

# You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 19

Chapter 19

Harper

Oh God.

Easton's fingers are inside of my panties. Inside of me. He's watching me, his expression guarded, though his eyes flare with heat, giving him away. He's

enjoying this moment and how he tortures me.

He's right. He's going to ruin me for life.

It can't be like this. Not now, in a janitor's closet when we're supposed to be in class. Not when

he's saying such rude things and trying to tear me down. I hate him. He's so mean. Meaner than usual. I have no idea what I did to him to make him so damn angry all the time, but it's terrifying.

Exhilarating.

Sexy

"Look at you," he practically croons. "I treat you like garbage yet you're still getting off." His fingers dip lower. "So wet."

I close my eyes as tight as I can, humiliation washing over me, but not enough to make me want him to stop. I am definitely wet. And weak. Weak for him. Desperate for

his touch. I know we shouldn't be doing this, but I want it. I want more.

When it comes to Easton, I want it all.

He shifts closer, his nose trailing down my neck as he breathes me in. "Why the fuck do you smell like coconuts?"

It's my lotion. I'd tell him that, but I can't find my voice.

"Do you all use the same shit?" He sounds confused, his hand going still in my panties

My eyelids flutter open, and I find he's watching me, a fierce scowl on his handsome face. "What are

you talking about?"

He glares, his blue eyes like ice. "You're fucking with me."

"About what?"

"You know." His fingers start to move again, delving deeper into me, pressing against my clit. I bite back a gasp. "So desperate for my attention, you'll do anything to get

*it?*"

Oh God. Maybe he's finally put it together that I'm the girl he's kissed—twice. And worse, he's mad.

He thinks I tricked him, when that was never my intention.

"I don't know what you're talking about." My legs grow weak as he continues to stroke, and I lock my knees, so I don't crumple to the floor, my eyes falling closed once more. It feels so good, how he's touching me. Far better than what I can do to myself.

"Open your eyes," he demands.

They fly open and our gazes lock. Hold. He shifts even closer, as close as he can get, his other hand reaching for my jeans and tugging them down my hips a little. I don't stop him. It's like I can't. Why would I want him to stop when I

can feel myself drawing closer and closer to an orgasm?

"I want you to see who does this to you," he says, his voice hard, his fingers moving faster. I press myself against the door, my breaths accelerating. "I want you to watch me when I make you come."

My vision grows fuzzy, and I arch my neck, my gaze still on him as

his fingers strum my clit in a delicious rhythm that has my toes curling. He leans in, his hot breath on my throat, his hair brushing against my ear and that's all it takes.

I'm coming

A moan falls from my lips as my hips buck, and he doesn't let up.

He keeps touching me, his assured fingers knowing just what to do to wrench every last drop of my orgasm from me. It keeps up

forever, not long enough, until that last wave washes over me, and I'm shoving him away.

Our harsh breaths fill the close confines of the closet, steaming up the room. I crack open my eyes just in time to witness him licking his fingers, his curling tongue setting off a fresh wave of desire through me.

"So easy," he says with a smirk. "Too easy."

That's what you do to me, is what I want to say, but I keep my mouth

shut

"Always pathetic, aren't you?" He shakes his head. "Next time, I'll use my mouth on you. Let's see how long that takes to make you come. I'll have you creaming on my tongue in no time."

Before I can respond, he's shoving me out of the way, opening the door and leaving me alone in the closet. I bolt out after him, not caring if anyone saw us, though thankfully the halls are empty. We reenter the classroom, me following behind him and we settle into our desks without another word.

My legs are shaky, and the blood is

buzzing through my veins, remnants of my orgasm. How can I sit here like nothing ever happened when Easton just completely rocked my world?

The movie ends, making me wonder just how long Easton and I were gone, and Mr. Egis flicks on the lights. "Make sure you go over the study guide tonight that I handed out yesterday. There will be a lab tomorrow."

Groans rise up as everyone gathers their belongings. I grab my things and robotically shove them into my backpack, jumping when the shrill bell sounds. I exit the classroom as if in a daze, moving

through the crowded hallway as I head for my last period of the day.

Up ahead, I spot Easton. He stops to talk to Aisha, a friendly smile on his face, and my heart pangs.

He never looks at me like that. He's always scowling or angry. Ready to tear me apart with his cruel words.

I watch in dismay as he steps closer to her, his fingers touching her cheek. He taps her lips, his head turning, his gaze cutting to mine. Lingered on me.

Those very fingers touched me. Stroked me. Made me come.

And now, he's touching Aisha with them

Without thought, I march over to where they're standing, inserting myself between the two of them, my back to Aisha.

"What the fuck?" she screeches, but I ignore her.

"You're a pig," I tell Easton. My voice is eerily calm.

"What's the matter, jealous?" He

smirks, tapping those same fingers that probably still smell like me against his lips.

I don't even hesitate. It's as if my arm has a mind of its own as I reach up and slap him across the cheek.

## You're Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 20

### Chapter 20

#### Easton

My ears ring from the force of Harper's slap. In the distance I can hear applause coming from a bunch of assholes. Aisha gasps. Someone's yelling, "It's about time!"

I glance to my left to see it was Blake who said that. The fucker. He's laughing and clapping like he's watching a comedy show. I send him a murderous glare, but that only makes him laugh harder.

Harper stares up at me in horror, as if she can't believe she just did

that.

Well, guess what? I can't believe

she did it either. Girl's got balls, I'll give her that

Memories of what happened between us only a few minutes ago flood me. I don't know what came over me, fingering her in the closet like I did. I wanted to taunt her. Show her what she can't have.

Instead of just giving her a sample, I found that once I started, I couldn't stop touching her. I didn't want to either. The way she lifted her hips when I stroked her in a particular spot. How wet she'd been for me. How warm and soft her pussy was. I hated the rush

that fueled me as I watched her come, knowing that I was the only one who could make her feel like

that.

Shaking my head, I shove the memory out. I'm fucked in the head when it comes to this girl. I don't understand what I'm doing. I'm just running on pure instinct.

And my instincts are taking me down a path I'm still not sure I want to go

"I hate you," she murmurs, her eyes glassy as she drops her hand to her side. She's shaking, I can tell, and I touch the spot where she just slapped me, my cheek still tingling.

"You weren't saying you hated me a few minutes ago in the closet."

Her face screws up in anger and then she's gone, running down the hall, the crowds parting for her like the damn Red Sea.

"What the hell were you talking about just now?" Aisha asks me, her eyes narrowed with suspicion. "And what were you doing with Harper in a closet?"

I glare at her. "Not now," I bite out.

Just before I take off after Harper.

She's easy to find. And slow. I catch up with her within seconds, and though she fights me, I get a hold of her, pulling her through the

double doors so we're outside. I lead her into a tiny alcove just around the corner of the building, her breaths coming fast as she glares at me. All I can smell is coconuts and sunshine and there's no one else around. Not a single damn soul who would smell like that.

I recognize the scent. It drives me out of my mind with lust every time.

No way. I refuse to believe it.

Taking my time, I drink her in. The flare of her generous hips and the dip of her tiny waist. Those tits straining against the front of her shirt. The curve of her ass in her

tight jeans and all that dark hair I'm dying to sink my fingers into. At the very least, I want to grab her ponytail and tug on it. Pull her close to me, so I can settle my mouth on hers...

Confusion fills me and I blink hard. Earlier, in the closet, I didn't want to kiss her. I wanted to save it all for my mystery girl. But I feel like a complete dumbass, because I'm starting to think my mystery girl is

"What do you want from me?" Harper asks, her hostile tone interrupting my thoughts.

I take a step back. "Where were you the night of your brother's party when the lights went out?"

Her gaze flickers but otherwise, her expression remains neutral. She shrugs. "What does it matter?"

"Tell me," I demand.

She lifts her chin. "I don't remember."

"Liar." Now I'm moving closer to her, her tropical scent like a fucking drug, drawing me in. "I think you know."

"I was with Sadie."

"Were you in the downstairs bathroom?"

Her expression turns to panic. "No." Uh huh.

"Did you dress up on Halloween?"

She shakes her head, not even fazed by my change of subject. "You saw me. I was a more pathetic version of myself, remember?"

I can't believe I said that to her. I'm such a dick. "Were you wearing a cat costume?"

"You. Saw. Me," she repeats slowly, as if I'm stupid. "I didn't dress up. I wasn't invited to your

party."

"Why did you come then?"

She remains mute, watching me

with wary eyes.

"Answer me. Why did you come to my party when I told you I didn't want you there?" I ask again.

"Sadie convinced me to go. She didn't want to be there alone," she finally says, her voice small.

"And how did she convince you? Did you wear a costume? And let me guess, did Ryan catch you in it,

and freak out?" I toss at her.

Harper would make a terrible poker player. Her answer is written all over her face.

Yes. Yes, yes, yes.

She shakes her head. "I-I d-don't

know." She sounds shaky. Unsure.

"It's a simple question that demands a simple answer. Yes or no, Harper? Were you wearing a cat costume?"

Holy hell, I think she was.

"I already told you I wasn't." She clamps her lips shut, her eyes blazing.

Oh, she's getting mad now. I'm surprised steam isn't coming out of her ears.

"You're lying to me." My voice is deceptively soft. Downright deadly. "And I don't like liars."

"Well, I don't like idiot boys who

are too blind to see what's right in front of their face!" she retorts, practically stomping her foot.

That does it. I lunge for her, my fingers shackling around the crook of her elbows, yanking her toward me. She comes willingly, her

cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling with hatred.

And something else.

Something familiar.

"You're her," I whisper, my entire body going numb with the realization. "You're my mystery

*girl."*

Her mouth pops open. "I have no idea what you're talking about—"

Before she can get another word out, I silence her with my lips.