

7 Lust

Carli POV

The drinks keep owing, and soon I'm loose and free, dancing without care between Simone and Melody, a fairy we sometimes go clubbing with. I'm feeling good and am chasing the carnal, sensual high I get every time I drink a little too much.

After a while, Casey and our other friends show up, and Casey pulls me towards him, and I'm more than willing to comply.

"You're drunk," he laughed at me as I ran my hands up and down the front of him. His body is hard beneath my ngers, but for some reason my thoughts turn to Parker, and how much better his body felt beneath my hands earlier. Whatever. I'm still going to call him fat. I should not be impressed by my brother's body.

I take a swig of my drink then throw both my hands around Casey's neck, pressing my body against him as he starts moving us to the Latin beat.

He sensually starts to move against me, his breath washing over my bare skin.

"Carli," he whispers in my ear, "I really hope we're mates. I really hope when I see you on Saturday...I want it to be you."

I pulled back to look up at him, "We might not be," I managed to say through the fog of the alcohol.

"I know," he tells me in a serious voice, "That's why...that's why I haven't really pushed for more. But I...I know how you get when you're drunk. I don't want to watch as you take another guy home."

"Casey, if we end up not being mates, we could ruin our friendship forever. I love you too much to lose you because of short-term lust," I responded, hoping my words made sense. I may be horny, but I'm not horny enough to ruin my friendship with him.

"I know," he says back solemnly. He takes a deep, steadying breath then lets go of me. "I'm going to go get you water," he tells me, taking the beer from my hand, "Don't move until I get back."

I grunt my disapproval, but my missing drink is soon forgotten as I start dancing by myself to the music once again. A minute later, cold hands snake around my waist.

"Look who it is," a smooth voice coos in my ear as a cold nose trails down my neck, making me shiver.

"Vincent," I smiled, turning in his arms. I hooked up with Vincent in the past. It was the most passionate s*x I've ever experienced. I didn't know I could have that many orgasms in one night. My stomach contracts at the memory and I unconsciously rub my thighs together.

"Sugar, you smell as sweet as ever," he tells me, running his nose up to my jaw. "I'm glad to see you. Is that your boyfriend you were just with?" he asks me, referring to Casey.

I shake my head, licking my lips as I study his gorgeous face. Vampires are sexy. His white skin is such a contrast to his dark lashes and dark hair. I just want to lick him, from his jaw to his hairline, so I do.

I pull his face down, then run my tongue over the planes of his sharp face, and Vincent hums in appreciation before bringing his lips to mine. The frosty taste of his tongue causes my p**y to leak in want, making me deepen the kiss with carnal desire. I know it's the alcohol making me more daring, but the alcohol also makes me not care who was watching. I have needs, and Vincent is more than capable of lling those needs.

I'm getting ready to hook my legs around his waist, wanting him to take me away from here so he can worship my body in private, when growling causes him to break away from me.

"What the f**k, Carli? What did we just talk about," Casey sounds pissed, which brings me back to reason. I offered him an apologetic smile. He knows how I get when I'm drunk.

"She told me you weren't her boyfriend. Are you a relative, perhaps? A distant one, clearly, by the way you were dancing," Vincent smirked at Casey, his hands still snaked around my bare waist.

"He's not, but I am," I hear a hard, cold voice behind me, and Vincent noticeably stiffens before releasing his hold on me. "Get the f**k away from my...my sister, before I put a stake in your heart," Parker sneers.

"Hey," I yelled at him, not liking the threat he was throwing at my favorite plaything.

Parker grabs my hand, then yanks me to his side, putting a protective hand on my hip. The heat from his touch is the complete opposite to Vincent's cool touch, but shivers still dance across my skin at the contact. Must be because I was drunk.

"You are?..." Vincent asks, annoyed we were interrupted so dramatically.

"Alpha Parker," my brother spits out.

"Oh!" Vincent smiled slyly, "Her asshole brother, as she called you. Glad to nally meet the guy who caused this beautiful ower to seek my comfort 3 years ago," Vincent purrs, sounding truly happy to be meeting Parker. "I was hoping to offer her more comfort tonight, but I see she is overly protected here," he says, looking around at all the watchful party goers as they observe the altercation.

"My sweet ower, come nd me later when you have rid yourself of your guardians. My family owns Bloodlust, the club I rst met you."

Vincent levitates down to the bottom of the barge, joining a group of young vampires sucking down spiked blood bags around a tiki bar.

Parker growls, making his whole chest vibrate against me. "I thought you said she was a mean growl? This isn't mean. This is sloppy," Parker seethed, looking down and glowering at me.

"f**k you," I sneered, suddenly feeling strangely sober.

"I didn't really want to tell her brother she gets horny and loose when she drinks. I'm always there to protect her. Let me have her and I'll help her sober up," Casey grunts, clearly still mad about my make-out session with Vincent.

Parker tightens his hold on my waist, "You clearly aren't up to the task of protecting her. She's going home with me."

"f**k that!" I tried to push against him, desperate for Casey's anger instead of Parker's self-righteous insults. Parker's nose ares, clearly pissed. I'm trying to escape his judgment, but his hold is rm. In my drunken state, I couldn't think clearly enough to get away from him. I try to slam my bare foot on his massive one, but he just grunts and bares his teeth at me.

"I don't want to go home with you. I want to stay with Simone and Casey. I don't even have my car, you prick. Let me go," I glared back at him, not scared in the least of his alpha dominance he was trying to use to make me submit.

"I'll have a driver come back for your car. You're coming with me, Carli. I'm not leaving here without you. If you want to stay, you're going to be glued to my side the entire time," he talks down to me, pissing me off further. What a f*****g buzz kill. I just want to get laid for f**k's sake. How am I going to get that with him attached to me?"

"I f*****g hate you," I glared at him, making his face fall. I don't care. I hope he feels bad. I'm not going to be feeling good tonight, why should he? "Fine. Let's go. I want to hurry and get home so I can get away from you," I sneered.

Parker's whole face turns despondent looking down at me, and I can feel his sadness somehow, like my words truly hurt him. I feel bad, but I'm still frustrated with the situation he has put me in. Everyone is watching. I'm not getting any anyway now that my alpha brother made it clear he would kill anyone who tried with me.

I bit my lip nervously, my eyes caught in his forlorn gaze.

"Let's go," he grumbles, guiding me to the other end of the connected barges.

I let the wind from the fast moving ocean air help to sober me further, fanning the rage inside me at my brother's sudden appearance, once again, to ruin my night. I thought we were okay now. I thought I could leave here on friendly terms with at least one member of my family. Guess he's determined to piss me off until the day I move. Even if he wasn't the reason my mother has treated me so hostilely, that's no excuse for him interjecting himself into my life now with his self-righteous behavior.

When he pulls into the dock, I don't even wait for him to tie the boat off. I leap over the railing and start walking barefoot in the direction of his truck, not bothering to look back when he calls me. My bag and shoes are in the twins' Jeep, which I know is locked, so it looks like I'm going home in just my black bikini. This is Florida, though, so it's not a big deal. I just hope I don't run into mom once we get home. She is always telling me not to walk around the packhouse dressed like a w***e. f**k her. And f**k Parker for humiliating me like that. What gives him the right? I'm an adult in a little over a week. Even if I wasn't, he lost all rights to try and dictate how I live my life.

Parker unlocks his truck, and I climb in, not giving him a chance to open my door, though he does try.

"Carli," he sighs when he gets into the driver's seat.

"I don't want to hear it, Parker. I just want to get home and go to sleep," I said, not giving him the chance to start raining down his virtuous opinions on me.

He sighs, puts the truck in drive, and pulls out of the parking lot. We drove in silence for a long time. My anger towards Parker grows by the second. There is nothing wrong with no respect for me and my freedom. I've always let loose like that. There is nothing absolutely a dominant she-wolf relieving stress when she can. Parker is probably of the same mind as the older generations that believe she-wolves must remain pure until they nd their mates, while the males can go slutting around like it's no big deal. It's all part of being a man. They have needs, right? Ha! Like we don't? Hypocritical fossils. The only one who can dictate what I do with my body is me. Not the men in leadership, not my parents, and sure as hell not my brother.

"Who was that guy?" Parker breaks the silence, his voice quiet and measured. "The vampire?"

"Vincent," I muttered, staring out the window.

"What did he mean about you seeking his comfort?" he asks carefully, though I can hear the disapproval in his tone.

I shrug, still staring outside as we exit the city and start nearing our pack lands.

"Did you, uh, cry to him about me ignoring you?"

I scoffed and nally turned to look at him.

"I don't cry, dip s**t. That's not the comfort he was talking about. Are you stupid?"

"You've slept with him?" Parker asks, his face full of horror and disgust. He probably thinks sleeping with vampires is an immoral sin as well. f**k him.

"I have. He was probably the best s*x of my life," I said in a smug voice.

"I'm sure Casey would love to hear that," he scuffs.

"I haven't slept with Casey yet," I stated with a shrug, as if that was no big deal.

"I doubt that. You seem willing to sleep with anyone."

What the actual f**k?

"Thanks...Casey is too important to me to rush off to bed with. I would never want to risk the deep connection we have by putting lust over our friendship. I'm sure you've slept with plenty of women. The only time you ever answered the phone for me I could hear some chick moaning close by. After that, I went to a club and ran into Vincent. He helped get my mind off your shitty attitude. He's the one who gave me my rst real orgasm. He gave me my rst 20 orgasms, if I'm being honest. It was quite a long night."

Parker pulls the car over to the side of the road and slams on the breaks, causing me to slam my head on the dashboard.

"What the f**k?!" I screamed, reaching up to rub the stinging pain away.

"I don't want to hear about you sleeping with other guys! s**t! I don't want to hear about ANYBODY giving you any orgasms or any other s**t!"

"Yeah, because you're so above that. Give me a break. It's not like we're close enough to be uncomfortable about the other's s*x life. Or are you just bad at it? Is that it? Are you jealous you can't make a girl c**m 20 times? Probably can't even get a girl off once," I scoff, "Vincent almost made me have an orgasm just from a kiss. You probably don't even know how to kiss half as good as that. I bet you're a sloppy, wet-faced, shitty."

My words are suddenly cut off as Parker slams his mouth against mine, growling into my mouth as his tongue invades, caressing and then dominating as it tangles with mine.

I know I should nd this repulsive; that I should push him away and break another of his bones for doing this to me. I do the opposite.

I deepen the kiss, biting his tongue so it retreats, and then sucking his bottom lip into my mouth. I don't know what is coming over me, but the taste of him is clouding all my reasoning. Maybe I'm still drunk? All I know is that something that should feel wrong feels so so right.