

You're Mine

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Summary

Y/n thinks of it as a mistake, but Oscar, well he's wanted it for what feels like forever.

The house was empty. Ruby was out with the crew and mama and papa were out with the twins. Abuelita was nowhere to be found, not even in the garage smoking. I was sitting at the dining table, finishing up some AP homework for the upcoming school year when someone knocked on the door. Confused and slightly cautious, I got up to open it.

At first opening the door, a crack, I looked to see who it was. His eyes immediately looked down at me, his long eyelashes covering his narrowed eyes slightly. His eyebrows rose in a way only his could, a questioning and irritable way that was solely him.

“Oscar...” I opened the door more, just enough to see my face completely while my body hid behind the door. I couldn’t look him in the eye. Not after what happened. Not after what we did.

“C-Cesar Isn’t- Isn’t here right...now.” I ended in a whisper, still looking at my feet.

“I’m not here for, Cesar,” He said as soon as I finished. I stopped, taking a risk of looking at him. His eyes immediately met mine and I gulped.”

“O-Oh, well neither is-” An annoyed expression set in his face before he pushed the door open and turned me around pushing me back and pressing me against the now-closed door. His eyes narrowed, his mouth shaped like he was gonna growl.

“You’ve been avoiding me, ruca.” I flared up and pointed at him.

“Don’t call me that!” I poked his chest hard then jerked my finger back, holding it in my other hand, rubbing it, my finger wasn’t ready for the hardness of his chest. Oscar looking down at my hands before looking back up at me, amused.

“Why are you avoiding me?” He asked slightly breathy. Why? Why was I avoiding him?! Because he- we- I.... I don’t know why. For some reason, I felt bad, bad for taking the time out of my day for the last 2 weeks to avoid any confrontation with him at all, even after what he said. His leaned in closer, going right up to my ear.

“You liked it didn’t you?” It wasn’t a question, he already knew the answer. “My hand here,” he moved his hand from beside my head and wrapped it around my throat. “The other here,” His other hand moving now and skimming down my stomach, but I grabbed it before it could make it to its destination, his fingers brushing against the hem of my pajama shorts. “... fucking into you, you liked it rough remember? I always knew you would, being as quiet as you are...”

My breath hitched, my mind going straight to that night 2 weeks ago. Oscar was just released from prison, Mario dragged me to the welcome home party complaining about how he wanted to take me to at least one party before he went to college. He, of course, abandoned me sometime in the night and my insane social anxiety drove me to drink. A lot. The next thing I knew I was in bed with the Oscar “Spooky” Diaz.

“Did you already forget what I said?” He asked, pulling back and dropping one hand, while bringing the one from my neck, up to my chin, making sure I was looking at him.

“You were drunk.” I spit through my teeth. “We... were drunk.” I closed my eyes, trying not to think of his closeness, of that night, of him in general.

“Well, I’m fine now. So let me tell you again,” My eyes snapped open, wide and looking at him.

“I’ve wanted to fuck since you had to make ask me for a ride one day when Mario left you to fool around with Angelica. You were so shy, rubbing at your fingers, and biting at your lip. So goddamn innocent...now that I got you, I ain’t ever letting you go. Your mine, Y/n. My Reina.” I swallowed, raising my eyebrows,

“That’s a lot more detailed,” I whispered. Oscar scoffed and leaned down, kissing me hard. I immediately kissed him back, wrapping my arms around his neck. His hands slid down and gripped my hips, squeezing them before pushing his hands further and behind my thighs. I jumped up, wrapping my legs around his waist and immediately pressing down on him. He turned and walked to my room, laying me down on my bed before removing my shirt. His eyes meeting a lacy black bra barely keeping my bust in. His shocked morphed, raising a brow and smirking. I looked away, blushing.

“I-It’s laundry day...” I muttered. He chuckled and grabbed my chin, kissing me again. My hands flew to his shirt, pulling at the hem and fitting my hands under the tight tank. He pulled away and ripped the shirt off before leaning back down and nipping at my chest, biting at the tops of my breast, kissing up my neck. His hands curled in my shorts, pulling them down and off my legs. Underneath lay lacier underwear, damn near transparent. Abuelita thought they were an appropriate birthday present. Oscar stared at me, almost transfixed.

“Thank god it’s fucking laundry day,” He said dryly before fitting between my legs and pushing his hips into mine. A soft moan left my mouth as he ground into me. My hands left his back, dragging around his waist and going to his belt. Just as I unlinked the belt, the door opened.

“Hey, Y/n- AHHHHH!” Ruby screamed. I scrambled back and out from underneath Oscar, leaning back on my heels, scared shitless I looked at him with wide eyes. His eyes dropped and so did mine. I yelped before grabbing Oscar to cover me, chest to chest with each other, I looked to see Oscar trying not to laugh. I wanted to hit him.

Face burning red, I looked over Oscar’s shoulder to see Ruby covering his eyes and walking backward, slamming into the wall before making it out of the room and closing the door. As soon as the door shut, Oscar burst out laughing. I smacked his shoulders 3 times before I sat down and huffed, crossing my arms and rubbing at my jumpy shoulders, adrenaline pumping through me from the scare. Oscars arms wrapped around me from behind, instantly calling me down. I sighed and leaned back, letting him push his face into the crook of my neck and kiss it lightly.

“Are you mine, Princessa?” He whispered, tightening his hold on me, ready for a rejection, but not ready to give up just yet. I turned my head and looked at him, kissing him softly

before saying,

“I’m yours, Oscar,”

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