

You're Mine by Penny Brooks

#Chapter 139 - Read You're Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 139

Chapter 139

Chapter 139 Easton How is it possible to still feel myself inside her?

I think I walk funny the rest of the morning, my poor dick just wallowing in sadness over the fact that Harper's mom has eyes in the back of her head, but thank God not in the pantry.

Damn.

I think I bruised my knee and nearly broke a tooth face planting against that door in absolute terror that she was going to call me out for licking pink sprinkles off her daughters breasts.

Don't even get me started on fucking in the bedroom.

"Yo..."

Ryan slaps me on the back, scaring the shit out of me.

I almost drop the bowl of popcorn onto the ground.

"Wanna get drunk?"

"I knew you were my best friend for a reason," I mutter as his mom moves around the kitchen in a panic.

Apparently the syrup wasn't the only thing she was missing from that damn list and in order for her to make sugar cookies for some nursing home—she needs basically every ingredient.

Because, again, Ryan.

He said whoops.

Got slapped on the back of the head.

And then decided we should all leave his mom in peace before she choked him with one of the dish towels since she'd already literally been at the store to get syrup.

The girls wanted popcorn so here we are, watching her pace, and me wondering if she really will kill her first born by two minutes.

"I think that's it,"

she says to herself, doing a small circle.

"Powdered sugar, frosting, oh food coloring, sprinkles..."

"Bro," I whisper.

"You literally forgot everything."

He grabs a few sodas from the fridge and sighs.

"My dick was distracted, alright?"

"What does that have to do with anything?"

I give him a light shove.

His mom grabs her keys, keeps talking to herself then turns to both of us.

We jump back like she's holding a shank instead of her keys.

"Both of you..."

She jabs them into the air like she's trying out for the role of King Arthur and his
excalibur.

"Dad's in his office getting work done, no funny business."

I almost laugh because she said funny business and it's such a boomer thing to say, but I hold it in—barely.

"Of course."

I nod my head seriously.

"We would never...after...you know."

Her eyes narrow.

"And Ryan?"

Do.

You.

Understand.

The.

Words.

I.

Am.

Saying."

"Loud and clear!"

He announces with a nod of his head.

"I'll keep my hands to myself and jack off in the bathroom if I get desperate.

Thanks, mom, for this very enlightening talk."

I bite down on my bottom lip to keep from laughing as her face flushes red, she mutters, "Your fathers son,"

under her breath and leaves.

I shake my head at him.

"Really?"

"What?"

He shrugs.

"It made her leave faster and I really do have a boner, Sadie's not wearing underwear and she keeps texting it to me throughout the day just to torture me, I really might have to jack off in the bathroom."

"Didn't need to know that, now everytime you take a piss I'm going to be thinking you're jerking your dick raw."

He snorts out a laugh.

"Like you wouldn't after being told no sex under this roof."

Yeah and I kept that promise for what?

Less than twelve hours?

Damn, something was wrong with me.

Or maybe Harper.

She'd been so horny, so hot, what was I supposed to do?

Say no?

Who does that?

Not me.

Clearly.

"Guysssssss!"

Sadie calls from the basement.

"We've been summoned."

I grab the popcorn then nudge Ryan.

"You said drunk.

Where's the alcohol?"

"Private stash downstairs."

He shrugs.

"Plus dad will be in his office most of the day and it's pretty damn hard to smell vodka."

He winks.

Have I mentioned he's my best friend?

Because really.

If I can't have sex without her dad finding us, which really I'd take the risk since it would be the second time...and we have no edibles or joints, getting drunk seems the best option.

Plus, am I really that lucky right now to be able to get away with sex twice under this roof?

I almost ask baby Jesus, then realize that would be wrong, so I just shrug and realize that, damn, everything really does come back to Harper.

Even Jesus.

Amen.

I nearly fall down the stairs behind Ryan thinking all the sexual thoughts that I'm not allowed to follow through with.

Sadie has taken full control of the Apple TV remote and is scrolling through Netflix while Harper is spread out on the couch.

Her thin white tank has crept up, showing off her stomach and for some reason the sight of her in a cute oversized blue cardigan has me wanting to jump her.

She's not just gorgeous.

She's fucking adorable.

I smile and set the popcorn down on the coffee table, then make my way over to her.

She rubs her eyes and yawns.

"Tired from all the sex?"

I ask.

"Literally standing four feet from you," Ryan says.

"Break her heart I break your nose."

"Okay, Rocky."

I roll my eyes and turn back to Harper who's watching with a small grin spread across her face.

"Want a massage?"

I lean in.

She puts her hands on my shoulders and squeezes.

"That would be amazing, I don't know why I'm so tired."

I lean in and whisper, "That's what happens when you try to tame a wild stallion, Harper."

I grin.

"Things get hard.

Lots of things."

She pinches me in the arm. "Ouch!"

"Are you complaining?"

"Never,"

I steal a kiss.

"I'm just giving you a friendly warning that I'm dangerous.

That's all..."

"Yeah,"

Her eyes narrow.

"So dangerous that you're terrified of my parents and literally called my mom, mam twice all within a five minute span."

"I panicked."

I say defensively.

"And I thought she knew about the Lucky Charms!"

"What about the Lucky Charms?"

Ryan suddenly asks from behind me making me jump a foot.

I scratch my head.

"I uh, really like the..."

marshmallows."

He frowns.

"Who doesn't?"

I shrug.

"Oh people..."

He looks between us.

I smile.

His eyes narrow further.

"I'm watching you two."

"Hey Sadie,"

I call, 'a little help would be nice."

"Got it."

She comes over and grabs Ryans hands and puts them on her tits and immediately his eyes go all glassy.

Poor bastard probably doesn't even remember his own address right now.

Was I that bad?

"Come on, Ryan, let's go sit down, good boy, good job, right over here."

I swear he's drooling as he follows her like a pussy to the corner of the couch and sits, hands still firmly planted on boob like he's afraid they'll disappear if he lets go.

I shake my head.

"What a fucking simp."

Harper starts to laugh.

Something grazes the front of my jeans.

I look down, her fingertips dance a bit and then she pulls back like she wasn't touching me.

I'm so hard my dick could probably punch through a wall.

Fuck with my luck it would probably somehow lead directly to her dad's office, said dick would be caught, and they'd bury me right next to the flatscreen.

And here lies Easton—dead but somehow still hard, may he rest in peace.

"Alcohol,"

I barely get out.

"Where."

Harper jumps up then stumbles against me.

"Sorry that was weird.

Must have gotten up too fast or something."

"Careful."

I pull her into my arms, and then look to my right.

Sadie's on top of Ryan.

Ryan's dry humping Sadie.

I shake my head.

"Think vodka will help bleach our eyes?"

I ask.

Harper makes a gagging sound.

"Nope, but maybe it will help us forget the sight of my twin ruining this couch for life."

"Yup."

"Come on."

Chapter 140

Harper

I'm exhausted.

Mom and Dad have finally gone to bed, but I wouldn't put it past them to do room checks like they used to at summer camp.

I'm still downstairs with Easton bingeing some murderous documentary about a crime of passion, and some creepy stalker who always pretended to be her work friend but secretly cut pieces of her hair and slept with them in his pillow.

Ryan and Sadie are upstairs doing who knows what in the kitchen.

The creepy man on the screen continues his stalking.

Gross.

I shudder.

"Are you cold?"

Easton asks, pulling me close.

I frown.

"Is it just me or are you way too into the part where he almost gets away with it." He shakes his head like he's disappointed in the mass murderer.

"I mean, he's an idiot, he could have made it, but noooo, he has to go back for one of those creepy pieces of hair like he didn't just kill her for rejecting him."

I scrunch up my nose.

"Weird that the husband ended up living."

"Poor guy probably wishes he were dead, imagine someone standing over you while you sleep with a butcher knife."

"Yay, what a great Christmas, so merry and bright,"

I tease and give him a hard shove.

"I'm going to have nightmares tonight about knives." He laughs.

I turn to him and grip him by the shirt.

"I will end you if you sneak into my room, hover over me with a knife and scare the shit out of me.

"I'll take that same knife and chop off both balls." "Wouldn't that make me a eunuch?"

"Yes,"

I seethe.

"With the giant dick but a severe lack of testosterone and desire to have sex."

"Should I be scared that you just gave me an exact definition?"

He smiles.

"Chill, I won't scare you, I actually like my testicles and um..."

He crooks his finger and whispers in my ear, "So do you."

"Do not."

I sniff and look away.

"Babe, you sucked them so hard the other day I was afraid you were going to bite down."

His smile is devastating.

"Lately, you've been like a wild animal in bed, not that I'm complaining whatsoever..."

He holds up his hands.

"In fact..."

He leans in, my heart pounds so hard it almost makes my chest hurt.

Our lips meet in a hungry kiss.

God, how did I ever survive without this man? These kisses? He's the addiction your mom always warns you about.

I keep thinking he's going to get tired of us, of this, that one day we really will make it through the end of the movie without getting naked.

He answers that question as our legs tangle with each other and the blankets on the couch.

"I love you and I want this to last,"

he says between kisses.

"But after watching the whole man with the butcher knife, I can't stop thinking about your dad coming down the stairs with one of the steak knives from the kitchen."

He groans and kisses me again.

"It's messing with my erection."

"Huh, my dad's messing with your erection, that's new,' I tease, kissing his nose.

He tickles my sides and tugs down my shorts quickly unbuttoning his jeans and pressing me back against my childhood leather couch.

I have to admit I dreamt about it but never saw this in my future, I was too afraid to hope for it as he guides himself between my legs.

I used to brace for how big his dick was, but now my body instantly relaxes, basically sucking him in and saying a small prayer that he'll stay.

But he's right, I'm so sensitive and emotional I can't even control my own body as I get dangerously close within a minute.

He grips my hips and looks up at the stairway like he's afraid then looks back down at me.

"I was going to warn you about how fast I was going to go but fuck, it's even worse than I thought." He bites down on his lower lip.

"Fuck, baby, you have a magic pussy.

That's really all there is to it."

We both laugh and it makes the pressure shift just enough for his angle to hit the perfect little magical G—spot.

I don't know what I say.

Or if It's just gibberish.

All I know is Mom can never find out that the couch has joined the soon to be long list of desecrated items in our household.

I'm almost embarrassed as Easton pulls out.

We've made a mess, like a way bigger mess than we've ever made post sex.

"I got it."

He kisses me again and returns from the downstairs wet bar with an array of paper towels and a warm rag from the sink.

I groan as he rubs me down.

He growls, "Gonna have to not do that...the only reason I have self control is fear of an early death."

"Worst case scenario,' I say as he tugs my shorts back up and wipes down my legs.

"Dad chases you with one of his old shotguns that he probably doesn't even know how to use."

"Perfect."

Easton rolls his eyes and gathers the used paper towels, tossing them in the trash in the corner, taking one look at the wash—rag and looking to me for help.

"With my luck, he'll misfire and hit my dick, making your prophetic story actually come true." I fall back on the couch laughing.

He drops the towel and walks over.

"Oh, is that funny?" "Hilarious." I laugh again as he pulls me into his arms, kissing me on the top of the head.

"I can feel your stress, Harper."

His body is hot against mine, muscular, firm, and safe.

I snuggle closer as we sit with the reflection of the documentary on the TV.

"I just want you to know that I'm here, by your side, no matter what.

I know we're young and we've talked about it off and on, but I'm not leaving you.

We'll figure this whole college and adulthood thing out."

"I cant even write a check."

"People still do that?" He teases.

I elbow him in the gut.

"I'm serious, I mean my parents have taken care of everything for us, my only job is school and now I'm worried I failed at my only job.

My grades have to be good, Easton.

They have to be." "You're literally the smartest person I know,' he says.

"I mean you'd have to be, you were crushing on me for how many years?" I turn in his arms.

"So does that make you dumb?"

"So fucking dumb, the biggest dum dum on the planet."

He kisses my forehead.

"It just means that for a short time, I was yours before you were mine.

That's all.

Timing." "And now?"

"Now..."

He links his hands in ours.

"We get to be an us."

"I like the sound of that."

I feel myself start to tear up.

"Thanks, you always know what to say."

"I've had four drinks, I turn into fucking Einstein when I've got vodka in my veins."

He gets up really quick.

"Gotta pee."

I swear I don't laugh when he trips over the blanket, runs into one wall only to slam into the bathroom door.

"It's dark," Is what he says before closing it.

I turn back toward the TV.

He's right.

We have seriously nothing to worry about.

After all, we love each other.

And love is stronger than anything and everything in this universe —no matter the age.