

## Her Vampire, Her Mate Chapter 18

Simone POV

Getting up to the alpha suite, I find Carli and Elena talking in the living room. Elena is on the ground with a crawling Rosie, laughing while laying on her side as Rosie squeals, her little chubby thighs and arms working overtime to book it, ramming right into Elena's chest.

"It's scary that she's mobile now," I snicker, thinking about all the damage she can do while crawling around like a hyper pup.

"Tell me about it," Carli rolls her eyes and smiles, "She gets into everything."

"And you want more," Elena smirks at her.

Carli shrugs, "we make cute babies."

I laugh at Carli's antics. Living here and seeing her and Parker together every day I see how crazed her baby fever is. She jumps Parker's bones every time she thinks they're alone. He doesn't mind. Looks like he's enjoying himself teasing her all the time.

"Where's Uncle Tommy?" I asked peering around into the kitchen, thinking I might find him in there.

"Going to run an errand," Elena smiles mischievously at Carli.

"What errand?"

Carli shrugs, fighting a smile as her bottom lip juts out. Elena bites her lip, then coos, "It's a surprise," looking at Rosie.

"Weirdos," I look between them.

"You're a weirdo," Carli sticks her tongue out at me.

"Whatever," I roll my eyes and smile, "You going to training soon? Can I tag along?"

"5 minutes. Yeah. Vincent coming too?"

“Nope,” I scoff, “Too primal for him.”

“Awe. Poor batty. He doesn’t seem like the fighting type,” Elena jokes, making me feel irritated slightly that she’s teasing my mate who’s not here to defend himself. But, she’s not wrong. He really doesn’t seem like the fighting type. That’s what makes me so scared about Aiden finding him. I don’t want to belittle his claims of being able to defend himself, but it seems unlikely to me. Maybe I can learn to defend him. It’s got to be in my genes. Casey was a freaking beast.

I grab a set of training clothes from Carli’s drawer. The chick hates sweaty clothes so they’re always minimal, but working out in the Florida humidity and heat that’s understandable. Most bikinis are way more revealing than her workout clothing so I just shrug and slip them on. I grab one of Parker’s shirts so I have some semblance of modesty going to and from the training grounds.

“I’m glad you decided to come with me today. Makes things easier,” Carli muses while driving us.

“Makes what easier?”

“Your surprise!” She smiles brightly at me.

“The surprise is for me?” I ask, my mood lifting at the news. I love me a good surprise. I start thinking of all the shoes I’ve shown her recently I wanted, then grimace thinking about Uncle Tommy picking out a present for me. Maybe it’s an order-online pick-up in-store kind of present.

“He’s not picking it out, is he?” I ask.

“Nope, just picking it up,” she shifts in her seat excitedly. She has me all excited now. I feel like a giddy little girl on the way to the toy store. Or a grown-a\*s girl about to get a new pair of Jimmy Choos.

“When is my present getting here?”

“Soon, actually,” Carli peeks down at a text message on her phone, “f\*\*\*\*\*g soon,” she repeats, a devilish smile on her lips.

When we get to the training field, I slip out of Parker’s shirt and jog over to leap into Hillary’s arms. She and Daryl are police officers now and this is the first training session she’s been able to go to. She catches me in the air and

spins me around as we giggle like school girls. It's been a few weeks since I've last seen her, but the way we're acting you would think it's been years.

Mark jogs over to us, leaping into Daryl's arms, mocking me and Hillary as he squeals annoyingly. Daryl laughs, playing along with him and blowing a kiss at Hillary.

It's like a high school reunion all of a sudden. All of our group from our senior year is here as Carli and Mitch join us. Even Matt and Lilly are laughing at us from the sidelines. The only person missing is my brother. I would give just about anything to have him here with me now. I always felt safest with him nearby.

He's my twin. We shared a womb and everything our entire lives. Even shared a car and bank account up until the day he moved to Canada with his mate. I still see him on holidays and when I have time to fly up periodically, but I feel myself missing him more than ever now that this crap with Aiden has started.

Even with Vincent, if he was here with me I might have been a little braver about approaching him the moment I found out he was my mate. I knew Casey always had my back. He would protect me and help me through everything in life like my rock. I always had him to fall back on.

"Your gamma sure seems like a lazy prick for letting you guys f\*\*k around as you wish," an amazingly familiar voice comes from behind me. I freeze, my arms locked around Hillary's neck still as my eyes widen in shock. Is that....?

"Not as lazy as the dickhead gamma from Blue Cliff Pack," Matt shouts back, chuckling with Lilly.

"I see you're letting anyone join warrior training now. Look at this princess," that amazing voice laughs from right behind me.

I turn around abruptly, screaming as I launch myself into his arms. "CASEY!" I feel tears fill my eyes. Is he really here right now? This can't be real. I bury my nose in his neck, inhaling his familiar, comforting scent. The scent of my protector and biggest ally. He's here. He's really here.

"Hey sis," he chuckles wrapping his arms around me, squeezing me against him tight.

"What are you doing here?" I wail, unable to stamp down the crying.

“I heard there was a fairy here that requested a thorough a\*s beating. Maybe even death. Parker requested my assistance. Told him it would be my f\*\*\*\*\*g pleasure.”

“Courtney didn’t rid you of that dirty mouth yet?” Hillary laughs at him.

“It’s a Childes trait. Living near her family f\*\*\*\*\*g enhanced it.”

“It’s like he’s Carli’s twin, not our sweet, bubbly Simone’s,” Daryl snickers to his mate.

“f\*\*k you,” Carli and Casey say at the same time, making everyone laugh. The three of us were inseparable since we were toddlers. She’s as much of a sibling as each other.

“I missed you, Sim. I’m sorry you’re having such a shitty time right now,” Casey pulls away from me, wiping the tears from my face and holding my hands.

“It’s not all bad,” I shrug, “I have my mate and now I have my brother here with me.”

He smiles brightly, “I heard all about this mate of yours. Carli called him a Latin Edward Cullen on crack.”

“What does that even mean?” I laugh at him.

“I don’t know. Court made me watch the f\*\*\*\*\*g movies before flying here to help me figure it out. Worst day of my life.”

“Day?”

“Whole f\*\*\*\*\*g day. You would have loved it. She bought us team Edward and team Jacob shirts, we ate nothing but Italian food the whole day. I’m only eating with my bare hands and drinking scotch until I get my man card back.”

“You think you can live off finger food for that long?” I laugh, throwing my arms back around his neck, and pulling him towards me. Casey links his arms around my waist, holding me tight, and kisses my cheek.

“I’m glad you’re here,” I tell him as he rests his forehead on mine.

“Me too. I can’t wait to meet this glittery mate of yours,” he chuckles, making me laugh softly as a tear runs down my cheek.

There is movement beside me, and in a flash, Casey is being pulled from my arms and thrown across the field. Vincent is standing beside me, his eyes glowing and his nostrils flaring as he pants in aggression. Why would he do that? What’s wrong with him?

Before I can ask, Vincent looks up at me, meeting my eyes momentarily and the hurt in his almost makes me buckle over. Why is he feeling so hurt right now? What happened?

He turns into mist, then reappears on the other end of the field where he tossed my brother, baring his fangs and hissing at Casey.

“Keep your filthy hands off my mate,” he snarls before he and Casey lunge for one another.