

## Her Vampire, Her Mate Chapter 10

Simone POV

Waking the next morning to the smell of bacon and coffee, I pulled my eye mask off my eyes and peeked around the room disoriented for a moment before I remembered I was staying at Vincent's condo. I'm sweaty and sticky, my skin feeling clammy from the heat and drive from being so close to my mate all night but fighting the pull to him. It took me forever to fall asleep. All I wanted to do was go to the room next to mine and crawl in bed with Vincent, mounting him and seeing just how skilled that tongue of his really was as he said my name in that erotic way he does.

I sat up and stretched, my silk cami riding up and slightly eschew right when Vincent popped his head into the room. I quickly adjusted my shirt, righting it on my body before one of my boobs popped out.

I knew I should have shut the door last night, but it's been a habit since I was little to leave the door slightly open. It made me feel more secure and safe being able to hear that someone else was in the house with me. Vincent catching me with my bedhead and just woken state made me wish I had swallowed down my anxiety and kept the door shut.

"Good morning. How do you like your coffee?" Vincent smiled at me.

Pulling the sheet up to cover half my face, I muttered, "Iced with milk."

Vincent chuckled, "You look beautiful even just waking up. No need to be shy. Breakfast is ready. Come eat."

I quickly washed my face, groaning when I saw the crust in the corner of my eyes and the dried spit on the corner of my mouth. Great. I hope he didn't notice. I pat cool water on my neck and chest, trying to relieve the clamminess of my nighttime struggles. I sighed, deciding I was as presentable as I was going to get, tied a silk robe around me, then went to meet Vincent in the kitchen.

Vincent set my iced coffee at the breakfast bar. Bacon, fried eggs, toast, and fruit salad are plated for me.

"Do you own a breakfast restaurant too?"

He chuckled, "Yes, but this was cooked here by yours truly."

"Wow, the rich entrepreneur vampire can cook too?" I raised my eyebrow and smirked at him. "You're quite the catch."

"I'm glad you think so," he winked, making me blush. Smooth talk is something else he is good at. He is quite the charmer.

We ate and chatted easily. Vincent is quite engaging and very easy to talk to.

"I need to run a few errands this morning. I shouldn't be long. My men will stay stationed around the condo still. Do you want me to call Carli or Parker to send someone over to stay with you until I return?"

I shook my head, "I'll be fine. No need to pull them away from work." I spoke to Carli last night. They're working overtime to try and find Aiden. I don't want to add to their burdens.

Vincent nodded, "Alright. I will send you Simon's number. He is my head of security and will be in his office downstairs if you need anything."

Vincent leaves look scrumptious in a loose linen shirt and chino pants, his black hair still wet from his shower and brushed back, out of his face. I'm squirming as my libido stirs at the sight of him. Cold shower. I need a freaking cold shower to cool the heat building in me.

The mate bond is pushing me to attack him, my s\*x drive going into overdrive after being immersed in his scent constantly since last night. I need to work out some of this frustration. I'm going to end up attacking him when he gets back.

After a quick shower, I threw on some yoga pants and a sports bra then took my yoga mat out onto the balcony, where Vincent's smell is the weakest. After about half an hour of meditation, I started my normal stretching, feeling more in control of my body for the first time since arriving here.

That doesn't last long. Pretty soon, as I'm bent over in the downward dog, his spicy scent reaches me again.

"Wow," Vincent breathed, his eyes glowing as I look up at him between my legs. "What are we doing out here?"

“Yoga,” I tried to remain focused breathing out as I scoop my body down into the child’s pose. I held it for several seconds before flipping over to face my mate. “Welcome back.”

“Mmh,” Vincent moaned, and I can see the desire in his face as he stared down at me, “Do you do yoga every morning?”

I laughed softly, “Most, but it’s a recent thing. I’m trying to tone up.”

“You looked pretty toned to me,” he hummed in appreciation.

I blushed and rolled my eyes, “Far from it. Look at these thighs,” I said, grabbing them and jiggling them slightly.

“They look...delicious,” he murmured, eyes focused on my hands rubbing my legs. He quickly shook his head and then gave me an apologetic stare, “I’m sorry. That was rude.”

“I don’t mind,” I bit my lip, eyes boring into his.

His breath hitches slightly, and he reached a hand down to help me up. I take his hand and the sparks instantly set my skin on fire and desire pools in my belly. He pulled me up, pulling my body flush against his, making me gasp.

“I want to kiss you, Simone,” he whispered, his breath washing over my face, making my knees go weak.

“I want you to kiss me too,” I stared back into his heated eyes.

His lips were slow and sensual against mine. The appeasement of the mate bond inside me as his mouth moves against mine has me moaning in satisfaction. His lips are like water after being parched for far too long. His hands, softly rubbing down my arms sent my mind into delirium, and soon I’m throwing my arms around his neck, bringing his face impossibly closer to mine.

His tongue danced across the seal of my lips, teasing me until I granted him access. His tongue. I knew it would be magical. The way it careens and pushes against mine has me melting in his arms.

His hand cups the back of my head, tilting it and directing me. I have never felt anything as wonderful as this. If this is my reward for working out, I'll be doing yoga every morning.