

# You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 69

[/ You' re Mine by Penny Brooks](#)  
Chapter 69

Harper

Sadie and I are still chatting in the living room when we hear car engines pulling into the driveway. Then the slamming of car doors.

Sadie's eyes widen and she turns toward the window that faces the front of the house. "Oh shit. Your brother's here." She hesitates. "And he brought Easton with him."

My heart skips a beat. I'm both excited and angry, which is not a normal combination for me to experience. I want to see Easton, but I'm also still really mad at him for ditching me

for Ryan. I know they're best friends but...

I jump to my feet at the same time the front door bangs open and Ryan and Easton walk

1.

They're angry. I can feel it radiate from the both of them, see it written all over their faces. And it's super intimidating. They're both so big and broad, their expressions fierce, jaws clenched, mouths grim.

Sadie remains frozen on the loveseat, as if she's afraid to move and I stand there in front of the both of them, ready to face them down.

They don't scare me.

Well, not really

"Where the hell were you?" I ask with way more bravado than I'm feeling, my gaze on

Easton.

Ryan takes a step toward me. "Harp, you need to sit down. We have to tell you something."

"Blake did it," Easton says without hesitation.

Ryan sends Easton an irritated look. "Nice. Real smooth."

I frown, confused. "Did what?"

"The spray paint. Writing whore on the garage door. It was Blake." Easton reaches behind him, pulling his phone out of his back pocket.

I'm shaking my head again and again, taking a step backward. Then another one, like! need the distance. "No. No way. I don't believe it. He's my friend, Easton. Blake would never do that to me."

"It's true." Easton's voice is grim as he thrusts the phone into my face, a shadowy photo on the screen. "We have proof."

I squint, trying to make out what I'm seeing. "What is that?"

"Spray paint cans. All black. In the back of Blake's car. He fucking did it, Harper. He's responsible."

My gaze goes to Sadie, who looks as horrified as I feel. "No, Impossible."

"The cans were in his car. I spotted his SUV in a restaurant parking lot and I walked up to the car to make sure it was his before I went inside because I was going to chill with him, you know? But then I saw the cans." Ryan shakes his head, disappointment in his gaze. "I called Easton."

"That's why I went to him. He wanted me to see the evidence," Easton adds.

Disappointment and sadness crashes over me and my knees wobble. I can't believe it. Blake's my friend. He's been nothing but nice to me. Sweet. I'm sure he was disappointed about me and Easton getting together, but Blake is a total player. He can find another girl to occupy his time. Not like he wanted anything serious from me anyway.

"He did it all" Easton continues. "The locker. The cars. The garage door. He's responsible for all of it and I'm going to make that motherfucker pay."

"Wait a minute." Sadie holds up her hand as if she's in class, and Easton goes silent. "The locker and car incidents were done with cheerleader paint."

Ryan frowns. "Cheerleader paint? What the hell are you talking about?"

"I don't know what you call it. It's the paint they use for windows and whatever on game days," Sadie explains.

"You mean washable paint?" | ask.

"Yes." Sadie snaps her fingers. "That. The locker and the cars were painted with removable, washable paint. Yet the garage door was spray paint."

"What are you saying? That two people are responsible for this shit?" Ryan asks.

Sadie shrugs. "Maybe? I don't know. Whoever did the stuff at school wasn't brave enough to make it permanent."

"I think it has more to do with whatever's on hand at the time. We were at school, so that washable paint shit was readily available," Easton says. "Aisha didn't do this. This is all because of Blake."

"I think Sadie's on to something," Ryan says carefully. "Maybe it was two different people."

"What, Harper has that many enemies? Bullshit," Easton spits out.

My heart sinks. Do I have enemies? Two of them? Like Sadie told me earlier, I barely talked to anyone. I keep to myself. And now there are people at school who actually hate me? Enough to vandalize my locker and my brother's car and Sadie's car and my house?

It makes absolutely no sense.

Well. I can only think of one person who hates me that much.

"I think it's all Aisha," I announce. "That bitch hates my guts. She confronted me in the hallway today and said all kinds of shitty things."

Ryan and Blake share a meaningful look but otherwise say nothing.

"What the hell was that?"

Hmm. Sadie noticed it too.

"What are you talking about?" Ryan asks as he approaches my best friend, a faint smile on his face like he's wanting to distract her.

"That look you and Easton just shared." Her gaze cuts to mine. "You noticed it, right?"

I nod.

"It was nothing." This comes from Easton, who stops by my side and slings his arm around my shoulders.

I shrug it off.

"Bullshit," Sadie spits out. "What else is going on? What else do you guys know?"

"Nothing. We know Blake's responsible for the garage door," Easton says, putting his arm around my shoulders once more, his grip firm so I can't get away from him. "And we're going to confront him about it."

"When?" I glance up at Easton to find him already looking at me.

"Soon," he says, his gaze intense. "He's going to pay for this, Harper. He can't go around terrorizing my girl and getting away with it."

My entire body goes warm at his casual use of the words 'my girl, but I'm still having a hard time imagining Blake spray painting the word WHORE on our garage door because he's mad at me.

"That fucker has messed with the wrong house," Ryan adds. "Can't believe my best friend would do this to me. To my family."

Easton flinches, so faintly no one would notice.

But I did. He's upset too. Not just because of what Blake is doing to me.

Blake is-was-Easton's best friend as well. What he's done is a total betrayal.

There's no going back from a betrayal this big.

And that terrifies me.

More than I want to admit

## You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 70

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### Chapter 70

Easton

I'm fucking furious, anger rolling through my veins, making my blood run hot. Ryan's too busy sweet talking Sadie to talk to me about what we're going to do with Blake, and I can tell...

Harper's mad at me.

Shit. I gotta fix this.

"Baby." I steer her out of the living room so we're in front of the stairs. "You're angry."

She glares at me. "You left me for Ryan."

"He needed me." I reach for her, cupping her cheek with one hand as I pull her in close with the other. "And for good reason. He found those spray paint cans."

"I can't wrap my head around it." The stubborn look on my girl's face makes me want to roll my eyes but I restrain myself. "Blake would never do that to me. Or to Ryan. He's your best friend. The three of you have been best friends forever."

"Sometimes shit goes sideways." And that hurts. Not that I'll ever admit it. I'm too damn mad right now anyway and it overpowers the pain.

My best friend is a dick who's out to make my girlfriend's life miserable. And he's possibly working with Aisha.

Like what the fuck? What's happened to him to make him turn to the dark side? Is he that enamored with Aisha's pussy he'll do whatever she wants? Including making Harper's life miserable?

I don't understand the motive. I'm confused.

But again, my anger overpowers the confusion and the hurt. I'm too pissed to feel anything else.

"Ryan!" I roar. "Let's go to Blake's. Now."

"No." Harper clamps her hand over my mouth. "Forget he said that, Ryan!"

Ryan doesn't even bother to respond. He's probably lip locked with Sadie right now, the fucker.

I glare at Harper, biting at her fingers covering my mouth, making her yelp and drop her hand. "Come up to my room," she says softly. "You're too angry to leave. I'll help you calm down."

I follow her up the stairs, my mind racing, filled with infinite possibilities.

I can confront Blake at his house.

School.

In class.

At lunch.

In the parking lot.

At a football game?

On campus is risky. We could get in trouble, though I'm pretty much untouchable there.

Blake could go down though-thanks to my fists and a possible suspension.

I smile. Yeah. I like the idea of a double whammy.

That sounds fucking perfect.

Harper drags me into her room and shuts and locks the door before she shoves at me. "Sit on the bed."

I do as she says, frowning. Fully prepared for her to chastise me for being a macho asshole.

She doesn't do any of that. Nope, my girl tackles me, pushing me so I have no choice but to fall backward onto the mattress with her on top of me, her lower body snug with mine.

Just like that, my cock stirs.

"Take your aggression out on me," she whispers just before she dips her head, her

mouth landing on mine. Her tongue slides into my mouth, circling around mine and that's all it takes.

I'm a goner.

I thrust my hands into her hair, holding her head in place as we devour each other. She's squirming all over me, making me crazy, and I roll over, pressing her into the mattress, taking over the situation.

She moans when I kiss down the length of her neck, nipping and biting, not holding back. Not wanting to be careful. Harper's into it, she can't stop moving. Touching me. Her hands slide beneath my shirt, fingers skimming up and down my back and I shudder at her touch.

She's trying to soothe while I'm desperate to rile her up.

Reaching between us, I tug at her shirt, tunneling my hand beneath it to grope at her tits. Tear at her bra. I yank it down, exposing her and I shift away from her neck so I can attack her nipples.

When I bite one, she hisses, pulling on my hair extra tight.

"You're hurting me," she murmurs.

"You like it," I whisper against her flesh, dragging my tongue across her nipple to take away the sting.

She doesn't respond. She just moans, helping me when I reach for the front of her jeans. Soon she's completely naked and her hand is in the front of my jeans, her

fingers curling around my dick, squeezing it extra hard. I thrust into her hand, desperate for more of her aggressive touch.

"Your parents coming home soon?" I ask her in between harsh pants.

Harper nods jerkily. "Probably."

I could give a fuck. All I want is to plunge inside her tight heat. Fuck her into oblivion.

Kicking off my shoes, I shove at my jeans until they're gone too and without warning! push inside her, filling her completely.

She goes still, her eyes wide as they meet mine.

I start to move, never looking away as I increase my pace, fucking her steadily. Her eyes fall closed and I cup my hand around her chin, giving her face a gentle shake. "Look at me."

Harper does as I say, her gaze steady on mine as I thrust into her. In and out. In and out. I don't want her to forget who she's with. Who's fucking her. Who can make her feel like this.

Me.

Only me.

She circles her legs around my hips, sending me deeper and a strangled groan comes from deep within my chest. I press my forehead to hers and piston my hips, fucking her hard.

Harder.

Our sweaty skin sticks together with my every thrust. The scent of sex fills the room and my balls are slapping against her ass, and still, I won't slow down. Won't come yet either.

I'm trying to draw this moment out. Make it last as long as possible.

"Easton," she whimpers, her eyes finally closing, as if she can't stand to look at me any longer.

She's too overcome.

"I know, baby," I murmur against her lips just before I kiss her. She responds eagerly, her hands in my hair, her thighs tightening around my hips. "You want to come?"

Her nod is frantic. "Please."

“Beg for it.” I slow my movements, dragging my cock out of her before I inch my way back in.

“Please, Easton. Please make me come. I need you.”

Damn, she didn’t even hesitate.

Fucking hot.

Bracing my hands on the mattress, I fuck her in earnest, a grunt leaving me with every

thrust until she’s writhing beneath me, straining toward me as the orgasm suddenly washes over her, making her shake. I watch in fascination, the sensation of her pussy milking my cock sending me right over the edge.

Rendering me completely useless. Mindless.

Fuck, this girl.

She has no idea what she does to me.

What she means to me.

None.

## You’ re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 71

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Chapter 71

Harper

“Easton.” I nudge his bare shoulder, silently marveling at the muscle I feel there. He’s firm -hard all over. If I had more time, I’d spend it exploring his naked body with my mouth. My tongue. My hands and my fingers.

But we don’t have the time. My parents should be home from work any minute while we’re still in my bed.

Naked.

“Wha?” he asks, his voice muffled against the pillow.

Within minutes of us having sex, he collapsed next to me and fell asleep. Like...who does that?

Easton, I guess. Any other time I would've found it adorable, but I wanted to talk more about Blake and what Easton and my brother discovered in his car. I wanted to stare at those photos some more and really look at them. I also wanted to ask him about that look he and Ryan shared earlier, when they didn't say anything.

What's their plan? And how can I convince him he can't just go beat Blake up over this?

They're friends. They need to work it out.

There's also that tiny, niggling feeling in the back of my mind that tells me Blake didn't do this at all.

Aisha did.

Unfortunately, I can't seem to convince Easton that she's evil enough to come for me. Why does he always protect her? Or write her off? It's so annoying.

Why won't he believe me?

Shoving my worry aside, I focus on waking Easton up and getting him out of my bed.

"My parents are going to be home soon," I whisper, then let myself speak louder. "You should go."

He sits up, running a hand through his hair, his biceps bulging, completely distracting me. "Kicking me out?"

The lazy grin on his face is a heart stopper. But I refuse to be swayed by it.

Dipping over the side of the bed, I reach for his shirt and toss it at him, smacking him in the face. "Yep."

His smile fades, the shirt falling in his lap. "Damn. Ruthless, babe."

I smile sweetly at him before I lean in and drop a kiss on his lips. "Not in the mood to get caught naked in bed with my boyfriend, babe."

"True, true." He nods, pulling his T-shirt on before he reaches for the rest of his clothes.

He gets dressed in a hurry, as do I, until we're both fully clothed and I'm raking my fingers through my messy hair while he checks his phone, a frown on his face.

"What's wrong?"

He glances up, smiling faintly. "Ah, nothing."

Uh huh. I don't believe him. He's keeping secrets from me, and I don't like it.

At all.

We head out of my room and down the stairs, and I notice how quiet the house is. *Where's Ryan and Sadie? Did they actually leave?*

Sadie must hate me. I just ditched her for Easton, after complaining to her that Easton ditched me for Ryan.

Sometimes, I'm a shit friend. I'll call her later and apologize. I need to get my head out of my ass and be a better friend to her. She's been so good to me, always rushing to my defense.

But she's also keeping her own secrets...

Pausing at the front door, Easton turns toward me, his expression soft, his hair still sex ruffled. He's absolutely adorable and he's watching me with dopey eyes, like he's high

or something.

Not on drugs. More like he's high on me.

"We need to do that more often." He kisses me, his lips soft. Linger. "I like making you beg."

My cheeks go hot and I press my fingers against his lips. "Shush. *We* can't talk about that now."

"Your parents aren't home yet." I drop my fingers and he delivers another scorching kiss. "Stop worrying."

"Easton, you should go." | clear my throat and reach around him, hip checking him so | can open the door without him in the way. "We'll talk later?"

He frowns, looking me up and down, as if he doesn't know what to do with me. "Sure. I'll text you after dinner."

"Sounds good." I don't like the confused way he's staring at me so I give him another kiss to soften my sudden harshness. "Bye."

"Hey." He grabs my shoulders, his expression serious as he studies me. "You do realize Blake did that to your garage door, right? It wasn't Aisha."

Inod, my smile serene. "You're right. I know you are."

The relief on his face is obvious. "Right. Yeah. Okay, babe. See you later."

"See you tomorrow." I open the door wider, watching as he heads for his car, noticing that Ryan's car is here...

But Sadie's is gone.

I'm pretty sure they're together. The house is way too quiet.

Once Easton is gone, I go back up to my room, passing by Ryan's partially open bedroom door. I push it open wider to find the room empty, just as I suspected.

Hmm. My best friend is definitely hooking up with my brother, yet they're both not talking.

At all.

So frustrating.

I curl up in bed, pulling the covers over me and contemplate everything that's happened today, yet coming back to the same thing every time.

The confrontation with Aisha. How mean she was, how utterly vile. That girl doesn't know when to quit, and I'm proud of the way I stood up to her, even though I couldn't stop shaking.

She never backed down either. That's why it's so easy to imagine her getting off on writing the word whore on our garage door. Trying to scare me and infuriate my brother.

That bitch deserves to suffer for what she's put me through. What she's put all of us through

Blake though? I just don't see it. Nope, I can't. He's one of Ryan's absolute best friends Why would he target me?

It makes no sense.

Maybe he had the spray paint for another reason. People use black spray paint all the time, right? Just because they have some in the car doesn't make them a vandalizer or whatever.

I need to get to the bottom of this-and I don't want to do it with Easton either. He's not listening to me. He's positive it's Blake. Ryan feels the same way. They're both so freaking frustrating. The more I think about it...

The madder I become.

# You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 72

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Chapter 72

Easton

"Good morning, gorgeous," I say to Harper the moment I reach her locker, leaning against the one beside hers, so I have a full view of her.

Goddamn it, she looks sexy in the morning.

Hair still a little wet and wild, like when I get done fucking her. Skin smelling all tropical. Lips covered in gloss, so they look plump and juicy.

I cinch her waist with my fingers, and she immediately slaps them away, practically growling, "Morning." She slams her locker shut and takes a step back.

What the fuck?

I don't let her get very far, catching her before she's no more than a pace away, and I turn her around to face me. "What's wrong?"

She laughs in a way that tells me none of this is funny. "Really? You can't tell what's wrong?"

Women.

I can't for the fucking life of me ever figure them out.

But all signs point to her being pissed about something.

"You're mad." I search both of her eyes. "But what about?"

"It's sorta mind blowing that you're just noticing. That you didn't see I was mad last, night."

"Last night?" This time, I grip her waist, ignoring when she tries to wiggle away, and I pull her into the quiet entrance of an unused classroom. She stays, but moves back, putting distance between us. I wait for her to look at me before I continue, "Let me get this straight. You instigated sex at your house, you texted me before you went to bed. How am I supposed to know you're angry?"

"Every indication was there, Easton. You just weren't paying attention."

"What?" I look at her like she's speaking a different language. "I have no idea what you're talking about."

"Because you were too sexed-up and orgasm-high when you left my house to notice that I practically kicked you out."

I thought back to my exit and it was a little rushed. "What about your text?"

"It was one word-night."

I'm tempted to pull out my phone, but it isn't worth it. She isn't backing down until she wins this.

"Harper,"

"No," she says, cutting me off. "You need to understand that I gave you what you needed last night to calm you down. I was afraid you were going to do something stupid, like go over to Blake's house and knock him out to the point where you got arrested. But that doesn't change the way I feel and how much it sucks that you chose Ryan over me."

I sigh.

This argument is a giant waste of our time.

"That's not what happened."

Her top lip curls. "Seriously? That's what you're going to come back with when we both know that's exactly what happened." She points her finger at my chest. "The second you got that phone call, you rushed us into your Jeep, you drove across town like you were competing in Nascar, and the minute I got out at my house, you practically peeled out." || try to intervene, and she stops me. "I wanted the pizza dinner, the alone time with you, and to feel like it's more than just .." Her voice cuts off and emotion begins to fill her eyes. "Sex." She swallows. "I feel like that's all you care about, that you don't give a shit about how I feel."

I shake my head. "I can't fucking believe this ..." I glance toward the hallway, making sure no one is listening to us. "Everything was fine between us, it was perfect. We had a great time when we ditched school, you were screaming your little lungs out when I was making you come in the hot tub. And now? *We're here?* Where is this even coming from?

*We're fighting about something that doesn't even matter.*"

"That's the problem, Easton. It does matter. It's the whole base of our relationship. If you run off to Ryan every time we're in the middle of something, we're never going to work. I need to know I matter too." Her voice lowers. "I need to know you care."

I don't like her assumptions.

I don't like the hurt in her eyes.

And I don't like that she's been sending so many mixed messages-fucking me, texting me, hating me-that I can't even keep up.

"Tell me what you want, Harper."

"Communication."

"That's it?"

Her hands push against the wall behind her. "That would be a start. If you're going to go

all Nascar driver on me, then at least tell me why you're driving that way and where you're going."

I go to reach for her and decide to cross my arms instead. "But I didn't know why Ryan needed me."

"The point is, he needed you, he told you where to meet him, and you said nothing to me about it."

She's asking me to be fully transparent, something I've never been with anyone. I don't normally do relationships, I just fuck. That means I've never had anyone to report to, no one to answer to. I come, I go, I do me.

Harper wants to change that.

I take in a deep breath, holding it in. "I'll do my best." My arms drop and I surround her waist, pulling her closer. "Does that earn me a kiss?"

She rolls her eyes. "How much of that was the truth and how much was bullshit just to get me into the janitor's closet so you can fuck me against the wall?"

I've missed her smile.

I'm happy it's back.

I pull her in closer, our bodies now touching. "The janitor's closet doesn't have any good walls, they're all covered in supplies." I growl as I press my lips to hers, taking in her

taste.

She gives me a small kiss and says, "You know, an I'm sorry' would be a nice, added touch."

Damn it, she's relentless.

"I'm sorry." I kiss her again. "I shouldn't have ditched you for Ryan." I taste her one more time and say, "Can I walk you to class now?"

She nods and I slip my arm around her shoulders. We haven't walked more than a few feet when I come across a face in the crowded hallway that makes my fucking teeth grind, my free hand clench.

Blake.

That fucking cocksucker.

"Down boy, we're in school," Harper whispers in my ear, sensing my change in temper. "Think of how much it'll suck if you get suspended for a week and you can't see me after every period."

I don't give a fuck at this moment.

All I can think about is my fist meeting his nose.

"If he so much as glances in this direction, he's dead."

I wait for the look.

For the visual goading.

For any excuse to fucking pummel him in this hallway.

But I don't get the chance because Harper grabs my face, turning my attention toward her, and says, "What are you going to do to me tonight?"

"Excuse me?"

"Tonight ... when I strip off my clothes and let you do anything you want to me."

I know what she's doing.

And, fuck me, it's working.

## You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 73

[/ You' re Mine by Penny Brooks](#)  
Chapter 73

Harper

Easton is forgiven.

I know that apology wasn't easy for him—he's not the type to ever say I'm sorry—and neither was accepting the fact that he needs to communicate. But I'm pretty sure I got my point across and that was my hope.

My other hope is that he doesn't kill Blake and I'm doing everything I can to make sure he doesn't

Except the moment I come out of my fourth period class, I fail.

Blake is standing directly outside the door, waiting for me to join him. I can tell he wants to chat, that shouldn't be that big of a deal. We are friends – aren't we? Or *we* were before the chaos erupted. Maybe we can be friends again once things cool down and the

guys realize it wasn't Blake who spray painted our garage.

But, at this very moment, Blake is fire.

And the best thing I can do is stay far, far away from him.

Except he's making that impossible, moving beside me the moment I step into the hallway. I dart to the right, trying to avoid him, and he slides in the same direction. A simple shift to the left and it happens again.

"I'm a much better dancer when there's music playing," he jokes.

I smile, I can't help it. He's goofy, but sweet at the same time. "Hey, Blake." I take a deep breath, thinking of what to say. "I have to run, I have to talk to my teacher about an assignment before class."

"I'm headed in the same direction, I'll walk you there." He gently touches my shoulder, leaving his fingers there as we take our first steps. "I've been wanting to talk to you about your house and the spray paint. That's why I came over that morning the second I heard the news, I wanted to make sure you were okay, but Ryan said you were at Easton's."

I recount the moment he's talking about, knowing very well I was home, and Easton was with me, and Ryan shooed Blake away so Easton didn't kill him.

"There's so many rumors going around school about it," he continues. "I want you to know I'm sorry. I hate that this is happening to you, you don't deserve it."

There's sincerity in his voice, his eyes so soft and sympathetic.

I don't understand why the guys think he's the guilty one. Because he had some silly, so called evidence in his trunk that could have been used for anything?

The memory of Whore still stings as I reply. "It sucks, Blake. Someone is trying to hurt me, and I don't understand why ... but it's working."

"You can't let it." He squeezes my shoulder, making me realize his hand is still there. "You're stronger than that."

I glance in his direction after weaving around a few students. "Thank you."

He analyzes my face. "You look tired today, is Easton being a dick, and keeping you from getting a good night's sleep?" He leans in and whispers, "I saw you guys fighting this morning."

Even though Easton took us into the doorway of the classroom, trying to prevent us from having onlookers, I was worried we still did. I'm sure Aisha was somewhere in that crowd too. Wherever Easton is, she never seems to be too far away

"Everything's fine," I assure him.

"I just hope he has good intentions, you know? I don't want him to treat you like he treats everyone else. You're better than all those other girls he's been with, you're like a princess, not someone who should be lied to."

Lied to?

An awful feeling thumps in my stomach.

"Do you know something I don't, Blake?"

He runs his hand through his hair. "Man, I don't know ..." He glances down, like looking at me is almost too much. "I just see him talking to Aisha all the time."

"All the time?"

He nods. "Is that something you're okay with? I mean, I know if roles were reversed, I wouldn't want my girl talking to her ex all day."

All day?

My heart suddenly aches from this news, my stomach churning. What if Blake is right, what if Easton does talk to Aisha all day and that's how she knew I was a virgin?

"Need proof?" Blake asks and he points toward the left. "There's some for you right there."

I follow his finger, my stare moving across the hallway until it meets Easton. He's standing outside his locker, Aisha directly next to him, the two in deep conversation.

Everything in my body starts hurting, tears threatening to rise into my eyes.

He knows how much I hate her, how she's to blame for everything that's happened to me.

And he's still talking to her?

All day?

At his damn locker, nonetheless.

"I told you," Blake says in my ear. "If you were my girl, I wouldn't need to talk to anyone else. You would be more than enough."

I slowly glance at Blake, his eyes backing up everything he's saying, and then my gaze returns to Easton. He shuts his locker and turns around, our stares connecting.

His jaws clench when he sees I'm with Blake.

His hands turn into fists.

I know what he's thinking, what he wants to do, and it's not going to happen.

"Don't you dare," I mouth to him, making sure he understands what I mean.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see Aisha, and the smug look on her face.

Ugh, I can't fucking stand her.

And I can't stand that she's enjoying every second of this.

As the seconds pass, Blake still not leaving my side, Easton's expression tells me he's on the verge of murder.

I need to stop him before he does something stupid.

"Blake, I have to go," I say, and I rush over to Easton, ignoring Aisha's presence. "Ready to head to class?" I ask my boyfriend, linking our fingers together.

"Harper ... what the fuck."

I can say the same to him about Aisha, but it isn't the right moment for that. Not when his eyes aren't even on me, they're on Blake, glaring at his prey like he's about to hunt at any second.

I need Easton's attention.

| dig my nails into his hand. "Class — now!"

"That guy has some fucking balls," he roars.

Aisha moves closer, her face inches from mine, where she whispers in my ear, "Don't you love it when Easton gets all animalistic." She licks her lips. "You should see him act that way when he's naked. Mmm-mmm."

My skin feels like it's been scorched.

I can't take another second of this.

"You're such a bitch," I spit at her, and then I pull Easton's fingers, dragging him in the opposite direction. "Why the hell were you talking to her?" I ask when we're far enough away. I can't hold back the anger, everything about today is eating at me.

He stops walking and I can tell he feels the same way, his mouth tense, his tone growly when he says, "Why don't you tell me what the fuck you were doing with Blake."

## You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 74

[/ You' re Mine by Penny Brooks](#)  
Chapter 74

Easton

I'm going to kill someone today.

I'm sure of it.

Anger is boiling inside my chest. Nothing Harper says or does can calm me down. I don't give a fuck if she ran into Blake in the hallway, if it was by accident, if she didn't want to talk to him—I don't want her around him.

Period.

I don't want her to even acknowledge that motherfucker exists.

Knowing my temper, I avoid him all day, so I don't try to fight him in the hallway, but on my way to one of my last classes, I see him. He's sitting on one of the tables in the cafeteria, talking to a girl I used to fuck. The look he's giving her is the same one he gave to Harper earlier.

A look that's never going to come across his face again.

I'm going to make sure of that.

I rush through the entrance and the second I reach him, I grab him by the fucking collar and haul him up off the table. "You want to talk to Harper?" I blast at him. "You talk to me first."

He laughs like an egotistical cocksucker. "What, are you feeling threatened, Easton? Worried she might like my cock more than yours?" He smiles. "I'd be worried, too."

"Easton!" Harper shouts from the doorway, rushing through the cafeteria, her hands now on my waist, trying to get me to release Blake. "Don't do this," she pleads. "Please don't do this."

His smile grows as he says, "Gonna listen to your girl?"

"I can't wait to hear this," Aisha says, who's now joined us, standing behind Blake. "This

is going to get good."

A fire is licking through my veins as I continue to hold him by the throat, my anger causing me to see red.

"I've fucking had it with you," I tell him. "With your bullshit, your lies, the way you won't back off my girl. She's mine, Blake." My teeth clench, growling, "Mine."

"Easton, come on," Harper cries from behind me, trying to unclench the fingers of my free hand from the balls that they're in.

"Man, you talk a lot of shit," Blake goads, his lips wide, almost comical like The Joker. "But that's all you are—full of shit. You've got nothing to back yourself up. No balls. Just

I'm fucking done.

I shake Harper away and rear my arm back, my fist aiming for his nose. I punch him with all the strength I have and the second my skin connects with his, a sharp pain explodes through my knuckles.

Harper's scream fills my ears.

Aisha's gasp echoes through the room.

And the blood that gushes from Blake's nose only adds to the red I'm already seeing.

"Fuck me!" Blake shouts, covering his face, the blood dripping through his fingers.

I feel no relief at all, the hate is still running through me.

My arm moves back again and Harper shouts, "No! Easton, that's enough!"

But it's not enough.

Because even though he's covering most of his face, I can still see that fucking smile.

"You want more of me, you motherfucker?" I spit. "Move your fucking hand so I can knock your ass out."

"Easton," Harper cries, "you're going to get in trouble—"

"You're right about that," Leigh says from behind me, the feel of the administrator's hand

clamping down on my shoulder immediately stops me from punching Blake again. "You're coming with me," she orders, and then drags me several steps back before she says to Blake, "Go to the nurse right now and get that nose checked out."

Fighting her is a battle I won't win, so when her hand stays on my shoulder, leading me out of the cafeteria and into her office, I say nothing.

Only when she sits me in a chair in front of her desk do I start, "Leigh,"

She holds up her hand. "Take a breath, Easton."

A breath?

Fuck that, I'm fuming.

There are parts of Blake's face that still need to be pummeled with my fist.

I rake both sides of my hair, my hands twitching in anger. "You need to listen to me ..."

"I need to listen to you?" She takes a seat on the edge of her desk, the side that's closest to me. "You know that isn't the way this works. I'm the one in control here." As she swings her legs in the air, her skirt rides higher on her thighs. "And this little stunt just landed you in a heap of trouble." She pauses. "You know I can protect you but fighting in school crosses a boundary."

Trub across my knuckles. "He deserved it."

She sighs. "What am I going to do with you, Easton?" She begins to play with the top button of her shirt. "You probably broke his nose. There are witnesses ..."  
The top button pops open, and her legs widen, stretching the limits of her skirt. "This is grounds for a week suspension."

I tug my hair at the roots. "A week?"

Fuck.

The school will notify my parents and my father will kick my ass for this. He's all about me having a perfect record so I can get into the best college and then go to law school.

"You've got to work your magic," I tell her. "I can't get suspended. How about I serve a shitload of detention instead?"

"Do you think that's a sufficient punishment?" She unbuttons another button, followed by a third, her legs spread so wide now, I can see her red, lace panties.

That's where she's going with this?

Oh shit

"I think detention is plenty," I tell her, "especially if you stick me with that snore-fest, Mr. Jones."

The last button unhooks, and she slides her shirt open, revealing a matching bra. She leans forward, her tits spilling out of the cups that are trying to hold them in. "Here are your options-you can come to my house tonight and serve me or you can serve your five-day suspension at home. Your choice."

An ultimatum.

One that involves her pussy.

Anger bubbles through me, but a much different kind this time.

"What about your husband?" I ask.

"He's out of town for the week."

"Leigh ..."  
When I shake my head, my stare falls to her tits. I remember them fondly and the way she rode my cock until she was fucking screaming. "-.-" I cut off, not sure how to respond.

Her stare drops to my dick and she slowly licks across her lips. "Remember that phone call from Harper's mom the other day that dismissed her from school?"  
She pauses, allowing my memory to catch up. "I can easily lose that paperwork. I

wonder if Harper's parents will let her date you when they find out you're a bad influence on their daughter."

I can go to Leigh's place tonight and cheat on my girl.

Or I can earn myself a week suspension and get Harper in just as much trouble, jeopardizing our relationship when her parents find out I was the reason she's suspended.

Leigh's balls are as big as Blake's.

"What's your answer, Easton?"

## You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 75

[/ You' re Mine by Penny Brooks](#)  
Chapter 75

Harper

"What in the ever-loving fuck just happened?" Sadie says, rushing to my side the second I leave the cafeteria. "Blake just hauled ass to the nurse, bleeding profusely. Mrs. Scott just dragged Easton toward her office and Aisha's smiling like she just got fucked against a wall." She holds my shoulders. "And you look like you're about to burst into tears."

The moment Easton got dragged away and Blake left for the nurse, Aisha gave me the nastiest smirk and took off, leaving me alone in the cafeteria, drops of Blake's blood by my feet. I haven't even had a chance to catch my breath yet. My whole body is tingling and numb, my chest aching.

I don't want Easton to get in trouble.

I don't want him fighting with Blake.

I don't want anyone fighting anymore. Between my brother punching Easton in our backyard and Easton punching Blake today, I've had enough.

What makes it worse is that both instances were over me.

"Sadie ..." | move us over to a row of lockers, leaning against one, needing something to take my weight and hold me up. "I couldn't get Easton to stop, he was raging mad angrier than I've ever seen him-and he exploded on Blake." I pull my hair back, the heat on my neck making it hard to breathe. "Blake was loving it, he was egging him on. It's like he wanted Easton to punch him."

"Of course Blake wants to start shit with Easton, he wants Easton to look as bad as possible in front of you, so Blake looks like a saint." She twirls a piece of my hair. "Harper, he's obsessed with you, he'll do anything to be with you."

"Even getting punched in the face?"

She shrugs. "Looks like it."

I swallow, needing the tightness in my throat to go away. "I don't know, Sadie. This is all so crazy, and it isn't over, I feel like things are just getting started between them."

Sadie's eyes widen. "Shhh, here comes trouble."

I turn around, meeting the smug smile that I hate so much.

"Did you enjoy that?" Aisha asks, now standing next to us. "Watching your little boyfriends fight over you?"

"I only have one boyfriend," I tell her. "Let's get that straight before you run around school, starting rumors that aren't true."

"I only speak the truth." She eyes me up and down. "But from what went down today, the whore everyone has been calling you seems to fit."

"You're a cunt," Sadie snaps.

"And I'm hardly a whore," I add, "but you certainly like to write that word out-maybe it makes you feel like less of a whore yourself, you know, like when you spray painted it

across my garage."

"Hold up ..." Her stare intensifies. "You've got the wrong person."

Now it's my turn to smile and laugh. "Yeah, right. No one but you could have done that to

me."

Her face turns serious, an expression I haven't seen from her. "That wasn't me."

"You expect us to believe that?" Sadie asks. "You despise Harper, so of course it was

you."

Aisha glares at both of us. "I most definitely despise you and I don't want you to be with Easton and, you're right, I am a cunt, but it wasn't me who spray painted your house." She crosses her arms. "It really wasn't, I was out of town."

I can't believe my brain is even considering this, but something about her response makes me believe her.

If it wasn't Aisha, then who was it?

Because it can't be Blake ... can it?

Would he really do that to me?

"We've seen enough of your face for one day," Sadie says to Aisha. "Get out of here."

Aisha looks like she's about to snarl. "You should take a long, hard look at the people in your circle." She eyes up Sadie. "Those are the ones you should question whether you can trust."

She walks away and Sadie says to me, "Do you believe her?"

I search the crowd of students as if the answer is waiting for me out there. "I don't know what to believe right now. All of this is so overwhelming."

"Well, you know you can trust me."

The truth is, she's the only person I can trust.

Sadie loops her arm through mine and we walk down the hallway toward class. As we're passing the front office, the door swings open and Easton comes rushing through it.

He doesn't look at me.

He's staring straight ahead, his face dripping in anger.

"Hey," I say the moment he passes me, grabbing his arm to stop him.

He halts and glances down at me, a look in his eyes that he's almost bothered by me.

"What happened?" I ask. "Are you all right? Did you get in trouble?"

He just stares, saying nothing. The anger in his expression now mixed with something else-something I can't place.

When he still doesn't respond, I add, "Easton?"

He pulls his arm out of my hold. "Get away from me, Harper." He takes a step back. "I need to be alone."

Alone?

But all I want to do is hug him.

Be there for him.

And now he's walking away from me, not even looking back.

A wave of emotion comes over me as I whisper, "What did I do?"

Sadie wraps her arms around me and pulls me into a hug. "Babe, you did nothing, don't worry. Easton is just sour because he probably got in serious trouble and his parents are going to whip his ass and he's losing his mind about it."

"But why didn't he just say that?" My eyes are burning from the tears. "Why won't he open up to me?"

She rubs my back. "He's a boy, they struggle with those kinds of things."

"What he s-said," I stutter, the sob working through my chest. "Was so n-nasty."

"Once he cools down, he won't be such a dick."

She doesn't know that, she's just trying to make me feel better. Easton's past is full of dickhead moments, treating me terribly, and he's just started to soften toward me.

But now, we're here again, not communicating, pushing me away, when all I want is to be in his arms.

"What do I do, Sadie?" I pull away and wipe my eyes. "How do I make this better?"

"You wait until school is over, and then you go to his locker, and you go home with him." She smiles. "That's the only way to take care of men like Easton."

## You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 76

/ [You' re Mine by Penny Brooks](#)

### Chapter 76

Easton

"Hi," Harper says so softly as she stands next to my locker, seconds after the final bell rings. "Are you all right?"

I upset her. I knew that the moment I pulled my arm away from her and walked away.

But I needed space.

I needed time.

I needed to think.

I cup the side of her face, waiting for her to pull away. She doesn't. "Come home with me."

I'm not asking

Her pussy can give me the only thing I need right now.

"I was planning on it," she tells me.

My cock begins to harden as my hand goes to her ass and I walk her to the student lot.

I know Ryan wants to talk about what happened with Blake, he told me to wait for him after school. But I don't give a fuck about that conversation right now.

I need Harper.

I get her into my Jeep and quickly drive to my house. Once we're inside, she takes my hand and brings me over to the bar, grabbing a bottle from one of the shelves, and then takes me straight outside. She sets the bottle on the stairs of the hot tub and starts to strip, not waiting a fucking second.

Damn it, I'm into her.

I'm staring at her pussy when I say, "Someone likes to get wet in the tub ..."

She steps out of her panties and drops her bra. "I like what you do to me when we're in the tub."

"Mmm." Her naked body fills my vision and it's fucking amazing. Tight. Curvy. Nipples that are begging to be bitten. "Baby, that was nothing compared to what I'm about to do to you."

Tyank my clothes off and grab my phone from my pants, bringing it over to the tub where I take off the lid and check the temperature. I help Harper inside and place the phone on the steps before I get in.

She looks at my phone. "Do you plan on filming us?"

I laugh. "No, I'm expecting a call."

"From who?"

I grab her face, pulling her against me, and I kiss her.

Hard.

A warning for what I'm about to do to her body.

Her arms wrap around my shoulders, and I pull away just as she moans, "Easton--"

I cut her off from saying anything more, placing my finger on her lips. "No words. The only thing I want to hear from you are moans. Understood?"

She nods and I flip her around, placing her by the stairs, and I move in behind her, rubbing her pussy with my tip, getting her ready for me. "You're so fucking wet," I growl in her neck. "I can't wait to feel your tightness around my cock."

The wait is killing me.

And within a few seconds, I'm plunging inside her, giving her short, shallow pumps, teasing myself.

"Fuck yes," I howl, biting her ear lobe. "This is the tightness I was talking about, you're fucking pulsing around my dick."

I move faster, burying my shaft, feeling the heaviness of the water as my balls slap against her ass.

"Ahhh!"

I can feel the sound in her ear, and it vibrates over my teeth. "You want more?"

"Mmm-hmm."

I rear my hips back and dive in, moving harder. Faster. Increasing my power with each stroke. I need to taste more of her, so I clamp my hand around her hair and pull it back, exposing her neck, devouring the side of her lips.

"Harper," I roar, "Your fucking pussy is going to make me come." I bite her lip. "Goddamn it, you're milking me." I twist my hips, circling inside her.

"Easton," she moans, but I bite down even harder, and she finishes with, "Mmm."

| clamp down on her ass under the water, earning myself a gasp. Learning she likes that, I do it again, this time moving lower, slipping between her cheeks until I find that back, forbidden hole

I know she's never had this before.

I'll be her first

I moan at the thought of how her ass will feel and I circle the outer edge of it. Her breathing increases, her hips buck back and forth.

"You want my finger in that tight fucking ass?"

"Yesss," she breathes.

I dip inside, just up to my knuckle, earning me the loudest moan. I swear I can feel her sound vibrate across my cock.

"You dirty girl," I hiss. "You like me inside your ass." I move in deeper and twist my wrist. "You want my cock next?"

She moans even louder.

I don't have the patience to give her that today, it takes too much prepping, and I don't have it in me to go slow. I need hard, fast, I need to punish her pussy for all the anguish | went through today.

And that's exactly what I'm doing.

I reach around to the front of her and pinch her nipple. Her back arches, her ass meets my finger, urging me deeper.

"Yes... you definitely want more."

She gives me the sound I want to hear, and I position her in front of the jet, the stream of high-pressured water aimed at her clit.

"Ahhh!"

Ignaw on her neck. "Now, hold the fuck on."

My warning isn't a joke.

Thave no intention of being gentle, I'm pounding her with all the strength I have.

Fucking the anger out of me.

Every time I bury my cock, I drive my finger inside her, my hips circling, my wrist doing the same, both spots tightening around me. "Your fucking cunt "Igroan.

"Yesss."

A blast of wetness tells me she's coming. So does the pulsing around my dick where she narrows in after each moan, followed by her screams.

"Oh my fucking God, Harper." I kneed her nipples while she clenches around me, sinking in as deep as I can go. "You're going to make me come."

The way her hips move tell me she has one thing on her mind. She wants to suck every drop of cum out of me.

"That's it," I tell her. "Fuck me harder." She rocks her hips. "Make me come."

She's keeping me plunged in, grinding over me and when I start to moan, she pumps her pussy along my shaft.

"Fuck!" I pull her face toward me. "I want your tongue in my mouth when I fill you."

The second our lips touch, my balls tighten, and a surge moves through my body, causing me to roar against her mouth. I'm blasting into her, shot after shot of cum, feeding that tight, fucking cunt.

"Yesss," I hiss, the pleasure spreading through me. "Take it, baby."

And she is, working it through me, urging every sensation to peak.

Making me hers.

Once her pussy swallows every drop, I grip her face, pointing her lips to me. I say nothing, I just stare into her eyes. My cock slowly pulls out, my cum drips from her into the water, my finger finally leaves her ass.

As I take in her eyes, a guilt from the pit of my stomach begins to eat at me.

And I bury that feeling by kissing