

Her Vampire, Her Mate Chapter 11

Vincent POV

That itch; that irritant that has been pushing and nagging in the back of my brain from the moment I walked out of my condo this morning was not only relieved but sated and tamed as my mouth and tongue tangled with Simone's.

She is exquisite. Walking out onto the balcony and seeing her round, perfect a*s, as bubbly as her personality up in the air, catching the faint outline of her southern lips and imaging biting into her mouthwatering thighs had me standing at attention. I could no longer contain my desire for this woman. Denying myself was like torture. She was beyond my dreams and I have to have her.

Her gasps and moans spur me on, encouraging me to be more bold. I grab hold of her perfect, bubbly a*s pulling her against me. Her touch sends electricity through my body, a sensation I have never felt before. It ignited feelings in me, stronger than any emotions I have ever felt before. Her body fits perfectly against mine. Even her scent, like jasmine and champagne, pulls me to her.

"Simone," I whisper her name, making her whimper. She seems to be affected by me too. She may not feel these feelings as strongly, but she feels for me. I can taste it. I lifted her body into my arms, groaning huskily as she wrapped her legs and those delicious thighs around my waist, her small feet pressing into my a*s, pushing my erection into her delicate flower.

I carry her into my apartment, down the hall, and into my bedroom. I need her. I need to see if she tastes this good everywhere.

"Vin," she moans as I lay her down, kissing down her neck. Her n****s are puckered through her thin bra, pressing against my chest, driving me wild. I need to taste them.

I kiss down her neck pulling the stretchy fabric down under one of her full breasts, marveling at her areola, slightly darker than the rest of her caramel skin. My tongue flicks around her sensitive skin, making her back arch as she calls out my name. I sucked her hardened n****e into my mouth, letting my teeth scrape across it gently. She is wild beneath me. My hands roamed her tight, curvy body, brushing over her heated core, making her gasp and moan, shifting her hips as she seeks out friction.

She wants me too. Thank f**k. I don't think I can stop now that I've tasted her. She was mine the moment she let me kiss her.

She is pulling at the buttons on my shirt, trying to undo them in her delirium. I let her undo the first few, then I leaned up pulling it over my head. Her heated gaze roams my bare chest admiringly. I knew I was not built bulky like the werewolf men, but she doesn't seem to mind. Her eyes look hungry as they travel down my frame, her manicured finger pressed against her lip. She lifts a foot, tucking a toe into my waistband and pushing it down making me laugh softly. I comply, unfastening my pants and kicking them to the floor as she pulls her bra over her head, tossing it to the floor.

Her perfect t**s are on full display, and my already hard length gets impossibly harder. She is divine. Like a goddess.

I groan in appreciation as my mouth latches back onto her very full chest. My tongue flicks and teases her as my fingers find their way inside her pants. She is so wet. Unbelievably wet. The smooth stickiness coats my fingers as they travel between her folds, teasing her small bud and swollen lips.

I pull her tight pants down her legs, then let my lips travel to those thighs. I just want to sink my teeth into them, marking them as mine. I suck the flesh into my mouth, working her skin until a satisfying bruise formed on her inner thigh, then started kissing up her thighs until I reached her overflowing center.

It's beautiful. Her p***y is a work of art on full display only for me. I hook my hands under her thighs, pulling her s*x wide open. My tongue travels up her slit, then slipped between her folds, teasing her clit in torturous circles before sucking it into my mouth.

I flicked my tongue over it violently, working it between my lips, causing her to scream out in ecstasy. She is cumming already and we haven't even started.

I lap up her nectar like a hungry man. That's what I am. Undeniably hungry for her, and only her. I worked my tongue inside her tight core, drawing out a second o****m, moaning as I feed on her essence. Her legs are shaking and twitching as she comes down from her o****m. Her delicious thighs; I kissed down them, leaving a trail of her deliciousness all over the tender flesh.

"Vincent, please," she begged, her hands tangling in my hair, pulling me up to her. I chuckled softly, kissing my way up her body, pausing again at her full breast. I knead her n****e in my mouth, my tongue dancing around the areola,

my fingers twisting and traveling inside her folds. I curl my fingers up, rubbing furiously on her walls as my teeth grazed her bust. She comes undone once again, her tight walls pulsing against my fingers.

I don't wait for her to come down. I slammed my hardness into her, making her cry out as I pounded into her o****m, sending her body violently into another. Her entire body is electrifying to no end. Even inside her. The pleasure she is giving me by just being here is greater than anything else I have ever felt.

She is incoherent as she yells and cries out, her sweet voice calling to something deep inside of me. I cover her mouth with my own, capturing her cries. Her desperate breaths mixed with my own as I rolled my hips into her over and over again, my tip kissing her deepest depths.

She is convulsing around me once more, her legs hooked over my shoulders as I chase my own ending. Her smooth legs fall from my shoulders as she kisses down my neck, sucking the flesh where my neck and shoulder meet. I feel her teeth skimming the skin there and a tremor travels down my spine.

Her canines elongate, and I gasp as they tear through my flesh, sinking into my muscle. The pain is fleeting, quickly replaced with pure pleasure, fireworks dancing in my vision as I pour myself into her in endless spurts. I don't know what she had just done, but all of a sudden, her voice is traveling through my mind, surprising me as I gasped for air.

"My mate," her euphonic voice travels through my head.

"Mate," I whispered, tears in my eyes. I look into her mystifying amber eyes, hers spilling over with streams of moisture.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. I've been holding myself back. I know you aren't like me. I didn't-"

"Shh," I kiss her lips tenderly, pressing my head to hers. "I'm your mate?" I ask to be sure.

She hiccups then nodded hesitantly. The smile that spread across my face must ease some of her anxiety because she stops crying, looking at me in confusion.

"Good, because you're mine, Simone, and I'm never letting you go."

