

Her Brother, Her Mate Chapter 31

Carli POV

I hang my bikini and flip flops on the branches of a tree, ready to shift. I turned and saw Parker's perfect, dimpled, muscled a*s on full display and lick my lips at the sight. I wanna bite it. Just once. Maybe twice. Okay....I wanna bite it all night long.

Parker turns and smirks, seeing the needy look in my eyes.

"Please, never drink when I'm not with you?" he laughs, striding over to me.

"I do what I want," I leered up at him. He stops right in front of me, peering down with a heated look.

"You need to hurry up and shift before my restraint snaps," he warns me. I know it's the alcohol, but I can't help myself. I can feel this need in the pit of my stomach, and his droopy eyes, filled with all the desire I feel, are not helping. I wrap my hands around his neck and pull him down to me.

His lips tenderly move against mine, and I try to deepen the kiss but he stops me, "After," his warm, delicious breath washes over my face, "Let's run," he says before pulling my arms from around his neck, smiling playfully at me, then shifting and sprinting off.

"Catch me if you can," he taunts through the mind link. I smile, shift, then chase after him.

In wolf form, the fogginess from the alcohol dissipates, but my desire for Parker doesn't. Even in wolf form, he's gorgeous. His sandy fur looks fluffy and soft, and I just want to bury my hands, or paws, in it. My wolf is a reddish brown color, and I feel like I'm too sleek and slim. I'm just as muscled as I am in human form, and in wolf form it makes me look skinny in all the wrong places and bulky in my shoulders and chest.

I've always been envious of Hillary and Simone's wolf form. They're both fluffy and small. I'm not much smaller than the men.

If Parker is repulsed by my less feminine wolf form, he has never shown it. When I first shifted, he was with me and kept telling me how pretty and cute I was. I'm about twice the size I was back then but he's still saying those same

things through the mind link. I can't even describe the satisfaction that brings me. I never cared how others perceived my wolf, but I didn't want Parker thinking I was masculine or too fierce.

We circle the packlands a couple times, nipping playfully at each other as we play cat and mouse. When we get to a marshy, muddy field behind our packhouse, I tackle Parker in the mud, and we spend several minutes rolling around in the mucky grit. Somehow, we both end up shifting back to our human forms, laughing like fools.

"The golden boy looks good, even covered head to toe in mud," I teased him, smashing a handful of muck into his hair.

Parker laughs, rubbing the mud from my face with his dirty hands. "You look like a wet dream," he wiggles his eyebrows at me, peppering my face with muddy kisses.

"Muddy dream," I snorted.

"Dirty dream," Parker whispers, resting his head against mine and pulling me closer to him.

"Wanna go shower, then reenact some of those dirty dreams of yours?" I asked him, rubbing seductively against his slimy body.

"Mmh, that sounds good to me," he smiles, then pulls my face to his, kissing me deeply. We start getting carried away out here in the open, where anyone with a backyard view and good vision can see us from the packhouse. I somehow end up on top of Parker, rubbing against him as his hands roam my body, and his lips move in sync with my own.

"Where are you!?" My dad's urgent, frenzied voice rang through my mind suddenly, causing me to pull away from Parker and look towards the packhouse. Can he see us?

"What's wrong?" Parker asks me, sitting up with me in his lap and giving me a worried look.

"My dad...." I whispered, squinting as I looked for some sign of us being caught. Parker furrows his brows and looks around with me.

"CARLI!" Dad's voice calls out desperately.

“I’m with Parker on a run. Why? Where are you?”

“Thank goddess,” my dad sighs in relief, “Get back to the packhouse now. Be careful and watch your surroundings.”

“Why?” I asked him, looking all around us for some sign of an unknown threat.

“Just do it, Carli. Get back here fast, and safely, and I will explain,” he commands me, making me panic. He never commands me. This is the harshest he has ever spoken to me.

“What is it? What’s wrong?” Parker asks me, pulling my face so I’m looking at him.

“I don’t know. Dad commanded me back home. We have to go,” I told him, the command compelling me to get up and start moving, checking my surroundings once again for a threat.

Parker follows suit, both of us shifting back to wolves as we sprint for our bathing suits in the trees. I slipped mine on over my muddy, human form, then we walked quickly to the front of the packhouse. About 30 of our top warriors are littering the front of the building, speaking frantically amongst themselves. Alpha Jared is scowling at a fairy soldier, and as I look around I notice an armored transport van with the seal of the fae, a feather crossed with a sword on the side of it. It’s long past sundown. Are they here for the rogue vamp?

“What’s going on?” Parker asks, pulling me with him as he approaches his dad.

Alpha Jared looks over at us, and his strained expression turns to one of disgust.

“What is all over your body?” he asks Parker, choosing to ignore me.

“Mud. We were going for a run. What happened? Why are there so many warriors out here?” he asked his father again.

Alpha Jared looks over his son’s body distastefully, but doesn’t comment further on his appearance. “There was an issue with the transportation,” he mutters, scowling back at the fairy before him.

“An issue?” I asked, furrowing my brows.

Alpha Jared regards me dismissively, but before he can speak, Elena and my dad come running over to us, calling my name.

"Thank goddess you're safe," my dad pants, gripping me to him, not caring in the least that I was covered in mud and debris. "My heart dropped when I couldn't reach you on our phone."

"I'm fine, dad, but what's going on?" I gripped him back. Elena is watching us, gripping Parker's elbow with one hand to steady herself as her other hand rests over her heart.

"She escaped. That rogue vampire got away as she was being loaded onto the van," Elena tells us. "Oh, Carli. You have no idea how worried we were when we couldn't find you. You both disappeared from the lanai and no one had any idea where you went."

"She escaped?" Parker looked over to the fairy and his dad.

Alpha Jared was regarding us disapprovingly, but looks away and nods once to Parker.

"She did. When they were loading her into the back of the van, a darkly tinted sedan with no license plates came out of nowhere, sprayed iron dust from the sunroof, then abducted her before these....gentlemen could recover," he regarded the fairy crudely.

"Oh no! Are you alright? Were you able to get it all off? We have showers in the gym in the packhouse if you need to use them," I approach the tactically dressed fairy, examining him for any lingering effects.

Alpha Jared scoffs, but the fairy knight smiles down warmly at me. His pointed ears are red, and his angelic face has red blisters spotting the silky skin, but he looks to be almost recovered. "I'm alright. Thank you though. Carli, is it?" he asks.

"Yes sir," I answered, regarding him curiously. How did he know my name?

"My name is Cathal. I believe you are acquainted with my daughter, Melody?"

"Oh!" I smiled at him brightly, "I am. I love Melody. She is one of my good friends."

"I am aware. I would like to thank you, on behalf of my people and our dear Emily's family for your bravery that day. Melody and her kin spoke adamantly of your heroic feat. If you had not acted so quickly, even more of our kind would have been lost that tragic night. Even preserving Emily's dignity by covering her mangled body was an act that has not gone unnoticed or without appreciation. Her family, and our kind, owe you a debt of gratitude."

I was in shock by his words. I wasn't trying to be any kind of a hero. I was doing my duty to my friends and my family that night. I was just doing what I was trained to do; what I'm supposed to do.

"Thank you, Cathal," I bow respectfully to the fairy, following their cultural customs. Not accepting a compliment or kind gesture is highly offensive to the fae, since they don't hand out compliments or kind gestures easily.

"You are the one mated to the future alpha?" he questions me, regarding Parker behind me.

I smile back at Parker who is looking on at me proudly, Elena tucked in at his side like he is supporting her in her emotional state. I look back to Cathal and nod, "I am."

"That fills me with happiness, young luna. My queen will feel reassured to hear that."

"You are too kind," I smiled at him.

"Enough," Alpha Jared huffs dismissively, "How are you going to fix this mistake? We now have a crazed rogue vampire out there, with her sights set on my pack. This isn't the time for embellished greetings."

Cathal scrutinizes Alpha Jared coldly. "I have told you, my men went in pursuit of the vehicle. We will not let this issue go unresolved."

"So I am supposed to trust you to do this, after you are the ones who lost her in the first place?"

"Dad," Parker scowls at Alpha Jared disapprovingly. "It's not his fault. It's none of their faults. Talking down to him and condemning him for something out of his control isn't helping."

“Where are our men who were helping with her export?” my dad questions him.

Alpha Jared glares at my dad, “I was the one managing her export.”

“Alone?” Parker scrutinizes him condemningly.

“My beta and gamma were off having their own pool party,” he continued to glare at my father accusingly, “The guards were with me. The fault was not on my end.”

I huff in disbelief. He should have called for another ranked wolf to help in the process. He doesn’t even attend training anymore. How was he going to overpower a rogue vampire on his own, even with 2 guards.

Cathal seems fed up with Alpha Jared’s condescending behavior, and turns his nose up to him in disgust, “I will be helping my comrades in their search. I bid you all a good evening,” he then turns a friendly smile to me, “Carli. I look forward to yours and your alpha mate’s rein.”

I bow once again, smiling back politely. “We wish you safety and good fortune in your search.”

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After Cathal pulls away in the transport vehicle, Parker comes up from behind me and wraps his arms around me.

“I know you won’t like this, but I don’t think you should leave the packhouse without protection until they find her.”

I looked back and glared at him, “I can handle myself.”

He sighs, “I know you can, but it’s still not safe. You know she’s going to come after you.”

“Then I’ll kill her,” I told him in a hard voice, wiggling free from his hold. He brushes his fingers through his hair, something he often does when he’s exasperated, and turns to Elena and my dad to back him up. To my surprise, my dad agrees with him.

“Carli, honey. He’s right. I don’t even want you staying in your room by yourself.”

I scoff, “I think if she’s going to have a target, I’m a great choice. I can defend myself. Courtney should be the one being careful right now.”

“She is. Nate even gave in and is letting Casey stay with her 24/7 now,” Elena tells me. “We won’t put a warrior on you around the clock like Nate is doing, but I won’t be able to rest if you are alone in that room. Can you just move in with us for now?”

My disgruntled face softens at her words. I don’t want to make her worry.

Parker pulls me back to him, and I allow him to wrap his arms back around me, “Please, Carli? I’ll go crazy too, knowing you’re alone. If something happens to you, it will kill me,” he whispers to me, rubbing his nose up and down my neck. I groaned, trying to ignore the faint tingles and heat shooting through my skin at the gesture.

“She could move back to the alpha quarters too,” my mom decides to make an appearance, slipping under Alpha Jared’s arm. Her face is studying me hopefully, making my face contort in confusion. Why the hell would she want me to move back there?

“I’m good. I don’t really want to go somewhere I’m not wanted. I’ll move in with my dad and Elena,” I scrunched my eyebrows and turned to look at my dad, “Temporarily. I think you are being over cautious about nothing.”

Luna Mary’s face falls into a grimace as she regards Elena’s triumphant expression, then she looks at Alpha Jared expectantly.

Alpha Jared grimaces, but quickly fixes his face into a polite mask and addresses me, “You will be moving back there eventually anyway. I think moving back to the alpha quarters would be for the best. You can have your old room back, or stay with Parker. If you choose your room, I can have omegas clear out Mary’s workout equipment tomorrow and have new furniture brought in-”

“You got rid of my furniture?” I asked in a hard voice. There were several empty bedrooms on the alpha’s floor. Why the hell would they need to turn the room that used to be mine into a home gym?

Parker grips me tighter, his face falling into a scowl. Dad covers his eyes and shakes his head in exasperation while Elena is glaring at Mary. My mom had the decency to look embarrassed at my question.

"I, uh, liked the view from your room so I use it for my morning workouts," she says softly.

Bull s**t. My room had the worst view overlooking the dumpsters and truck delivery entrance.

"As much as I would love for Carli to be with me, I think the best place for her would be with her parents," Parker said, looking down at me and smiling, "I'll help you pack up."

Parker starts leading us towards the packhouse when my dad calls out to him, "We're going to go help the fairy envoy search for our missing friend. Can you stay with Carli until we get back?"

Parker smiles brightly, "Gladly."

Back in my room, before I pack up my things to move over to the Gamma quarters, I very much need a shower. The mud was fun in the moment, but now that that moment is gone, I feel disgusting and have mud in some very uncomfortable places.

"I need to shower," I told Parker. He looks at me hesitantly for a few seconds before I give him a small smile, pulling on his hand. "Want to join me?"

His radiant smile makes my heart skip a beat. He pulls me into his arms, "Are you still drunk?"

I laughed, going up on my tippy toes and pulling his lips down to mine, "Not at all."

Parker's mouth against mine is like fireworks going off in my head. His breath tastes so sweet as his tongue dances with mine. Parker's hands roamed my slick body, pulling the ties for my bikini and letting it fall to the ground.

I hook my thumbs in the waistband of his shorts, pushing them down so they fall as we start walking together towards the bedroom and bathroom. Parker's

hands stay firmly on my waist, like he's trying to hold himself back from touching me more. I'm not as well-behaved.

My hands are exploring his muscles as they ripple beneath my touch. I grip his tight a*s and pull him against me and he groans into my mouth.

"You're killing me here," he whispers.

"What?" I looked up at him innocently, "I want to get more dirty before I get clean."

"Only you would get turned on after hearing your life could be in danger," he tells me, kissing down my neck and sucking gently on my marking spot. "I'm not going to take you until Saturday, Carli."

What?! I pulled back and glared at him, "Why?"

He chuckles, turning on the shower, then pulling me in with him. "Because I want you to feel the full mate bond. I don't know if I can hold back marking you if we get too far gone."

I grumble a curse, pushing him to the side so I can pick up my shampoo and get the mud out of my hair now that he has ruined my fantasy of shower s*x. Parker starts rubbing my neck and shoulders and I'm now trying my best to ignore him.

"Don't be grumpy. That doesn't mean I can't make you feel good. I just can't control myself."

"I'm not in the mood anymore," I mutter, rinsing the suds from my hair. Even though I'm upset, I still turn to face him, shampoo in my hand and force him to lean down so I can wash the chunks of mud from his curly blonde locks. He chuckles softly, and lets me do it, gripping my hips while I work.

I shift him so he can lean under the shower stream, needing him to bend over since he's so insanely tall.

"I can wash my own hair," he smiles at me as water streams from his face.

"Shut up," I muttered, rinsing the last of the shampoo from his hair. He bites his lips to keep from laughing at me.

I wash my body, allowing Parker to wash my back for me, then slip out of the shower so he can finish on his own. I'll take another shower and finish on my own later, if you catch my drift.

I'm slipping on shorts and a sports bra when Parker comes out of the bathroom. "Have any sweats or clothes that would fit me?"

I did, actually. Casey would sometimes come back with me when Simone had their Jeep and shower and get ready for school or work here. I open the bottom drawer of my dresser and pull out a pair of shorts, a shirt, and even boxers and toss them at Parker.

He looks at them with distaste, not moving to put them on. "Why the hell do you have an entire drawer filled with guy's clothes?"

I stand and smirk at him, "Wouldn't you like to know?" Maybe if he gets jealous he'll give in to me now.

He growls, then raises the shorts to his nose and sniffs them. "You're lucky they're Casey's. I know you haven't hooked up with him."

I rolled my eyes, then started the task of packing up everything I would need to spend the night with the Childes.

Parker helps me carry my stuff down to the Gamma quarters, then helps as I unpack in their spare bedroom.

"Still mad at me?" Parker asks, pulling me to stand between his knees as he sits on the bed.

"Frustrated," I grumble, "I'm not mad. I'm frustrated."

"Carli," he breathes my name like a prayer, "I'm not just another lay for you, and you sure as f**k aren't one for me. Our first time is going to be when you can feel the full mate bond too. Think of how amazing it will be."

"I wanted shower s*x," I pout.

He laughs, "After Saturday, you can have shower s*x every day for the rest of your life."

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Courtney POV

Casey has been amazing the past few days, especially with my overprotective, pain in the arse, can't give me a moment to breathe, dad. Dad has always been overprotective of me, so he's having a hard time coping with the fact I found my mate. It was one of those things we always talked about like it was in the distant future, like marriage or having kids, and he wasn't truly ready to let me go when he found out Casey was mine.

Dad agreed to let Casey stay with me to 'guard me' while he helped search for the missing rogue vampire. Since the vampire woman seemed to want me dead to get revenge for a coven my dad destroyed back home, he's trying to help as much as possible. It was dumb luck that the vampire thinks Carli is me. Uncle Thomas wasn't publicly Carli's dad for more than a few days. It's definitely me they were after.

This is day 2 of being my mate's captive, and I have no complaints. Well, maybe one.

"What do you want to do for lunch?" Casey asks me, rubbing my feet as I'm lying restlessly across his lap.

"You," I smiled deviously at him.

"Babe," his eyes are disapproving but a small smile is playing on his lips.

I sat up to straddle his lap, "I'm ready," I told him, kissing him softly, staring into his heated eyes.

"What if I'm not ready?" he smirks, raising an eyebrow at me.

"Oh, no. Am I putting pressure on my younger mate?" I gasped dramatically, teasing him.

"I'm just scared. I've never been with an older woman before," he says in a husky voice, pushing my hair from my shoulders.

"I doubt that," I laughed.

"I'm serious," he scoffs, "Are you suggesting I was promiscuous? First you try to take my virtue, now you're suggesting I was a floozy?"

"A floozy?" I giggle and shrug, "If the shoe fits."

He laughs, hugging me around my waist, "Seriously though, I wasn't like that. I'm not a virgin, but I didn't sleep around."

"Then sleeping with your mate shouldn't be that hard for you," I whined.

"Sleeping with my pure and perfect mate is. I want your first time to be special. Not in a guest suite with your dad lurking around."

"My dad doesn't lurk," I argued with him.

"Oh, he lurks," Casey scoffs, sitting up straighter, "The dude was in here watching us sleep last night."

"He did not," I rolled my eyes.

"He peeked in," Casey retorts.

"You should have closed the door," I argued.

"I didn't want the man thinking I was defiling his daughter!"

"His daughter wants to be defiled already!" I shouted back, laughing at his defiant face.

"I had a plan though," Casey muttered quietly.

"What plan?" I scrunched my face in confusion.

He pouted out his bottom lip, making me want to lean forward to bite it, but I held myself back.

"I had a plan; for our first night. I had a hotel reservation at my friend's resort yesterday, with strawberries and champagne, roses and a hot tub, but then the vampire escaped and I had to cancel it. I didn't want to take you off our lands and risk your safety."

"Sweetie," I rubbed his pouty lip with my thumb, "I don't need an elaborate plan or hotel reservations. I just need you for it to be special."

"But, still," he continues to pout, so I lean forward and finally bite his juicy bottom lip, causing him to growl with lust.

Our kissing starts out slowly, but soon Casey grips the back of my neck, kissing me deeply, his lips softening then flexing repeatedly on mine in a slow, rhythmic motion. The unfamiliar tingles deep in my belly are making me shift in his lap, hunting for something to alleviate the tension in my core. I'm ready. I've never been more ready for anything in my life.

I started rocking my body against Casey's, my fingers tracing down his buff chest, traveling south to the hem of his shirt. I break away from his lips so I can pull it off his body, smirking at him as I toss it over my shoulder onto the floor.

"My virtue," Casey gasps jokingly, crossing his arms across his chest as if to hide it from me.

"It's all mine," I smirked, pulling his face back to mine. Casey's hands start to roam my body, ridding me of my shirt and bra in the process.

"Are you sure you want this now?" he asks me breathlessly, "I don't mind waiting."

"I do," I told him as I started to undo the button and zipper on his shorts, "I do mind waiting, because I do want to do this now."

A low growl vibrates Casey's chest. He grips my body, then turns us so I'm under his weight on the bed. He flexes his hips against me a few times, fondling my chest and his lips pulling against mine. His fingers are pulling and kneading at my n****s, making me gasp and moan in to his mouth.

I'm a panting mess beneath him, unable to fully catch my breath as I struggle to keep up with all the sensations he's giving me. His hardened d**k rubbing against my jeans is creating delicious friction against my wet, aching core. His hands on my body are sending sparks dancing across my skin. I'm arching my back, trying to mold my body into his so he can feel this delicious pleasure with me. If he can make me feel like this with my pants still on, I can't wait for him to get them off me.

Casey's mouth works down my neck, sucking tenderly on the spot I hope will soon be home to his mark, then continues south, placing open mouth kisses on my oversensitive skin. I gasp, arching my back, as his lips latch onto my n****e. His tongue twirls around, then he bites down softly, making me whimper.

His hands go to the waistband of my jeans, quickly and skillfully undoing the clasp, then lifting my hips so he can pull them off my body, his mouth still wreaking havoc on my breasts.

When my pants are off, he sits back, taking in my naked body with heated eyes. I feel self-conscious and try to cover my p***y with my hands. Aunt Elena and Carli took me to get waxed a few days ago, and I'm still uncomfortable seeing my smooth folds. Casey groans, pulling his d**k out of his shorts and moving his hand up and down his length as his eyes roam my body.

"Play with yourself," he whispers seductively, "Show me what you want."

"What?" I breathed in surprise, not sure what to do.

He chuckles softly, still working his d**k in his hand. The sight of him pleasuring himself while looking at me was making my p***y leak profusely. My fingers start to twitch against my s*x.

"I want to see you finger yourself, baby. Show me," he says huskily, brushing his fingers down my leg.

I bit my lip and hesitantly parted my folds with my middle finger, finding my clit and pushing down. His eyes blaze watching my movements, encouraging me to continue. I move slow circles around my sensitive button, moaning softly at the pleasure. It's not so much my fingers, but his eyes watching me that make me feel so good. My hips start to rock methodically with my hand movement, my eyes never leaving Casey's wanting face.

His hand resting on my thigh glides up slowly, making my legs shiver. He slowly inserts a finger into me, and I gasp out in surprise.

"You're so f*****g tight," he groans, twirling his finger around inside me. A second finger joins his first, circling slowly and pumping in and out of me at an achingly slow pace. My fingers on my clit become more fervent, seeking release from the tension.

Casey leans back over me, kissing my lips chastely, then moving down so his face is right over my s*x. He kisses my fingers a few times, making them cease their motion, then uses his nose to nudge them out of the way.

His lips latch onto my clit, and I'm seeing stars. I've never felt pleasure like this. He is massaging my swollen bud between his lips, sucking and pulling. His fingers started to pump harder, in and out of me. His tongue is lapping up my juices, diving into me between his fingers thrusting, tickling that sweet spot right at my entrance. My legs start to shake violently, my toes curling as my o****m washes over me. Casey doesn't let up. His tongue and fingers remain relentless, making my climax ache as it lasts way longer than I think it's supposed to. Why the heck would he want to keep me waiting any longer for this? This was....everything. My body has never felt so wound up and loose all at the same time.

His fingers ease out of me, but his tongue continues to lap up my wetness, working in and out of me, twirling into my depths.

"You're so f*****g ready for me," he moans, sitting back up and looking down at his work. I'm still too caught up in the high of my o****m to feel embarrassed or shy.

Casey grabs a pillow from above my head, then lifts me slightly to place it under my lower back.

"Are you ready, baby? It's not too late to back out?" he leans over me, his sweet breath, mixed with the smell of my arousal washing over my face.

"I want this," I tell him, my eyes full of conviction and adoration, "I want to finally be yours."

"You already are. And I'm yours," he rubs his nose down my neck.

"I want to be yours in every way, Casey. I want this. I'm ready," I moan as he starts sucking on my marking spot.

I feel his smile on my skin. "I love you Courtney," he says, pulling back up to look at me, "I love you so much already. I want you to know that before we do this."

I smiled brightly at my mate. "I love you too."

Her Brother, Her Mate Chapter 34

Casey POV

Watching my mate come undone for the first time is the most perfect moment of my life. My heart is swelling up to my throat as pride fills me. This perfect creature wreathing before me is my mate. Her ivory thighs are glistening with her juices mixed with my saliva and I have never been more hard.

I used the hand covered with her wetness to start working up and down my d**k again, coating my shaft with it. Her smell. My goddess, I've never smelled anything so divine. Like maple syrup and brown sugar. I want to taste her more, but I don't want to embarrass myself by busting a nut watching her come undone again.

I grab a pillow, sliding it under her behind her hips to help with the aching that will come from taking her first time. I can't even describe how happy that made me, hearing my mate was a virgin. I know it's hypocritical, but I get jealous easily, and didn't want to kill any wolves after moving to a new pack because I found out they had been with my woman.

I had gotten pretty good at warding off males in our pack from hitting on Carli when I was still hoping she was my mate. Parker should thank me later. Now that I found Courtney, I'm eternally grateful I was given this perfect gift and that Carli had always refused me. Courtney is everything. Everything I could have ever hoped for, and all the things I never thought I wanted.

A strong and fierce warrior is what most guys want. Someone that can dominate in a fight and then dominate them in the bedroom. That is Carli in a nutshell. I thought I wanted that too, but the moment I laid eyes on my soft, bright-eyed mate that idea was long gone. Being the dominant one in our relationship, being the one to protect her instead of following behind, and being the one these sweet, emerald eyes look up to like I'm her whole world, is everything to me now.

"Are you ready, baby? It's not too late to back out?" I asked her, bending back over, gently pressing my weight into her soft, slim frame.

"I want this," she tells me, her face still hazy from her o****m, but eyes full of adoration for me, "I want to finally be yours." So f*****g perfect.

"You already are. And I'm yours," I mumble against her neck as I breathe in more of her intoxicating scent.

"I want to be yours in every way, Casey. I want this. I'm ready," her sweet little moan makes my d**k twitch as I gently suck on the spot that will soon hold my mark.

I feel such a conviction for her. She will always be my everything. I know it. "I love you Courtney," I whispered, pulling back to look into her luminescent eyes, "I love you so much already. I want you to know that before we do this."

A brilliant smile breaks across her face, "I love you too."

I claim her mouth, enjoying the way she pushes her body into mine as I dominate her lips, slow and sensually. Her sweet moans and gasps encourage me to continue. I trace her body with my fingers, resting them right at her opening. I push 2 fingers inside her once again, circling them around and stretching her as much as I can. She's so f*****g tight. I'm not small by any means and I don't want to hurt her. I pump my fingers in and out of her, trying to slide in a third, but she hisses as it presses against her quivering walls.

"Does that hurt?" I asked, stopping my movements.

Her eyes are scrunched closed, a grimace gracing her face as she sucks in a breath, "A little, but it feels...." she sighs, her body adjusting to the fullness, "It feels good too. Keep going."

I kiss her face tenderly, watching it contort as I work 3 fingers inside her. When I see no more discomfort, only pleasure, I pick up the pace, rotating my fingers inside her at the same time.

She's in ecstasy. The way her walls are tightening and quivering against my fingers, I know she's close to another o****m. I use my thumb to rub relentless circles on her clit, smiling victoriously as her legs start to shake violently once again. She's a f*****g shaker and I love it so damn much. Her panting breaths drive me to pump my fingers harder, and she finally comes undone, gushing onto my hand. f**k yes.

I pull my fingers out, but continue to rub her clit while she's still shaking, then position myself at her entrance. I slowly push into her, covering her mouth with my own so I can capture her moans.

Her panting from her o****m, turns into panting and moaning from my d**k filling and stretching her. I stop about halfway in, letting her get used to the feel of me.

“You okay, baby?” I asked her, kissing her tenderly.

She nodded adamantly, but her face was still contorted in pain. I wait a minute until her face smooths over and she has her breathing back under control before I slowly push the rest of the way in. This is heaven. This connection with her is more powerful than anything I have ever felt in my life.

I rest my forehead on hers, my d**k in her to the hilt, and wait for her to tell me she’s okay.

“Is that it? Is it all in?” she groans, her nails tearing into the skin on my arms.

“It’s all in, baby. You’re doing so good. Let me know when you’re ready for me to move.”

She opens her eyes, tears streaming from their corners, and even though she’s in pain, her love for me is adamant. Goddess, I love this woman. I love her so f*****g much. I kissed her tears away, holding her small face in my hand. My thumb traces over her bottom lip as she stares back up at me. Slowly, her nails loosen from my biceps, and I can see the pain is receding in her eyes.

“I’m ready,” she breathes. I smiled, then kissed her lips as I slowly started to pump in and out of her. This is euphoric. The sparks from the mate bond, combined with the connection we share and the feeling of being inside her, are everything to me. She is everything to me.

Her whimpers and groans turn into rapturous moans and gasps as she starts calling out my name like a prayer.

I pick up my speed, until I’m slamming into her, hitting that place deep inside of her that makes her gasp in delirium and cry out her impending climax.

I hook my arms under her, pulling her up so she’s in my lap while I slam up into her. Her eyes flew open in surprise. A growl erupts out of my chest, the need to mark her filling me.

I brush the hair from her shoulder, never relenting as I pound into her swollen, pulsing p***y. Kissing her neck, I then sucked on her marking spot, licking and massaging it to help ready it for my mark. Courtney starts taking some control, rocking her hips in my lap as she licks and sucks on my neck too.

I feel it. I feel when we are both so close to the edge. My canines elongate, tearing through her sweet flesh, then I shudder as I feel her teeth tear into me. Holy f**k. Everything blacks out but her. Sparks dance around in my vision and I empty myself into her. Her body starts to shake uncontrollably and I know she's cumming too.

I grip her tightly against me, her small body still rocking slightly against mine. After a few minutes, when I regain my vision and reason, I retract my teeth, licking her mark closed, and when she regains her thoughts, she starts doing the same to me.

"Holy cow," she pants, throwing her arms around my neck and hugging me tightly. "Why would you ever want to make me wait for that? That was-

"Amazing. That was f*****g amazing," I finished her sentence. She laughs breathlessly and nods against my shoulder.

I kissed my mark on her neck proudly. She's mine. Forever.

"You're not going to make me wait to do that again, are you?" she asks me, and I can hear the accusation in her tone, making me chuckle.

"We're not waiting at all," I told her, laying her back on the bed. f**k hotels and hot tubs. All I need is her. This was the most magical night of my life, and I'm going to prolong it as much as possible.

Her Brother, Her Mate Chapter 35

Parker POV

It's been 2 days since the vampire escaped. Carli has reluctantly stayed in the packhouse with either me or her parents and I can tell she is getting stir crazy not being able to help. It's not helping that mom and dad seem to be belittling her abilities when she tries, claiming it's not her place and other s**t like that. They don't know her at all. She takes it as a personal challenge or an insult to her hard work every time, making her want to find the rogue vamp herself to prove them wrong.

She's currently lying upside down on the Childes's couch, her legs propped against the wall, reading comics on her phone. Simone was supposed to come spend the night with her tonight, but she's getting stood up because, and I quote, "That little tramp would rather get her d**k wet than hang out with me,".

She then went into a little rant about how at least someone was getting some, glaring at me. It's adorable watching her in frustration because of how much she wants me. Saturday is going to be so heated. I know I'm going to pay for making her wait, but I'm very much looking forward to it.

I'm flipping through the channels on the TV, looking for anything interesting. Elena and Tommy are out with Gamma Nathan and our warriors, combing the city for some signs of the missing vampire. I've been spending the nights with Carli, sleeping on the couch of course, much to her frustration. Tommy told her he wouldn't put a guard on her, but he's asked me to stay with her when he can't. I was more than happy to agree.

Carli rolls and slides off the couch, lying on the floor in a dissatisfied mess. "I'm bored," she mutters.

"Want to find something to watch?" I asked her, stretching my hand out to offer her the remote.

"TV is stupid. I want to go somewhere," she grumbles.

I smirked, biting my lips to keep from laughing, "We can take a trip to the kitchen. Or the dining hall?"

She looks up and shoots me a venomous look, "You can go f**k yourself," she sneers, making my laughter bubble out, "I f****d myself last night," she mutters softly.

"What?" I stopped laughing, glaring at my mate who was now smirking at her phone.

"You heard me. Someone had to," she mumbles.

"Carli," I groaned, adjusting myself uncomfortably in the recliner as I thought about her doing that to herself.

"Parker," he mimics my tone, sticking out her tongue.

I dropped the remote on my seat, then slid down to my knees, leaning over to grab one of Carli's feet to slide her to me. She squeals and laughs with the sudden jerk.

"You're an insatiable pain in the a*s, did you know that?"

She smirks up at me, "You can give me an insatiable pain in the a*s if you want. Least I can do to make it up to you."

I laughed softly, then bent over her to claim her smart mouth. She locks her legs around my waist and starts rocking her body against mine. I groan in frustration. She's getting me hard, again, and it's going to take everything in me to not give in to her. Maybe I should....no. After listening to Casey talk about making his first time with Courtney special, I want that for Carli too. She's not making it easy for me though.

Her tongue fights for dominance as it tangles with mine. She bites my lip hard, making me cry out as she sucks it into her mouth. I can't help myself. I'm rubbing my c**k against her warmth furiously, dry humping the s**t out of her and she's smirking triumphantly. I move my hands up her body, sliding them under her shirt. No bra, of course. Her perfect, round and full boobs feel amazing in my hands. I just want to bury my face between them. One taste won't hurt, right?

I was about to push her shirt all the way up and over her head when knocking sounds at the door.

"Ignore it," Carli moans into my ear, sucking the soft flesh of my earlobe into her mouth, making my d**k twitch in response. I tried to ignore it, but the knocking came 3 more times.

"What the f**k," Carli cries out in frustration, pushing me to roll off her so she can get up and see who it is.

I adjust my hard d**k in my shorts, trying to hide it with my boxer brief's waistband, then follow her to see who it is.

"You b***h!" Carli was standing at the open door laughing, "You said you couldn't make it."

"I changed my mind," Simone grins widely, pulling Carli into a hug, "Plus, he was like, this small," she pouts, pushing her thumb and index finger together.

“His picture on tinder suggested otherwise,” Carli laughs.

“Profile pictures are always overfiltered. I should have known,” Simone sighed.

Do they even have a filter to exaggerate d**k size? And when did Carli see this picture? Is she on Tinder too?

“The puppy is here!” Simone calls out with a smile when she sees me, “I see you don’t need a filter to help you out,” she smirks down at my still hard, obviously not hidden d**k. “Did I interrupt something?”

“Yes, but it’s okay,” Carli turns to glare at me, “He won’t finish the job anyway until Saturday.”

“How noble of you,” Simone snickered.

Simone makes herself at home, rummaging through the fridge and pulling out all the snack food she can find, along with a few drinks. She goes on and on to Carli about her date with some tourist here on vacation. My irritation builds listening to Carli tell her about her experiences with the app too.

I never should have left Florida. I should have stayed close to watch over my mate. I’m irritated with myself more than anything, but I have no room to complain. I wasn’t exactly a saint in college. My first two years away were a blur of women and alcohol, trying to get my teenage sister out of my head.

Our f*****g mother. If it wasn’t for her, maybe I could have accepted her being my mate sooner, then I could have prevented Tinder from ever being downloaded on her phone. Is it on there still?

“Hey, Carli? Can I see your phone for a sec?”

“Why?” she asks me, fishing it out of her pocket.

I shrugged, trying to look nonchalant, “I want to look through your pictures. I forgot to forward that one you took of us yesterday to myself.”

“Oh. Sure, here,” she tosses her phone to me.

I slide the screen up, unlock the phone, then scan her apps to see if she still has the hook-up app on her phone.

There it is. The little red icon with a white flame. Not only that, but there are 2 others just like it in a folder labeled with an eggplant. I try to repress my growl as I delete the apps, one by one, thinking about why she had these in the first place. In the same folder there's a cloud drive icon. I click on it, and up pops a grid of men, all half or completely naked.

I can't stop the growl from escaping my clenched teeth, fury vibrating through my chest. Is this what she used to get off to by herself last night?

"What?" Carli and Simone both turned to me in question.

"What are these?" I turned the phone so she could see.

Simone's eyebrows shot up, a slow smirk spreading across her face, already knowing what Carli was going to say.

Carli shrugs, waving away my concern, "Just some friends."

"Friends? What kind of friends send each other nudes?" I seeth.

"The kind you can call when your dickhead step-brother abandons you and you feel lonely," she glares at me.

That hurt. She's right. If I had never left her, she wouldn't have needed those apps or these....guys. f**k, this is infuriating. I run my hand through my hair, then start deleting the pictures one by one. Does this mean all these guys have nude pictures of her on their phones too? I know I shouldn't, but I can't stop myself from asking.

"Did you send them something when they sent you these?" I asked, trying not to bare my teeth at her.

She rolls her eyes, "Quit being like that. Let me see your phone. I bet you have a spank bank too."

I growled, but pulled my phone from my pocket and tossed it at her. I don't have anything in there. Nothing. Just pictures of her, past and present.

She tried to unlock it but I had a passcode. "It's your birthday. 05-28-04," I told her.

She smiles a little, but doesn't look up. Just unlocks the phone and proceeds to go through all my apps, pictures and files. She's not going to find anything.

“Who’s Emma?” she asks, going through my text messages.

Oh f**k. I forgot about Emma. She was a girl I hooked up with my sophomore year, then spent the next 2 years trying to shake off. She finally got the hint, and started dating a guy from the swim team, but I would still get drunk texts from her periodically. I never delete messages, letting my phone automatically delete them when the chats get old. Emma sent me a picture of her in a party dress last week, though. Followed by a picture of her in just her underwear much later the same night. I never responded, but I forgot to delete them.

“Uhh.....” I stared at the screen she had turned to face me with a panicked expression.

“That’s what I thought. So, I wouldn’t let you into my room after the beach party, so you got off to this chick instead. Nice.” She nods her head, taking her phone from my hand, then throwing mine at me. “You really can go f**k yourself now. Don’t act like such a self-righteous prick to me, when you do the same thing.”

She storms off, slamming the door to the bedroom.

Simone chuckled softly, then sighed, “Now, look what the puppy did.”