one necklace around his neck I use for leverage, and muscles spread out for me to feast on. I don't know where to look first.

His eyes lock on mine, his smile is easy, it's everything I needed tonight to feel good about where we're at.

"Hey," he nips at my lips. "I missed you."

"Where'd you go?" | ask.

His eyes look away and then he's himself again, smiling, laughing. "Wouldn't you like to

know."

| pinch his arm.

He laughs again. "I'm here now, isn't that what matters?"

"Yeah," I whisper.

"Your parents home?" he asks. "Ryan literally just walked me up here a few minutes ago

and I nearly had a heart attack wondering if I was going to get caught."

"Asleep," I say with a happy sigh. "Both of them take some serious sleeping pills and they were out an hour ago."

"Noted." His golden body hovers over mine. "So basically we can be as loud as we want."

A knock sounds at my door.

I panic and contemplate shoving him in my closet when Easton smiles and says, "Come

in."

I'm ready to choke him when the door opens revealing a very annoyed and horrified Ryan. "This never happened."

"Agree." Easton jumps off the bed and grabs his bag, then hands Ryan his Airpod Max noise canceling headphones. "Here you go, just in case."

Ryan stares at them, then peers around at me and squeezes his eyes shut. "How has my life come to this?"

I actually laugh. "Me screaming and you borrowing your best friend's headphones so you don't need therapy for life or something else?"

"I'm never going to forget this conversation am I?" Ryan curses, then holds the blue and silver headphones in the air. "If these work I'm keeping them you rich jackass."

"Naturally." Easton makes a little shoo motion. Ryan flips him off and shuts the door muttering, "Fucking my sister under my roof what the hell?"

"What dirt do you have on him?" I laugh as Easton turns back toward the bed.

His face falls a bit and then his smile is back. "Let's just say he owes me and leave it at that. Besides, I don't want to talk about your brother right now."

"Good." I lick my lips. "Neither do I."

"I like the top." He reaches for my breasts like he's been waiting for permission from the universe to finally be mine. I want to ask him what's going on but the words disappear with the way his mouth latches onto mine.

He wastes no time, shoving me roughly against the bed, peeling my shorts and underwear off, then tossing my shirt over my head all within seconds.

“Eager?” I say breathlessly.

“For you.” He kisses me, it’s almost painful how he presses his soft lips against mine like he’s afraid I’m not real. “I’ll always miss you, Harper. Always.”

Strong hands roam all over my body until I’m arching beneath his touch, and then as if changing his mind, he flips me onto my stomach, pressing me against the mattress. “What do you think?”

“W-what?”

“Should I stretch you a bit?”

“Stretch –” I repeat, my face going hot while blood pulses through my body.

He leaves me and I hear rustling from his bag, when he’s back, he’s suddenly palming my ass, his fingers coated in something warm, and then his thumb is stretching my ass.

We played a bit in the hot tub tonight, but this feels different.

I don’t know what to say or think and then as he starts sliding his dick against my pussy from behind, I lose all inhibition and push back against his thumb.

I squeeze my eyes shut as his finger goes deeper, something about the pressure of his body, not being able to see him, and the way his length slides across my body has me ready to scream.

So now I know what the headphones are for.

“Soon,” Easton whispers in my ear, then tugs my earlobe with his teeth before thrusting his cock into me and pumping his hips, holding me captive against the mattress. “Really soon, this will be mine too, the way you are.” He slaps my ass and grips my hips and I forget everything.

I forget why I was worried about the texts.

I forget my insecurity

And all I feel is him.

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Chapter 80

Easton

I feel her everywhere.

And then when I think I'm lost in a mixture of love, lust, and all my feelings-I shove all thoughts of Leigh away and focus this on Harper.

On her love.

The way she looks at me despite the war I may have just started.

"This feels amazing ..." Harper pushes back against me, her ass is so luscious that I almost want to laugh, who would be tempted by Leigh, I mean unless they want to pump into a flat ass body.

No.

Give me the curves.

Give me this girl.

I dig my fingers into her skin, jamming her back against my dick as we fly high together. Too many things happen at once.

I feel her clench around me and I know I'm not going to last, and it's not because of the guilt-it's this girl, her trust, and her ability to get me to open up to her when I've never done that. Ever. I grip her ass, my fingers digging into her hips driving forward as her back arches. Her dark hair sticks to her cheeks as she moves with me. She's so sexy and she doesn't even realize it. She drives me crazy. Soft cries turn into moans as she clenches around my dick pulling me deeper, harder.

I feel myself slipping as I reach down and rub her clit, the sound of my balls slamming against her should sound rough and possessive, instead it feels like a claiming. I love it.

I bite down on my lower lip as she grips the sheets and cries out, I shove her head against the mattress again, I can see her lips part in ecstasy and I can't stop the way! release into her, making sure every inch of her body is fucking owned by me.

I want her to walk down the street and smell like me.

I want every fucking person in this universe to know that I'm hers, that she's mine and I don't even give a shit who knows.

Fuck, I love her so much and I know that Ryan has every right to punch me in the dick but this girl, she owns me.

I'm suddenly so thankful that things happened the way they did, me finding her and kissing her in the dark-funny how in those moments of dark touching, kissing-she brought me light-she set me free.

I love her.

I don't say it out loud as our bodies both come down from the high we just experienced. We're both shaking and I can't help but think I really have changed.

Before I cared about what people thought maybe more than I should. But right now? | have her.

But who cares about all the other bullshit when I have her?

Who cares if Aisha's a psychopath?

Who cares that Blake has it in his head to sabotage everything when we both know our truth? When me and Harper get each other.

I see her and she sees me. And I want so badly to have that conversation again, to make sure she's secure in what we have even though it's early, even though we started backward with kissing and sex and not forward with private conversations and flirtations.

If I could go back.

She shudders as I collapse next to her and stare up at the ceiling. The guilt is different

now.

More painful.

Because I should have seen her a long time ago and the fact that I was even thinking of going off with Leigh to protect her—makes moments like this feel like I'm still hiding my whole self from Harper.

She collapses against my chest running her nails up and down.

Does she like to paint her nails?

What's her favorite pizza?

Movie?

What annoys her about Ryan?

Hell, what annoys her about me?

My heart pounds as I reach blindly for her hand and squeeze it.

"Are you sure you're okay?" she asks.

"I am now." I kiss her fingertips. "Are you a freak?"

"W-what?" She tries to move away.

I laugh and turn to her, sucking each finger until I ask, "Are *you* one of those crazy people who likes pineapple on their pizza?"

Her face goes from serious to irritated as she tries to shove me away.

I laugh. "Nooooo c'mere, I just need to know these things!"

"You scared me!"

"Don't be scared." I kiss her mouth, whispering against her lips. "You have me, what do you have to be scared about except your parents catching us and grounding you for life or Ryan hearing six of the screams you just yelled against the palm of my hand."

"You counted?" She shoves at me again.

"I was proud, who wouldn't?" I tease. "But seriously..." Our eyes lock, God she's pretty. "Pineapple? Yes or no. Don't let me down."

She tilts her chin up at me and sniffs in that sexy haughty way me and my heart have gotten addicted to. "I like pineapple you jackass ... if that's a deal breaker, you know where your clothes are ..."

I pinch her ass. "I like pineapple too, so guess we're both freaks." I cup her ass again and

whisper, "I'm gonna claim the fuck out of this ... soon."

"I trust you," she says. "So what about you? Favorite pizza, no, wait for it, favorite food?"

I laugh and flip her onto her back then nuzzle her neck and move my way down until my lips are grazing her hip bones. "I'd have to say you."

She shoves my head. "Real food, dumbass."

"This right here." I grip her thighs and try to pry them open as she struggles against me, laughing. "This isn't real food? Holy fuck should I check?" I pry them open and kiss against the wetness on her thigh. "Nope, pretty sure that's real."

"You're out of control." She digs her hands into my hair and tugs me close to her until our mouths touch in a whisper of a kiss. "But I'm so happy with you."

I smirk. "I'm happy too. I've been starving for fucking years and—"

"-Playtime is over." She laughs and then we're both laughing and rolling around in the bed until another soft knock sounds at the door.

She's naked so she brings the covers up to her chest and pales.

The door cracks open revealing Sadie and Ryan.

He's covering his eyes like he may not ever see again after this and Sadie gives Harper a thumbs up.

"Um..." Harper looks between all of us. "Everything okay?"

"Get it." Sadie winks. "Yeah, got in a fight with the parents, needed a place to go and you weren't answering your phone..." She smirks. "Clearly busy.right Easton?"

Ryan groans. "Not hearing this, not hearing this..."

"Anyways, dipshit answered his phone so here I am."

"Which means," I sit up. "Girl time and the boy has to go?"

"Affirmative." Sadie grins. "Sorry girl but clearly you're um, satisfied so if you want to dress that one over there..."

Ryan makes a sound of distress.

"He's gonna have a breakdown. Okay everyone out." I sigh and start moving. "Let me at least get dressed before you both start talking about how good I am in bed."

"So. Good." Harper laughs.

Ryan curses.

I'm happy,

All in all, the day started off horrible, got better, then bad again, and now blissfully, fucking happy.

Minutes later I'm kissing my girl and leaving her with her best friend thinking for the first

time in weeks that everything is gonna work out.

What could go wrong?