

## Her Brother, Her Mate Chapter 16

Carli POV

After showering, I was dying of hunger. Making my way to my car, I was not surprised to find Parker leaning against the hood, looking like some catalog model. s\*\*t, I'd buy 10 Range Rovers if they came with someone like Parker modeling them for me.

He seemed to have showered as well. The scent of his body wash makes my mouth water, and I unconsciously rub my thighs together. I can't place the scent, but it's delicious.

"Have you not had enough of me yet?" I say to him as he grins down at me, pushing off the hood of my car.

"I could never get enough of you," he says cheesily. Despite the cheesy line, I can feel my cheeks burn as he looks over me with adoration. "So," he says, rubbing the back of his head, "Lunch? With me?"

I chew on my bottom lip, wondering if it's a good idea. I had texted Simone and was going to meet up with her and a couple of other girlfriends in town, but lunch with Parker does sound more appealing.

"What did you have in mind?"

"Well," he grins brightly, happy I'm giving him the chance, "I know you like seafood. Want to get Gringo's? We could take a walk on the beach after?"

I like the little ocean side oyster bar, but I don't know if I have time for all that. I have a half shift right after lunch.

"I have to be back by 1, though. I have guard duty," I told him.

"Oh," he looks to the side, thinking, "Well, we could just do lunch and skip the walk?"

Something about his expression is stirring up and making me forget my resolve. Just a few hours ago, I was determined to push him away and move the second I graduated. When he treats me like this, all considerate and like I'm the most precious girl in the world to him, it makes me feel all the things I

didn't want to feel for him. I mulled over what to do for a few more seconds then pulled out my phone.

"Hey, Hillary. Are you with Daryl? Can you ask him to cover my guard shift for me? Something came up. He can? Great! Tell him thank you for me. Yep. See you later."

I smiled up to Parker, who was looking down on me with astonishment.

"I'm now free!"

We had to stop by the packhouse so I could change into non-workout clothes. Spanx and a sports bra aren't really proper attire for eating out. I wouldn't normally care, but for some reason I don't want to seem any more crude than possible to Parker right now.

He waits patiently on my small loveseat while I'm in my bedroom digging through my closet. Why are all my casual clothes workout clothes? The dress I wore to the beach was my only casual dress.

I peek out of my door to check out what Parker has on, hoping it will give me some idea as to what to wear. He's in dri-fit shorts and a loose tank top. His muscles in his chest are outlined in the thin fabric and I can see the outline of something more enticing in his lap with the way he is sitting back on the couch, staring mindlessly at his phone. I'm suddenly very aware of the fact I'm naked as I feel moisture slick on my thighs as I rub them together.

I see Parker's nose flare, and I know he can smell my arousal. I slip back into my bedroom before he can catch me ogling him.

Casual. Extreme casual, I think to myself over and over again to reign in my wayward thoughts. I bend over to retrieve a pair of jean shorts from my bottom drawer when Parker comes in and groans.

"f\*\*k, Carli. Why are you always naked?" he looks up, trying to avert his gaze as he runs his hands through his hair, but he's still looking at me out of the corner of his eye.

"I don't like to be sticky or sweaty," I laughed at his comical display. "Every warrior is comfortable with their body. Why do you keep acting like it's a big deal?"

“Because it is a big deal,” he groans, waving his hand in my direction, not even trying to look away any more, “I don’t want everyone seeing your body.”

“Just you?” I asked with a smirk, lifting my eyebrows in question as I stood up, shorts in hand.

“Well...Yeah,” his eyes roamed up and down the front of me.

“Is that a brotherly concern of yours?..” I asked, striding over to him, biting my lip seductively.

“Not in the least,” he breathed out, cupping my chin and pulling my lip free from my teeth. Parker rubs my swollen lip, and the heat from his touch travels down into the pit of my belly, pulsing and tightening as desire fills me. “Get dressed so we can eat.”

I groan internally, knowing that food isn’t going to satisfy the hunger that is growing inside me.

Parker POV

Tingles and shivers ran up my arms as my fingers lingered on Carli’s face. Her beautiful, beautiful face. I can smell her arousal. We have a week. 1 week and a wake up and she will learn that I’m her mate, but her body seems to already crave me. I’m overjoyed seeing the effect I already have on her. We have to get out of this small apartment filled with her scent before my patience slips and I do something to make her wary of me again.

“Let’s go,” she smiles coyly back at me.

“Get dressed so we can eat,” I told her softly, releasing her face. She grimaces, eyes trailing down and resting on my shorts momentarily before she turns, gracing me with the image of her perfect a\*s as she struts back to her wardrobe. I watch as she slides some shorts on, not bothering with underwear once again. Her round, perky breasts bounce slightly as she shimmies the shorts up her firm thighs. Gawd, I’d love nothing more than to bury my face between those thighs, watching from below as her chest bounces as she wreaths in the pleasure I give her.

I shook my perverted thoughts away when Carli turned back and gave me a questioning look. “I’ll, uh, wait out here,” I muttered, exiting to the small living room.

One more week. I want to tell her now, but I'm still not sure she won't reject me or run away before she feels the full bond. She is so determined to get away from my parents. If she learns the truth....

Carli comes out wearing a tank top and she, of course, has nothing underneath. I can see her hardened n\*\*\*\*\*s through the fabric.

"Carli.." I groan.

"What?" she looks over at me confused.

"Can't you wear a bra or something?"

She looks down, then looks back up mischievously, "Do my n\*\*\*\*\*s offend you?"

"The opposite, actually. I don't want to spend the whole afternoon glaring and annoyed while human guys check you out."

"Everyone has n\*\*\*\*\*s," she smirks, then walks over and rubs mine through my shirt, "We can get yours perky too, then we can match."

I grab her wrist and growl, pulling her so she's flush against my chest. I shivered, feeling her hardened chest rubbing against mine, "Please," I whispered.

She stares up at me, gnawing on that pillowy bottom lip of hers again. "Only because you asked nicely," she whispers, trailing her fingers down my arms.

She retrieves a bikini top from her room, coming back out as she fastens it in place.

"Let's go," she smiles coyly back at me.