

# You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 9

## Chapter 9

Harper

The nerve of him.

Ugh, I'm so mad I'm shaking.

And it's been six days since Easton said I'm not allowed to come to his party, and I'm still as furious as when he'd first told me.

Who cares if I'm Ryan's sister? My brother flirts with girls in front of me, he's stringing along my best friend, but all of that's okay because he's a boy?

Well, it's not okay. It's a double standard.

What makes it worse is that Easton is the one who uninvited me. It couldn't have been Ryan or Blake, it had to be the guy I have the biggest crush on. The guy whose mouth I can't stop fantasizing about. The costume I ordered online with Easton in mind just in case I ran into him at a party.

Now, I won't even be leaving my bed tonight.

And that's exactly what I plan to tell Sadie when she pops her head into my doorway and says, "Get dressed, we're going."

I shake my head. "Nope. I'm not. You are."

Chit

"Do you honestly think I'm going to let you sit home tonight?" She *moves* over to my chair where I'd placed the box my costume is in. "Or that Easton was really serious about what he said?"

I cross my arms to stop my hands *from* shaking. "Oh, he was serious, all right."

"Remember when Ryan was having a heart attack over your bikini?" She reaches into the box and takes out the costume. "I'm positive that's why Easton said that to you. He's looking out for his best friend, who prefers his sister dressed in a big, baggy tent." She holds up the leotard that's

supposed to make me look like a cat. It comes with thigh-high boots, a long tail, and a silicon masquerade mask that covers most of my face, the top adorned with cute little ears. "And this is definitely no tent, this is s-e-x-y, whoa!" She glances from me to the skintight leotard. "You're going to be the hottest one there."

"You're going to be, because I'll be right here ..." I point down at my mattress. "In bed."

She sits beside me, her hands resting over mine. "I'm going to put this as nicely as I can." She grins. "You have exactly twenty minutes to get ready or I'm

carrying you outside and we're going whether you're in a costume or not." She squeezes my fingers. "Understood?"

My stomach leaps at the thought of seeing Easton even if I still want to strangle him

I push my back against the wall behind my bed. "It sounds like you're giving me no choice."

She taps my hands. "Good, my message was loud and clear, then."

"But I need more than twenty minutes," I squeal, and I hurry over to my chair, stripping off my clothes.

o

With the leotard in place and the tail positioned, I put on my mask and start my makeup. Most of it's black, I only fill in the few spots the silicon doesn't cover, and I add a deep red lipstick. I slick down my hair with lots of gel, securing it in a low bun.

I check every angle in my small, full-length mirror, and then I turn toward Sadie. "How do I look?"

She eyes me up and down. "Who are you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, I know my best friend is in there somewhere, but all I see is this smoking hot, ridiculously sexy

minx."

"Oh my God," I laugh. "Let's go."

Sadie follows me downstairs and orders a car, and we climb into the backseat, heading to the other side of town. Although I've never been inside Easton's house, he lives only a few streets away from Sadie.

We get out of the car, my stare taking in the large, two-story entrance that's framed by white pillars. The massive brick mansion spans almost an entire block, the music so loud inside I can hear it from the walkway.

"Are you ready?" Sadie asks, her

Chiper

hand reaching for the doorknob.

I take several deep breaths, preparing myself for the rejection I may receive the moment we get inside. Ryan won't be the one to kick me out, but I can't predict what Easton will do.

Especially if he recognizes me as the girl from the bathroom.

"As ready as I'll ever be," I tell her.

Sadie opens the door, and the room is filled with a thick fog, decorations hanging from the tall ceiling, we're met with cutout pumpkins and cackling goblins. Everyone is dressed in costume, masks and makeup, outfits much

more revealing than mine.

I don't see Easton or Ryan anywhere.

"I have an idea," Sadie says, pulling me past the entrance, into a large sitting area where people are making out on the couch.

"What kind of idea?"

"Ryan told me Easton's dad has a small garage off the side of the house where he keeps his Porsche and a whole fridge stocked with beer. You go grab us two beers and I'm going to find Ryan and gently break the news that you're

here."

"He doesn't know?"

A knot forms in my stomach. I had assumed Sadie told him she was dragging me here, and I need Ryan on my side in case Easton gets cranky again and tries to make me leave.

"I didn't exactly mention you when I told him I was coming." She runs her finger down the air in front of me. "And he's not going to be happy about this."

"Sadie"

“Trust me, it’ll be fine. I’ll meet you in the kitchen in a few minutes.”

The knots in my belly are starting to really ache. “Are you sure?”

“Go that way.” She points toward

what

the kitchen. “Take a left at the stove and it’s at the end of the hallway, last door on the right.” Her hand goes to my shoulder. “If you see the guys before me, hide.”

I nod and she immediately takes off to look for them while I walk toward the kitchen, reciting her directions in my head. There are so many people here, it’s hard to navigate the thick crowd and the furniture that’s like a maze and the fog that’s making it hard to see.

I find the door in the hallway and the light inside the garage is so dim, I’m surprised there isn’t a brighter one. But the car is in the center and the fridge is in the

corner. I hurry over to it and I’m bending over to grab two bottles from the bottom shelf when I hear the squeak of the door opening behind me.

“Hey, that’s my secret stash,”

Shit.

The voice tells me it’s Easton.

I’ve been caught by the one person I didn’t want to find me.

“Damn, it’s you,” he croons.

Me?

I put the beer back, trying to stop myself from shaking, and I

gradually straighten and turn around. I’m expecting the wrath,

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but his expression is full of hunger.

Desire.

His eyes soak in every inch of me.

"I could never forget that ass." His stare slowly travels up my body. "And those fucking lips I've been thinking about all week..."

## You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 10

### Chapter 10

Easton

She's here.

Mystery girl.

The one I've been thinking about nonstop, searching the hallways, classrooms, even looking for her in the parking lot after school.

Now she's in my house, breaking into my dad's beer fridge, standing only a few feet away from me.

Waiting for me to kiss her.

Her ass was the dead giveaway. The moment I stepped into the

garage and saw those perfect cheeks spread high in the air, I knew. And then she turned around, showing off those delicious tits, nipples already perked up.

My dick throbs from inside the robe.

I need to feel her body against mine. "Come here."

She doesn't move, so I walk over, backing her up until she's leaning against the fridge

I run my finger over her red, full, gorgeous lips. "I have been dreaming about these," I say, reminding her of the last thing she said to me before she kicked me

out of the bathroom.

I hold her waist, getting a feel of her in this costume. Her tight, curvy body on full display, every dip and arch, begging to be caressed

She's holding my stare hostage.

"Fuck," I growl, pulling her against me. "You look amazing." I tilt her waist toward me, pressing my erection into her. "Do you feel what you've done to me?" I draw a line from her throat to her stomach. "But seeing you in this outfit has been well worth waiting a week."

"Easton," she whispers, wrapping

her arms around my neck, bringing our faces closer.

She knows me.

But I don't know her and that's not fair.

I grab her ass, squeezing to the point where I lift her into the air, her legs circling my waist, hands clutching my shoulders. I walk us over to the wall, holding her back against it.

"Kiss me," I demand.

Her face is hidden, just like the darkness in the bathroom, a sea of black covering her. I'm tempted to rip off the mask, to see who these beautiful eyes and lips belong to,

but her gaze stops me.

She's taking her time drinking me in, savoring my presence.

She's missed me, too.

And each second she waits only teases me more.

"Kiss me," I repeat, clinging to her ass.

Her tongue rounds her top lip before it crashes against mine. Her moans fill my ears, the heat from her mouth drawing me in closer, the urge to strip off her costume so heavy in my hands.

While I circle my tongue around hers, I use the wall to hold her

weight, and cup my palm around her tit. Her nipple is so hard, I rub my thumb across the tip, back and forth, tugging it through her costume.

She's purring like a fucking cat, making her choice of costume even more fitting.

I wonder what sounds she'll make if my hand moves between her

legs.

With that thought comes another if I'm the first guy she's ever kissed, something I still believe to be true, then I'll be the first to touch her pussy

To see her naked.

To feel her tight, wetness.

A virgin

My dick hardens even more.

"You're making it impossibly difficult to hold back." I lick her off my mouth, tasting her, taking in her stare. "There are so many things I want to do to you against this wall."

She's a flavor I've never had before. A sweetness that's almost tropical, a scent like one of the islands my family has vacationed on.

She quivers in my grip, her legs strengthening around me, her head tilting back as I devour her

neck.

"Oh God," she exhales

I can't stop lapping her skin, her pulse skyrocketing against my mouth, her back arching as I blow around her nipple.

"Mmm," she breathes.

I switch to her other tit, a cry releasing from her throat as I pinch the edge of her nipple, pulling it enough to make her moan, "Don't stop."

This is my house. No one is going to come knocking on the garage door, there isn't going to be any interruptions. Tonight, we have nothing but time and I plan to

spend the entire evening with her.

The Hugh Hefner silk robe I'm wearing is thin, so is her costume, so when I push my dick into her and she rocks her hips forward, I can feel the heat from her pussy.

My fingers dig into her ass, kneading, positioning her. "You feel so good," I hiss, this deep, nagging pulse working through me. But if anything more is going to happen between us-and it is-T must know something first. I need an answer to the question that's been haunting me since we kissed. "Tell me your name."

Her lips part, her chest heaving. "I ..." Her voice fades as her phone

beeps from somewhere inside her costume.

She releases me to grab it, looking at the screen that she keeps aimed away from me. "I have to

*go.*"

"Now?"

Our eyes lock. "Yes."

I remember her voice from the bathroom, and I try to place it. She has a medium pitch; a softness now I've heard before. Rich, chocolate eyes that are achingly familiar, I just can't place them.

She bucks her hips, wiggling for me to put her down, each thrust stroking my dick.

Taunting me.

Driving me fucking wild.

Damn it.

"I don't want you to go."

"I have to." More of her softness flutters into my face, her ass clenching as she tries to get down. "Please."

I release her, but the second her feet touch the ground, I reach above her head and cage her in.

She runs her fingers over my lips. "You were right ... I did miss this mouth." Now she's referring to what I'd said to her in the bathroom

I kiss her fingertips after each pass.

But it doesn't last.

She ducks her head and maneuvers her way out of my trap, hurrying to the door.

I can't believe this is happening again, that the moment I get back, she's leaving

"Hey," I say when she reaches for the handle. I wait for her to turn toward me before I add, "You have to tell me your name, so I can find you again."

Her tongue slowly swipes across her bottom lip, her long tail bouncing. "I'll find you."

Just as I'm about to reply, she opens the door.

And she's gone.