

# You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 21

## Chapter 21

Harper

His kiss is brutal. Punishing. Like he's mad that it's me, even though I've neither confirmed nor denied his accusation.

That's what his words felt like—an accusation. I don't think he's pleased to discover that I'm the one he keeps kissing in dark corners at parties. Yet he's also the guy who felt me up in a janitor's closet and got me off with a few precise strokes of his fingers.

A shiver steals through me at the

Chanteren

memory. Or maybe the shiver was caused by the way his tongue just slid against mine

I reach between us, resting my hands on his broad chest. His skin is so warm beneath the fabric of his shirt, and his muscles are firm. Hard. He's hard all over. I'm tempted to pull him closer, but I come to my senses at the last second and shove him with all my might

His mouth detaches from mine and he stumbles backwards, a dazed look on his face as he drinks me in. "What the fuck?"

"We can't keep doing this," I say.

"Right. Funny how we do keep doing it. Because you're her," he

states.

"Who's her?" I'm still playing

stupid.

Easton shakes his head. "Don't try and fake me out. I recognize your scent"

"I bought it at a store every girl know shops at." That isn't a lie. Dozens of us could be wearing this lotion right now.

"It's you." His gravelly voice sends ripples of awareness down my spine. I don't like how he's looking at me. As if he can see right through me. "You can protest all

you want, but I know it's you."

We stare at each other, the air growing charged between us the longer we say nothing. I tear my gaze from his first storming away from him, grateful I don't hear him chasing after me.

But I'm also sad he didn't chase after me either.

One more period, I remind myself as I put one foot in front of the other and make my way to the classroom. Less than one hour until I can leave this place. I'll go home and pretend today never happened. Hopefully, Easton will leave me alone for good, once he realizes what exactly we've done.

Liar, says the little voice in my brain. You're dying for him to touch you again. Kiss you again. Make good on his promise to use his mouth on you...

My skin warms. He made that vow when he knew it was me, which makes no sense. I don't understand him. He hates me, he wants to touch me. He thinks I'm a hideous troll, he wants to make me come.

I don't understand him.

Striding into class, I plop into my seat, wariness zipping up my spine when I witness Blake spot me and make his way over to my desk, settling into the one next to mine.

"You okay?"

I gape at him, surprised at the tenderness in his tone, the way he's watching me as if he actually cares.

"I'm fine," I say once I clear my throat.

"Oh. Well. You look-flustered. Your cheeks are red."

No way can I tell him why.

"Easton still giving you shit?"

That's one way to put it.

"Because if he is, I'll take that asshole out. I mean it, Harper. I don't know why he's suddenly got such a hard on for you, but if you

want me to take care of him, I will." Blake's voice is ferocious, as is the gleam in his eyes.

"No, he's not giving me any problems." That's the truth. I definitely don't mind what Easton is doing to me. "And I don't need you to fight my battles, Blake. I can handle Easton on my own."

Blake squints at me. "You sure about that? Every time I see you two together, he's doing his damndest to tear you down while you stand there and just take it. He makes you cry, Harp, and that shit

ain't cool."

Why does Blake suddenly want to run to my rescue? I don't get it.

What's in it for him? "I'm okay stress. "Really."

The boy who normally sits next to me in history approaches his desk –the very one where Blake is sitting. "Hey," he says nervously.

Blake flicks his chin at him. "Sup?"

"You're in my seat."

"No, I'm not." Blake smiles. "This desk is mine now."

"Uhh..."

"You sit over there." Blake points at the empty desk where he used to sit only a few minutes ago. "Cool?"

"Yeah." The boy nods. His name is

Char31 Daniel. He's harmless. Quiet And currently very nervous. "Cool."

Blake and I watch Daniel walk away, and when he's out of earshot, Blake turns to me. "I'm sitting by you now. Hope you don't mind."

"Why would I?" I ask weakly. leaning over to unzip my backpack and pull out my history book. I crack it open, glancing over at Blake. He has no backpack. No book. Not even a pen or pencil clutched between his fingers.

A sigh leaves me. For someone who claims to have one of the highest GPAs in our grade, he doesn't come to class very

prepared.

Our teacher enters the classroom right before the bell rings, pulling the door closed. The moment she begins her lecture, I tune her out, my mind filled with the stolen moments in the closet with Easton. Outside with Easton when he kissed me. When I shoved him away and the shocked look on his face when I finally-literally pushed back.

I frown. Nothing can happen between us again. Now that he knows it's actually me, I'm sure reality will settle in and he'll be disgusted with himself-and me.

It's for the best. We can't keep

doing this. We don't make any

sense.

What's happening in my life right now makes absolutely no sense.

Glancing over at Blake, I find he's watching me, his lips curled into the faintest smile. I smile at him in return before I quickly look away, confused.

What is going on with these boys anyway? After being invisible for the last three years, now they notice me? My brother will lose his damn mind if he ever finds out that both of his best friends are suddenly showing interest in his twin sister.

But I'm not going to be the one who tells him.

## You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 22

### Chapter 22

Easton

It's late and I'm in bed, but I can't sleep. My head is filled with thoughts of Harper. Memories of Harper. I think back on the night at the twins house, when the lights went out and I was in the bathroom with her. Her silky smooth skin beneath my hands. Her sweet, soft lips on mine.

The Halloween party and the kiss we shared then was just as mind blowing. Maybe even more so, because it wasn't just a one shot deal. We kissed again and it was

just as good as the first time even better, actually. She's so damn responsive. And curvy. When I touched her, it felt as if I was touching a woman. Not some scrawny girl with tits.

A real, actual woman.

I clench my hands into fists, telling myself I'm not interested. I don't even like her. I'm not attracted to her. Not at all. She's not my type. I sort of hate her. She definitely hates me. I taunt her and I don't even know why.

Then I recall the moment in the janitor's closet. I can't even blame that incident on thinking she was my mystery girl. Nope, I knew

exactly who I was dealing with, and I still slipped my hands in her panties and made her come in freaking minutes.

I barely had to do anything. The moment my fingers made contact with her pussy, I realized she was soaked. As if my mere presence alone aroused her.

That could be the case, which is wild. Why would she want me when she hates me?

Why do I want her when I hate her?

Grabbing my phone, I start to scroll, but social media bores me. I've looked at everything I could see tonight. Everyone's stories and

posts, showcasing their mundane lives. I'm over it. Over high school. Over this stage in my life. I'm ready to move on and do something new.

I still have seven months to go before we even graduate. That feels like forever

Without thought I open Instagram and go into the search bar. I type in Harper's name and find her profile. Of course it's private. And of course she doesn't have a request to follow me.

Squinting, I try to make out her profile photo but I can't tell what's happening. So I do the next best thing.

I screenshot that bitch and blow it up so I can actually see it.

It's a photo of her and Sadie, both of them smiling. I can give it to Harper-she looks pretty. Her hair is down and her eyes are sparkling and she has nice teeth. My gaze drops to her chest, the way her T shirt strains against her tits and I can admit she has a nice body.

I can admit a lot of things, but I will never admit I have feelings for this girl. Nope, no way.

My finger taps at the bar, sending her a follow request and I swallow hard, fighting the urge to take it back.

Too late now, motherfucker. What's done is done.

I toss my phone on the bed beside me and stare at the ceiling,

contemplating what I've just done. Within seconds my phone dings and I pick it up to see she's accepted my request.

Well, hot damn.

Eagerly I open IG once again and go straight to her profile. Unfortunately, she doesn't have too many photos posted. They're mostly of her and Sadie. There's one of her and Ryan and their parents from a few years ago | can tell because Ryan is a shrimp and Harper's tits are way smaller.

I get a notification that Harper followed me as well and I immediately go into my DMs to send her a message.

Me: This means nothing.

Harper: Sure.

Me: Seriously. I was just curious.

Harper: About what?

She's quiet after that revelation and I feel like I said too much, too soon. Why would I tell her I'm curious about her?

Harper: I don't understand you.

Good to know. I don't understand

me either.

Me: Are you ever going to admit you're the one I kissed in the bathroom and at the Halloween

party?

Harper: It wasn't me.

Me: You're a liar. I knew it the moment I touched you in the closet today. I'd recognize that body anywhere.

Harper: You hate me.

Me: Not when I have my hands on you.

She's quiet again. I think I'm freaking her out.

Well too damn bad. She freaks me

out too.

A few minutes later, she finally replies.

Harper: *We* can't keep doing this.

Me: Why not?

Harper: We can't stand each other. You think I'm pathetic. Remember?

I hate having my words thrown back in my face.

Me: I'm a prick. You bring out the worst in me.

Harper: And that right there is why we shouldn't continue what we've been doing. You have no interest in me and you never will. You just see me as a piece of ass. I'm not

going to let you use me.

I sit up in bed, the sheet puddling around my waist as I type furiously.

Me: We don't have to tell anyone what we're doing. I know you like it. You're attracted to me.

Harper: I won't be your dirty little secret.

Me: Come on, H. Don't get shy on me now. *We* could have fun together.

Harper: Good night Easton.

Me: Wait. Let me explain.

Me: Seriously, hear me out.

Me: Harper?

Me: Harper!