

Her Brother, Her Mate Chapter 8

Parker POV

Listening to Carli, I couldn't help but to react. Hearing about her 20 o*****s from another man pissed me off, and I felt this uncontrollable need to dominate her as she insulted and berated me.

I'm kissing her before I know it; before I make a conscious thought of doing it. The crazy thing is, she is kissing me back. The tingles and sparks that erupt all over me drive me to keep going. Now that I have her in my arms, I never want to let her go.

Carli has zero hesitation, and I know it's probably the alcohol and her annoying drinking habit, but I'm not going to complain about the circumstances. I'm kissing her, and she's kissing me back.

I moan as she sucks my bottom lip into her mouth, then grab hold of her firm, smooth waist and bring her to straddle me in my seat. I shiver feeling her legs rub against my hip, even through the fabric of my swim trunks the sparks are overwhelming.

The scent of other men on her is driving me crazy. I want to overwrite anything and everything she has ever done with someone else. Why did I push her away 4 years ago? Why couldn't I have realized then what a gift I was being given? There would have been no Vincent or Casey, or anyone else. I could have kept her close until she learned the truth of who we were meant to be.

Her toned body is wreathing, as desperate for me as I am for her. She is so close to her 18th birthday. So close to learning the truth. In her drunken state, her wolf can probably feel the connection between us.

I let my hands roam her body, trailing down her exposed skin, resting on her hips as she rocks her body against mine. Her gasp as she finds friction against my hardening d**k drives me to be bolder. I untied the top to her swimsuit, and instantly regretted it. She froze, then clutched her bikini top before it slipped down, freeing her round breasts.

"We can't do this," she whispers, suddenly horrified by what's happening. "We can't... This is wrong."

"No, no, Carli it's not," I pleaded with her, gripping her hips tightly. I don't want to lose this moment with her. "We're not...Carli, mom isn't my birth mom, and dad isn't your dad. I don't think he is, anyway. I...I can't say for sure, but I don't think we share any of the same blood," I tell her, hoping this will bring her back to me.

It does the opposite.

"What?" she slides down my thighs, sliding off my softening d**k, and I want to groan with the loss of contact. "What are you talking about?"

"Carli," I cup her face, sparks dancing on my fingertips, "Mom is not my mom. My real mom died when I was 4. Matt told me your mom was...she was already...he said mom worked at his parent's resort and she was with someone else when dad found her. This is okay. It's more than okay. We're.."

"Is that why they treat me like trash?" Carli asked, face aghast.

"Carli..."

"I want to go home," she said, climbing off my lap and back into her own seat.

"Carli," I tried to get her to talk to me, but she's shut down. She used to do this when she was little. When things got to be too much for her, and she couldn't find a solution by fighting, she shut down, blocking the world out and only focusing inward. I won't be able to get through to her like this. I need to get her home, then maybe she will talk to me when I can force her to look at me in the privacy of her room.

Carli ties her swimsuit, fixing it so it's back in place, then goes back to staring out the window, completely ignoring me.

Carli POV

What does he mean we don't share the same blood? My head is still foggy, and it's hard for me to think straight enough to compute Parker's words. If we're only related in the sense of step-siblings, that would explain why my parents have hated me my entire life. That leaves me wondering who my dad might be if it wasn't the man I thought it was for the last nearly 18 years.

And what was that with Parker? Even before he told me that, I was not only kissing him back, I was dry humping the crap out of him, all while his hands

were roaming all over me and I was loving it. The heat from his touch does something to me. It makes me irrational.

None of this matters. 9 days and I'm gone. 9 days, and whether or not mom and dad lied to me all these years won't matter. What just happened with Parker won't matter. I cling to that thought...but the question of my paternity still bothers me.

I need to talk to Matt.

"Carli," my brother whispers, again, as we pull into the packhouse parking lot, "Can I...can I come talk to you? In your room? I don't want there to be.."

"I don't want there to be anything, so no need to talk. I don't know what that was, but it can't happen again. Mom would," I close my eyes, trying to hide my emotions. If I'm being honest with myself, that was the best kiss of my life. I can still feel his touch and lips on me, and it scares me thinking about the depravity I feel now. Thinking about what mom would do if she found out that happened actually makes me want to do it all the more. I'm so confused. Lusting after my brother, even if we don't share any blood, is so, so wrong.

"Mom would lose her s**t, Parker. She would send me off tomorrow. This can't happen again."

"It's going to happen again," he states, his eyes pleading with mine.

I looked at him for the first time since I crawled out of his lap, completely dumbfounded.

"Why? Because you think I'm easy?"

"NO!" he shouts, going to grab my hands, but I move them out of his reach. "I don't.."

"I don't care what you think," I cut him off, "We're brother and sister, even if we share half or no blood. We can't and we won't be doing that again."

I slammed his truck door, then stalked towards the packhouse.

It's still early, almost 8PM, so the packhouse is still wide awake. It would be impossible to make it up to my room unseen. I decide to own my scantily clad body, boldly walking into the building. It's Florida and it's almost summer.

Walking around in a bikini isn't a big deal, and I've got other things to worry about than being seen as inappropriate. That's what I thought, anyway, until I saw my mother coming out of the dining hall. Great. Just what I need to finish off such a wonderful evening.

Mom takes one horrified look at me, then quickly walks over, scanning the room as she goes, probably to take into account the eyes watching before she starts to berate me, or slap me again for something else that isn't my fault.

"Where are your clothes?" she hisses at me as I try to ignore her and walk towards the staircase.

I shrug, "The backseat of some boy's car." It's not a lie. I did leave them in the back of Casey's...and Simone's Jeep. My statement has my desired effect. The anger that flashes through mom's eyes brings me a moment of satisfaction, but then she raises her hand like she's going to slap me again. Great. The last slap took until lunch time to fade. Once I'm 18, I'll be able to have my wolf DNA heal me almost instantly from small stuff like this, but as a minor, I have to shift to channel the healing abilities. I haven't gone for a run in a few days. Maybe after she hits me I can use that as an excuse to shift and run for several hours. I'll be able to think more clearly in wolf form. The lingering drunkenness will completely fade.

Right before mom's hand makes contact with my face, Parker's hand reaches out at lightning speed and stops it midair.

"What did I tell you this morning?" he growls. "DON'T hit Carli again."

Mom looks back and forth between us, eyes horrified. "Were you two together?"

"Unfortunately," I rolled my eyes. "I'm going to bed. Gawd, I can't wait to leave here."

I stomped up the stairs.

Parker POV

A growl runs through my chest hearing my mate say she can't wait to leave. I want to run after her, and beg her to take it back, but I have to deal with this s**t first. This woman, our mother, seemed determined to push Carli away. Why was she going to hit her this time? Carli walked into the building and I

saw mom just stomp towards her, hissing and snarling even though Carli looked indifferent, then instantly went to hit her again. Is this what Carli always has to deal with? Am I fighting a losing battle because of this woman I've always considered my mom?

"Why?" I asked her desperately, "Why do you treat her like that? What did she do this time?"

Mom's eyes looked truly bewildered at my question. I drop her hand, and she starts fidgeting nervously.

"She shouldn't be walking around here without clothes on. It isn't decent," she thrust her chin up stubbornly.

I held my arms out. "Then hit me too. I'm in nothing but my swimsuit as well."

"That's different," she states.

"Why? Because I'm a guy?" I shook my head in disbelief. "If you are determined to have your daughter hate you, fine. You accomplished that years ago. Don't you dare drive her away more than you already have. If I lose her because of you, I'll never forgive you."

"But your father.."

"My father never should have brought you home. Especially since you were pregnant with another man's child at the time," I didn't fully believe my accusation, until I said it. The fear that filled her eyes was all the confirmation I needed.

"How?..."

"How did I know? I attended a party and heard a rumor, but you just confirmed it for me yourself. I don't know why you are keeping it a secret, but you're hurting your children by doing so. I'm not going to stand for it. Leave Carli alone, or I'll talk to dad myself and have him deal with you."

I ran up the stairs after Carli, not sparing our mother a second glance. I can feel the fear and anxiety rolling off her in waves, though. Good. Maybe that will keep her in line.

Outside Carli's door, her sweet coconut scent lingering in the hall and wafting from under her door filled me with longing. I wish this didn't have to be so complicated. I wish I could just claim her, then fulfill the mate bond the second she turns 18. I wish our parents hadn't made everything so hard for us.

I knock tentatively on her door, then wait several seconds before knocking again. By the third time, Carli rips open the door and she's standing in front of me dripping wet and with nothing but a towel. She has more covered than when she was wearing the tiny bikini, but for some reason I find this so much more seductive.

"What!?" she huffs, clearly annoyed that I interrupted her.

"I, uh," I can't find the words with her standing there like that. All she has to do is move her hand and she would be gloriously naked in front of me.

"Parker," she rubs her temples with her free hand, clearly exasperated, "I'm done. I can't take any more of your crap today. Please, just give me some space."

She closes the door in my face before I can find any words to say in response.

Am I fighting a losing battle? I'm so scared now. If she finds out I'm her mate, she might reject me before I have a chance to win her affection. She probably won't give me a chance. I don't know what to do. I don't know how to fix this. I take a deep breath, then decide to do something to fix at least one of my parents' mistakes. I'm going to go see my dad and have her transfer withdrawn.