

You' re Mine by Penny Brooks Chapter 13

Chapter 13

Easton

I'm pissed, hating my reaction to Harper. Thinking of my mystery girl.

I've had her twice. Cat woman, whatever you want to call her, and now I can't find her anywhere. All see is Harper. So, I do what anyone else does in extreme sexual frustration

I drink.

A lot.

I'm at least five shots in, plus two beers when I watch Harper collide

with Blake. I fully expected Harper to turn in disgust

Instead, I watched in mild horror when he leads her into the garage. The same sacred garage I was in earlier, ready to attack an anonymous girl's mouth with every single kiss I have in my arsenal.

Before her phone went off, I was ready to strip my mystery girl bare, lay her against the fridge, the floor, really any strong surface was up for grabs.

I shove Aisha away after five minutes go by and Blake and Harper still don't reappear and I grab another beer.

Aisha was pissed but whatever. Why the hell is Blake with Harper in the garage? And why do I even care?

It's Harper. She's Ryan's problem.

Not mine.

And yet the idea of Blake even touching her fills me with something unfamiliar that I can't identify

Before I know what I'm doing, I'm charging down the hall, thoughts still stuck on cat woman. Harper. They're mixing. Mingling.

Maybe I'm hallucinating the entire thing and losing my mind. I mean, does the perfect girl even exist?

Adrenaline pumps through me as I charge into the garage to find Blake and Harper laughing and standing close enough that if Ryan caught them, he'd start designing Blake's coffin.

The conversation between all of us is fuzzy.

A stumbling Sadie soon appeared, followed by Ryan, and he's talking about Harper being off limits or some such shit. But for the life of me I can't remember what I actually said, only that I craved Harper's anger, not her smiles.

Her smiles are dangerous, just like Blake's flirtations.

Someone needs to warn her about him.

Someone also needs to tell Ryan to watch out for our other friend.

More words were said, and Harper tried to walk past me like I didn't exist, which pissed me off. Who the hell does she think she is?

I'm ready to threaten her as I grab her by the wrist and push her up against the wall, when something familiar washes over me. I can't decipher if it's her scent or if it's just the way she feels. Soft in all the right places, leaving me hard in all the wrong ones.

Horrified, I clench my fists at my

sides. She blurs in front of me, and I'm more pissed off than I've been. Pissed off that she's staring at me like I'm the devil, when I've never bothered her before in my life.

I want to hurt her because she's making me react, not because I have anything other than annoyance with her. "Remember your place, Harper."

A solitary tear falls from her eye and slides down her cheek, dripping off her jaw and onto the space between us. It's then that I realize how close I'm standing in front of her. How we're almost chest to chest, and how the rest of the world goes suddenly blurry.

All I can see are brown eyes.

All I can smell is her scent, like coconuts and sunshine-like something forbidden that should be mine.

"She's here." I stumble backward and turn, all thoughts of Harper gone from my head as I eagerly search for cat woman.

I can still smell her, so she has to be close.

It's like she's haunting me.

Harper shoves me and storms away, but I don't even care at this point. I'm way too horny and drunk to care that I hurt her feelings. At least that's what I tell myself. So

why does my chest feel tight? Why does the sight of her walking away make me want to chase after her?

I must be really wasted-like obliterated.

Ryan waves me over to the keg, while I'm ready to smell every girl's neck to see if she's the one. As creepy as it would sound if I was sober, in my current position I'm ready to apply for a Mensa membership at the brilliant thought.

I stumble toward Ryan, ready to ask him if he's still having fun when both Sadie and Harper reappear-right along with that same tropical smell again. What

the hell?

Confused, I take a step closer, but the scent disappears the moment the girls do.

"No way," I say to myself as chase after them.

Sadie? Cat woman is Sadie?

If that's the case, Ryan has a fucking war on his hands.

Too many drunken people stumble in front of me, blocking my way. The world blurs and tilts around me as the alcohol hits. I slam into a few bodies until I finally reach my own front door. The view of Harper holding Sadie up turns from two girls into six. Twelve.

Shit, I don't even know how to count anymore as my stomach churns.

The driveway looks like it's coming up to greet me as my feet carry me toward all the cars parked out front.

I open my mouth to yell wait and instead I stumble to my knees and instantly curse as I bite my tongue. The taste of blood fills my mouth, and the girls are gone.

Frustrated, I'm ready to slam the pavement with my hands and look down.

But there, near the side of my right knee, is a black cat woman

mask.

My own version of a fucked up Cinderella.

I grip the black mask in my hand and stare, memories of her mouth assaulting me as I shove the mask in my face and inhale.

She's cast a spell.

I don't know what to do.

So, I keep the mask.

I keep it and make a promise to myself to find her even if it kills

1. me.
How could it be Sadie though? She's so...thin

This girl-my girl-i s all woman.

My eyes greedily search the lawn, but I don't see any more hints.

Frustrated, I get to my feet, carry the mask in my hand, and return to my own stupid party, ready to crash and dream of the one girl I'm afraid will always slip through my fingers.

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Chapter 14

Easton

"I think I'm dying..." I groan the next morning, holding my head between my hands as if it's going to fall off at any minute and, honestly, I wouldn't be against it fuck, how much did I drink?

I dreamt of cat woman.

The dream quickly turned into a nightmare when Ryan's face replaced hers, causing me to question my sexuality, only to wake up screaming when Ryan spooned me.

I was the small spoon.

That trauma will stay with me for life, I've never shoved Ryan so hard.

He fell off the bed and landed on Blake who woke up yelling about a lizard named Mike.

I need new friends.

I'm still pissed at Blake for taunting me last night, even though I have zero interest in Harper. I mean if she was the last girl on earth, I'd still pass her by, she's just too-t oo something. Plain? No, that's not it. She's just annoying as hell, never listens to anything I say, despite every single

warning and she's always there.

My mind decides to remind me about her banging body beneath that bikini, but I quickly shove the thought away.

Fine, so one time I found her hot.

It means nothing

Because she's Ryan's sister and that was the whole fucking point of not inviting her to my party,

"Thought you were gonna pass out in your own puke last night" Blake sits up and wipes his face with his hands. "What's this shit about cats again? I'm starting to worry about you, man. That's twice now, is that what alcohol does to you? Makes

you hallucinate about pussy?" He laughs at his own joke. "See what I did there?"

I chuck a pillow at his face and instantly regret it as my head pounds harder. "I need aspirin."

"And I need tits to bury my face between. Alas, we don't always get what we want, stupid universe..."

I stare over at him and just shake my head.

"What?" He shrugs. "You have any OJ?"

"Yeah." I slowly get up, body weak from dehydration, careful not to wake a still sleeping Ryan who's holding the pillow so hard I'm

.

afraid the feathers are going to pop out of it.

Minutes later, we're out by the pool, looking at the absolute destruction the party has done to my home and for some reason it makes me smile. Maybe because I immediately think about a tail, or the mask stuffed under my pillow upstairs.

"Wow." Blake takes a long drag of his juice. "Things got crazy."

"Yeah." I agree, about to take a drink but I pause. "Hey, you ever made out with Sadie before?"

Blake stills. "Why?"

"Just curious...I mean she's cute,

right? A bit on the thin side but-

"I'm gonna stop you right there before Ryan finds out and murders you in your own bed. She's saved herself for him since I don't even know, the tenth grade? There's no way she's been giving any guys any favors. Even if she says she has, she's lying."

"Hmmm."

"My head." We both turn to watch Ryan stumble outside, flopping onto a lawn chair next to us, dark aviators covering his eyes and a beer clutched in his hand. "Hair of the dog, stop staring at me."

"Bad ass." Blake grins, earning a

scowl from me as my mind drifts to cat woman. She had dark hair, and while I don't typically even pay attention to girls with dark hair, hers was silky. Thick. It made me think about pulling it.

I clear my throat as my body instantly responds.

What the hell is wrong with me? | can always control my reactions.

If anything, she should be the one seeking me out. I mean she knows who I am yet she's playing hard to get?

Fuck that shit

Ryan's phone goes off, he takes one more swig of beer. "My ride's

here.”

“Uber?” Blake asks.

“Nah, I’m forcing Harper to do hard labor after...” He scowls. “Never mind. Just know she owes me right now.”

Harper. Why the hell does she keep invading my world? And why do I even care when she’s a nobody? A nerdy girl with exactly one best friend and a popular brother she mooches off to crash parties she’s not even welcome at

The more I think about her, the angrier I get. Because when I do think about her, I think about her tongue, then I think about her

mouth, and then I want to punch something

“T’ll walk you out,” I find myself saying as I jog after him.

I help him grab his stuff and open the front door to see Harper standing there in nothing but cropped denim shorts, one of her brother’s large football sweatshirts, no makeup, a messy bun, and a scowl.

Ah, we meet again.

I lean against the door. “Did you even wash your face?”

Her eyes widen, and then quickly turn into slits. “Why do you care?”

“Oh, I don’t. Just curious why you’re walking around looking like a homeless person.” I grin.

She looks ready to punch me in the dick

It only makes my mood brighter.

“You’re such an asshole, Easton.”

I almost expect her to stomp her foot and say something like gosh darn it!

Instead, she takes a deep breath. “Ryan, you ready?”

“Yup.” He takes one step toward her, then stares down at his phone. “Shit, I think I left my charger upstairs. Let me go grab

He's leaving me alone with the enemy.

With the mousy girl who needs to learn how to use a brush.

So, who cares if she looks hot in a bikini?

Put a wig on Ryan and he would

too.

I mean as long as you covered up his dick and-whatever, the point remains, she's nothing and it pisses me off that I'm even wasting this much headspace thinking about her all of a sudden.

She looks around the yard.

Anywhere but at me. "Wow, it's a mess. Do you need help"

" Don't, "Tinterrupt. "Don't do that small talk thing where you act like we're friends. As you can see from the mess, I have all the friends! need, and they don't include you. So, you can go ahead and get the hell out of here."

Her mouth drops open.

"Was it something I said?" I sneer and turn to walk back in my house. "Oh, and by the way...next time you come uninvited, I'm kicking you out, even if it means tossing you over my shoulder to do it. We aren't friends. Pretending we are only makes you that much more

pathetic."

"Found it!" Ryan returns with his charger in his hand.

The last thing I see is a slow tear fall from Harper's cheek.

The last thing I feel is sick to my stomach as I walk back into my house and kick the closest chair into the wall.