

Her Vampire, Her Mate Chapter 13

Simone POV

“She sounded happy for you,” Vincent came pressing up against my back, gently rubbing his hands down my arms and caressing his nose along my neck. The euphoric tingles make me moan softly as I roll my head to the side, giving him better access.

“You smell divine, Simone. Intoxicating,” he hums in appreciation.

“So do you,” I whimper out, trying not to let my knees buckle as he nibbles on my skin. This man’s stamina is no joke. He had me screaming and thrashing on his bed for hours, one o****m blending into another in an endless stream of intense pleasure. He only stopped when my belly started to rumble from a different kind of hunger. If I wasn’t a werewolf with fast healing I wouldn’t be able to walk right now. My p***y lips still feel swollen and sensitive, like I can still feel his thick d**k pulsing inside me.

Vincent flicks his tongue over my earlobe, lightly sucking on the soft flesh then cups my face, turning it towards his talented lips as he claims my mouth. I’m a panting mess already, feeling the familiar building between my legs as his tongue dances with mine. His fingers are feather-light, barely grazing my sensitized skin, but that just adds to the crazed sensation.

He’s going to make me c*m from a freaking kiss. He’s unbelievable. Like my own personal s*x god. His fingers gently brush down my neck, down my panting chest, skimming lightly over my hardened n****e, his fingers twitching ever so slightly making it even harder, then down my belly, softly brushing against my s*x, and I’m through.

My knees give out as I cry out his name, cumming for the hundredth time. His strong arms tighten around me, holding me upright and he swallows down my cries of passion. This is how I’m going to die. From intense, super super intense pleasure, but I’m okay with it.

“Ready to eat?” He purrs with a cocky smirk on his lips. I nod, not able to find coherent words. Vincent scoops me up into his arms and carries me out to the west balcony overlooking the city, setting me on a wide lounge chair. He places a sweet lingering kiss on my lips, then goes back to get our food.

Holy s**t am I in trouble. No one should be as suave as him. My underwear is ruined but I'm too weak to run back in and change it. I have a feeling my underwear will never be safe from ruin again.

Vincent made us a flatbread pizza, with chicken, artichokes, and spinach. He is a man of many talents. It's delicious, pairing perfectly with the white wine we are both sipping on.

"The view out here is breathtaking," I say, watching the sky come alive with vibrant colors as the sun tucks behind the city line.

"It's not the only breathtaking thing out here," Vincent hums over his wine glass, giving me a seductively, smoldering look.

My cheeks flame as I smile back at him. "What a lady killer."

He chuckles, turning back to the view, "It is beautiful. The view. I'm glad I have someone to share it with now."

"I'm sure you've brought many women up here to see it," I laugh.

"No, no. You are the first woman to ever enter my apartment. Well, besides the cleaning ladies on Mondays and Thursdays, but I don't think they really count."

"Do you own some hotel you would take them to instead?" I joke.

"I own quite a few motels, but I didn't take any women anywhere, Simone. You are the second woman I have ever been with."

I choke on my wine in surprise. No way in hell is that true. I can feel in the newly formed bond that he's telling the truth, but I seriously can't believe it. There is no way.

"You're lying," I scoff in disbelief, making him laugh and shake his head.

"I never lie. I haven't so much as dated, let alone taken any women to hotel rooms. I'm a busy man, especially since my parents passing."

"Then how?...." I let my question linger, not sure how to ask it.

"How what?" he asks with a smirk.

"I had more....more o*****s than I can count today, Vincent. How?"

"Mmmh," he bites his full bottom lip, eyes heating as he smiles at me, "I am a vampire, my love. Seduction is a tool ingrained in us to capture our prey. Though no longer needed, still useful."

"So I've essentially won the s****l lottery?" I giggle, "Having a vampire as my mate is amazing."

"I'm glad you think so. I've been worrying about how to impress you since I saw you at my club. I wish I had known I was your mate back then. I wouldn't have made such a fool of myself in front of that irritating pup."

"Parker? How did you make a fool of yourself?"

He sheepishly smiles, "I asked some....embarrassing questions about you. A lot of questions, actually. The pup was on the phone with his in-laws and I interrupted to ask him....nevermind. You don't need to know." He looks away nervously.

I'm curious what all he asked Parker, but I'll leave that alone for now. I'm happy to hear that he liked me since the night at the club. I was torturing myself over nothing. "It's funny you keep calling him pup," I chuckle, "I call him Carli's puppy. He's always trailing after her. Ever since they were little. Parker would trail behind her like her little puppy, doing whatever she asked him to."

He laughs softly, looking out at the fading twilight, "I should be honest with you, my love. I was pining after your friend for many years. I don't want to ruin your friendship or ruin our moment, but as I said before, I don't lie. I feel it would be dishonest to not tell you now that she is the only other girl I have been with. It was many years ago, but I spent years after still....well, essentially longing for her. That impulse vanished completely when I laid eyes on you. The small pull I felt toward her didn't compare to the magnetism I felt for you. You are like gravity to me, Simone. My pull towards you was law. It was final, and all I wanted was to draw you closer to me too."

I smile sadly at him. I knew. How could anyone not see the feelings he had towards Carli, and even after hearing him basically professing his devotion only for me now, it still hurts to hear that he felt that way about my best friend. Carli clearly had no romantic feelings towards him, but I feel a slight bitterness hearing him be so truthful about how he felt about her.

“She’s paying for drinks at the club from now on,” I state. I’m not going to ask that of him, I’m telling him. He nods in agreement. He will allow me this one spiteful act to help appease some of the bitterness I have knowing my best friend slept with my mate, even if it was years before we met.

“I’ll mail a bill out to Parker in the morning for the past due balance,” he chuckles lightly, making me laugh. Parker won’t care. “I wonder what would have happened if I actually made it to your 18th birthday party. I was on my way there when my aunt and uncle insisted on going too. They were simply supposed to drop me off, then drive to the nature preserve to hunt for their next victim while Lady Delilah was entertaining a party, but they got excited seeing the fairies and you know the rest. If I had made it there on my own, and if I had seen you that night....”

I would have known right then that he was my mate. Carli would have been responsible for both me and Casey finding our mates that night. I was young and immature back then, though. I probably wouldn’t have so easily accepted a mate that my best friend had been with. “I guess we will never know,” I say, taking a long drink from my wine glass.

“I’m very happy to have you now, Simone,” Vincent tells me, drawing my eyes to his. “I want you to know that I will be eternally grateful for this gift your moon goddess has bestowed upon me.

I reach my hand over, grabbing him and gripping it tightly, too shy at that moment to tell him that I’m happy for him too.

Aiden POV

That b***h. She dumps me for not being her mate, then goes straight to shacking up with some slick, pompous bloodsucking vampire? I was on course to be an honorary fairy knight. The highest ranking a fae can get without being born royalty. This vulgar prick isn’t even a purebred vamp. He’s a lowly, chip-and-dale-looking sleazy creep, who will never be as good as me.

She was lying when she said she was waiting for her mate. Of course, she was. She probably doesn’t even care about this guy. She’s still playing that game with me. She wants me to see them together so I chase after her that much harder. That’s what this really is. Why else would they be lounging out in the open on the guy’s balcony like this? If she was truly afraid of me she would be cowering away in Crystal Moon’s packhouse where I don’t have

access to see her. She stayed in Miami, in the busiest part, hooking up with some vampire for me to see.

And I watched. I watched for hours, hidden in the clouds, as he ravished the perfect body that belongs to me. I hope she had her fun because once I get her back she will be tied to my bed for the rest of her life.

I pat my stead's mane as he glides through the air, circling the tower of the beach-side condos. Pegasus are rare, but my father was once a messenger to the Eastern Fairy King. He was allowed to keep his pegasus after retirement and I snuck it from the stables without detection. I had no choice. I knew I shouldn't have treated Simone so roughly, but I was so frustrated with her damn, little game. I just wanted to skip to the end so we could finally be together, and I could have her back in my bed where she belongs.

I watch as the vampire pulls her into his lap, and his lips start trailing over her velvety skin, anger erupting inside me at the sight. She wants me to kill him. That must be it. She wants me to slit his throat and tear out his fangs, keeping them as a token of our love.

Soon, my Mona. Soon and I will find a way to finish your game and bring you back to me.