

You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 15

Chapter 15

Harper

"I hate him! No, I loathe him. No, that's not right either. I want to rip his spleen from his body and run it over with his precious car and then, then, I'm going to..." I scream into my pillow for the tenth time while a hungover Sadie pats me on the knee.

We've been sitting in my room on our phones, watching Netflix all day and I'm still pissed off.

I'm hurt.

I'm ready to start a war.

And I can't even tell anyone why it bothers me so much. I mean, I could confide in Sadie but something about those stolen moments with Easton feel precious-like they're mine-even though he's so mean to me should get a medal for not killing him.

Why is he so horrible to me?

"I mean, what have I ever done to make him so angry?" I throw my hands up. "So what, I'm Ryan's twin, is that a crime? I'm not at popular so that makes me not worthy of his attention? I don't get it, Sadie. It's one thing to ignore someone completely, but now it's

like he's going out of his way to be mean!"

"Huh?" Sadie jerks awake and I glare at her. "I'm so sorry. It's just, you've been talking about this off and on for the last three hours and I got sleepy."

"Help me fix this," I say. "Please."

"Well," she yawns behind her hand, "you could try making him jealous."

"Oh yeah, great idea Sadie, let me just stroll up to school in my brand new car with my model boyfriend and perfect designer body and make the most popular boy in school jealous. Where do I sign

up?"

She falls back against my bed sighing

I join her and stare up at the ceiling. "It's hopeless."

"It's never hopeless, let's just think about this from his point of view.. he started being mean after the bikini issue, right?"

I should tell her.

But would it matter? And how would that conversation even go?

Guess what, he actually does want me, but only in the dark. Gee, maybe we can be secret boyfriend/girlfriend?

Great start, Harper. Perfect.

"Yeah, I mean." I tug strands of hair in front of my face and start searching for dead ends. "He seemed to react when Ryan got mad-like he was mad too, but he was probably just helping out his best friend."

"I disagree," Sadie finally says, I honest to God thought she'd fallen asleep again. We both turn at the same time, our cheeks pressed against the pillows. Her brown eyes are super blood shot, her face splotchy. "What harm would it do to, oh I don't know, just attempt to put yourself together a bit for school on Monday? You know, no

more baggy clothes, some tight jeans or a skirt, add some makeup and

"And get locked in my room forever while Ryan tells my parents?" I finish for her.

"Oh girl." She grins. "You just leave that to me." She stumbles out of bed and goes to the door. "Be right back, I'm going to beg your mom to let you stay at my house Sunday night. Things have been so hard." She starts to fake tears. "After pop-pop died, I've been failing math and history. Both are your favorite subjects

"That's a complete falsehood! You don't even have a pop-pop."

"His name was Frank." She sniffles.

"You should have been in drama," I grumble.

She tosses her hair. "I know,

right?"

Imagine my mom is going to see right through it, but I'm shocked when she not only says yes, but asks if she can send flowers in pop-pop's memory.

I'm not sure if I should be proud of Sadie or terrified

Monday morning comes soon enough and after a lot of arguing on my end when Sadie shows me my outfit, and even more arguing

when I see myself after she applies some light makeup, I'm ready for war.

At least that's what it feels like.

My only mission?

Gauge Easton's reaction.

I keep asking myself what's the worst that can happen, but every single time my brain comes up with about a dozen scenarios, all of them end up with me in tears or embarrassed.

Too soon, we're at school and getting out of the car.

I nearly make a run for it, but Sadie has a death grip on my arm that's

most likely going to leave a bruise.

She clenches her teeth. "You're doing this."

"I'm doing this," I repeat in a weak voice that lacks any sort of conviction or confidence.

It was easy in the dark.

Aren't most things?

And it was even easier when I was in a costume. I could be anyone I wanted to be, anyone but boring, smart, dark haired Harper

But today, I'm walking into school as a new version of myself, a self that Easton hated, one Blake drunkenly flirted with, and one my

brother would murder once he saw me.

We walk through the main doors.

And the weirdest thing happens.

Literally nobody stares.

It's not like the movies where the makeover happens and everyone starts to clap or people part and let you walk down the middle of the hall as they silently appreciate your efforts. Nope, everything is exactly the same, which in my opinion is kind of awesome.

I wanted to look good but not so good that it brought too much attention. I'm wearing black, ripped skinny jeans, matching short

boots, an off the shoulder vintage crop top that leaves about an inch of skin showing and my glossy, brown hair is pulled into a high pony tail. Sadie went easy on the makeup, only adding a bit of powder, gloss, mascara, and eye liner, so all in all I feel like a refreshed version of myself.

I mean, sort of.

I'm still way too exposed.

I still feel this need to grab the nearest freshman and pry the sweatshirt from their scrawny little bodies and cover myself up.

"So far, so good." Sadie winks as we make our way over to our

lockers.

"Harper?" Blake's voice sounds behind me.

She spoke too soon.

Tglance over my shoulder. "Yeah?"

He stares. Hard. His green eyes aren't looking at my exposed skin or the new makeup. He's staring as if he can see right through me.

“Are you feeling better?” he finally asks.

“W-what?”

“You were pretty upset at the party, so I just wanted to check in.” His smile turns more sweet than perverted, setting the earth off its

axis.

“Yeah,” I find my voice. “I am, thank you.”

“No problem.” He shoves his hands in his jeans, and then winks. “By the way, you look really pretty, though I don’t mind the sweatshirts either... I like wondering what’s underneath.”

What?

Sadie groans under her breath just as the warning bell rings.

I grab my books but stop when Easton rounds the corner.

He’s by himself which is rare.

He throws his bag over his

shoulder, his eyes roaming the hall and finally land on me.

Moment of truth.

I suck in a breath and wait for his reaction

For anger.

Yelling.

Or maybe...

Appreciation?

Instead, he barely glances at me, his gaze cold, expression hard. Then, walks right into his class without a word, like I don’t even exist.

Mission. Failed.

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Chapter 16

Easton

"...so then I was like, girl, you could literally blow me right here and now and I'd still -" Blake punches me in the shoulder. "Are you even listening?"

"Huh? What?" I drop the fry back onto my plate and shove it away. "Sorry, I was just thinking about..." I gulp. "History."

Blake snorts out a laugh. "You're not even in a history class this year."

"No, no, not that sort of history." I

used to be great at lying. What the hell is wrong with me? "Wars and things."

"Wars?" Blake repeats. "Things?" He leans in and whispers, "Did you smoke a bit before you came in or something?"

"No." I shove him away. "I'm not stupid."

"And, yet, here you are, thinking about wars and things." He laughs again, then turns when Ryan slams his tray onto the table and starts shooting murderous glares across the cafeteria. "You good?"

"No." Ryan snaps. "I'm not good."

"Couldn't tell by the way you're

beating the shit out of your lunch..." Blake whistles under his breath. "Girl problems? Sadie problems?"

My ears immediately perk up. Sadie. She's been with Harper most of the day, and every time see her, I convince myself I'm actually going crazy.

Sadie looks nothing like my mystery girl.

She's too tall.

Too thin, model thin, not the type of curves my hands are addicted to, not the type of mouth my lips keep fixating on.

A vision of Harper licking her lips

floods my mind

Damn it!

I shove my own tray away, ready to break it over Blake's head.

"So, one of you is thinking about war, and the other looks like he's going to be in one." He follows Ryan's gaze. "Ohhhhhh, is this about Harper looking hot as hell today?"

"Say that again and I'm shoving this tray down your throat." Ryan pounds the table with his fist, making the silverware and trays

jump.

See? She's nothing but trouble!

I tell myself not to look over my shoulder.

I also tell myself it would be a horrible idea to make eye contact, because then I'll probably end up staring at her mouth again, which would make me look at her outfit, which would then, for whatever sick reason, make it harder not to think about it in the future.

Maybe I need sex

Yeah, that's it.

That's all this is!

My imagination conjures up visions of Harper because my body is lacking the contact with mystery girl.

Damn it, I should have thought of that sooner.

Feeling better, I do finally turn and look.

I instantly have more regrets than 1 can count.

When I'd been walking down the hall earlier, I'd tried not to stare too hard, so I hadn't really seen her face. I'd only noticed she'd worn clothes that weren't made out of tent material and that for some reason my dick liked it.

I sat through my English class wondering if it was that vision of Harper that had me so hard. Or was it the fact that Aisha kept

turning around, asking me questions, trying to distract me with her super low cut shirt that showed off her tits?

Well, at least now I know.

As always my dick has perfect timing. Not. Especially since I was sitting right next to Blake and

Ryan.

Really. Just, great timing.

The anger from before came back full force. What the hell is Harper even thinking? So, she puts on some makeup and better clothes and now she thinks she's as popular as Ryan? Now she can hang? Now guys can date her?

It changes nothing.

Some punk sophomore looks ready to pass out as he saunters up to the table and tries to sit with her and Sadie.

Ryan's instantly on his feet.

Shit.

Me and Blake have no choice but to follow him as we weave through the tables and finally make it to theirs.

The kid has made the awful choice of sitting next to Harper and when he looks up at us, I'm surprised he hasn't already shit himself.

He instantly pales, then jumps to

his feet. "H-hey, Ryan. I just had a math question."

"Math's hard," Ryan says through clenched teeth. "Deal with it and while you're at it, go before I beat your ass." He points at the door.

The cafeteria goes silent as Ryan and Harper have a twin stare off.

"Why'd you do that?" Sadie pops a fruit snack into her mouth, like that sophomore boy isn't going to die later today if Ryan finds him. "He was sorta cute, right Harper?"

My eyes drill into Harper right along with Ryan's, surprised when Blake sits next to Sadie and steals her fruit snacks, then gives Harper

Soon enough, the noise is back and I'm staring at the doors.

And, then, my feet are somehow carrying me toward them.

Whatever they're doing, it's their business.

Not mine.

But I don't stop walking until I'm through the doors, standing outside where Ryan is currently pacing in front of Harper while she crosses her arms like his protective brother speech is the most boring thing she's ever

heard.

I don't realize I snort out a disgusted laugh until they both

look my way. Harper tilts her chin in just enough of a challenge that I want to mock her bravery. Really? This girl just keeps getting bolder and bolder.

I ignore the way my chest tightens with something like pride.

"Don't waste your time, Ryan." The words come out before I can stop them. "A little costume doesn't hide the fact that it's Harper, it also can't hide the horrible personality either. Let's go shoot some hoops."

I grab his arm and don't look back.

I do, however, feel her glare the entire time I walk away and

stupidly wonder if she can feel my heart pound in my chest the way! feel her icy
stare obliterate my every step.