

Her Vampire, Her Mate Chapter 19

I watch in horror as Vincent strikes at my brother while Casey lunges at him. Casey hesitates momentarily when he hears Vincent say I'm his mate, but he had so much momentum he couldn't stop his blow in time. Before his claws connect with Vincent's face, Vincent mists again, appearing right behind Casey and slamming him to the ground by the collar of his shirt.

Casey shifts and shreds his clothes in an instant. The irony isn't lost on me when I see the '#TeamEdward' shirt he was wearing under his flannel get torn into pieces. I'm not feeling very #TeamVampire right now. Still, the mate bond sends me into a panic as I watch my brother's wolf face off with a jealous vampire.

"What do we do?" Hillary watches in horror next to me. Carli and Matt are jogging over to the fight, Carli yelling and cursing at both of them while Matt blows his whistle like it has the magic ability to make them stop.

"I don't know," I mumble softly, a tear rolling down my cheek at the thought of Casey hurting my mate. Casey is...well, Casey. He's one of the strongest warriors our pack had that was not one of the ranked wolves, and I know he has just gotten stronger and stronger since becoming gamma of the rugged northern pack. Vincent attacked him first without any warning, so I couldn't even blame Casey for hurting him.

I can't see the details of the fight, but the sounds coming from them as their lightning-fast movements blur in front of me sound horrifying. Goosebumps run up my arms as my blood runs cold.

"ENOUGH!" Parker's voice rings out over the field while he exits his truck in the lot, freezing everyone in place as his alpha aura rushes over us. Vincent, being my mate, even freezes, and I whimper in relief seeing that he is completely unscathed.

My relief doesn't last for long. Casey shifts back, and his skin is a sickly grey as black veins spread across his bare thigh. Vincent bit him. My mate attacked and poisoned my brother. My knees start to buckle as terror grips me.

I find the strength to run across the field, throwing myself down next to Casey. Matt rushed to the medical cart, grabbing the anti-venom pen. My hands move across his clammy skin, trying to figure out a way to help him. He's naked, but

in my panic, I don't even notice. Vincent clearly does as he hisses striding over to me.

"Get away from him," Vincent hisses, trying to grab my arm. I jerk away, glaring over at him briefly with tear-filled eyes. "You are going to comfort that mutt over your own mate? He will be fine. He will learn to keep his filthy hands to himself from now on."

"Vin, stop," Carli shakes her head at him, eyes as horrified as mine. Vincent hisses at her too, making her growl in response. What is wrong with him? Why is he acting like this?

"He should have stopped rubbing himself all over Simone!" Vincent sneers, trying again to grab my arm but a growl at him, moving out of his reach. I'm not leaving my brother, no matter how much Vincent wants me away from him. He is making it a lot easier to ignore the mate bond pulling me towards him to comfort him and make sure he's okay.

"He's my brother," I mutter quietly, turning back to cup my brother's strained face. I know he heard me based on his sharp intake of breath.

Casey is groaning in pain as the venom travels through his bloodstream. Matt slams the pen into his thigh and all of us breathe a sigh of relief as the black tendrils retract as the venom is pushed from his body back out of the wound. Yellowing fluid oozes from the bite marks and Casey's breathing evens out after several seconds.

"I didn't know," Vincent gapes at what he just did. "I thought he was-"

"Hitting on me? You called me primal, but you start attacking my own brother without warning all because you thought he was hitting on me?"

"I didn't know," he says, still in shock at what he did.

"I'm fine, sis," Casey sits up with a groan, "The fucker caught me off guard, but I'm okay."

"It's not okay," I cry out, examining his thigh and letting my tears fall freely. Casey grips my chin and turns my face towards his.

"I'm fine. Stung like a b***h, but I'm fine."

“I’m so sorry,” Vincent breathes out. I can feel his shame and regret through the bond but I’m too upset with what he did to look at him again. I don’t want to do or say something I can’t take back because I’m so mad.

“Thought you said the dude was a desk-work kind of guy?” Casey looks up at Carli with a smile, “He doesn’t fight like some helpless suit. s**t, that was the most intense fight I’ve had in a while.”

“I’ll take you on later then,” Parker smirks at him, coming over to examine Casey’s leg with a pair of shorts for him in his hands.

“Hey, I was close to kicking your a*s last time,” Casey jokes with him, wincing when Parker wipes the venom off his skin with a gauze pad.

“Keep telling yourself that. I broke your femur.”

“Yeah, Court was pretty pissed at me for that. Told me to not hold back next time.”

“Bull s**t,” Parker laughs.

Their banter lightens the mood, but I think the training session is ruined. Casey needs to get to the medical center and everyone is staring at Vincent with apprehension. I feel the need to defend him, but I can’t defend his actions right now. Yes, he’s my mate, but he bit my brother. He could have killed him if he bit him more than once.

“I can’t tell you how sorry I am,” Vincent looks down at Casey with worry and remorse.

“Hey, no big deal,” Casey smiles up at Vincent. After a second of examining his face, Casey’s smile falters and turns into a scowl. “I remember you,” he sneers, “You’re the f**k-head that had his tongue down Carli’s throat at the cove all those years ago. The sleazeball,” he’s glaring at Vincent now.

“Casey, don’t you start,” Carli scolds him, flicking him on the back of the head.

“Tell me I’m wrong. He’s the guy, right? The gigilo-looking fucker that came onto you the second I left your side.”

“He’s your sister’s mate and a good guy,” Carli tells him sternly, but her eyes falter as she peeks over at his slow-healing leg.

“First and second impressions of the prick say otherwise,” Casey glowers at Vincent.

Sorrow and regret, and maybe even embarrassment flood the link between me and Vincent as his emotions flood into mine. “Again, I am sorry. I’ll,” Vincent looks over to me, biting his lip nervously, “I’ll be back at the packhouse.”

Vincent walks back towards his SUV solemnly, Carlos and Stephan watching us in tense observation.

“What a s**t show,” Carli sighs, nudging Casey with her foot, “You would have attacked a stranger hugging all over Courtney. It was a misunderstanding. I get you’re pissed, but you didn’t have to make him feel worse.”

“Was that night at the cove a misunderstanding? I’m sorry I don’t like the idea of my sister, who’s already going through enough s**t, being roped with a vamp who tried to take advantage of you when you were drunk at a party.”

“I tried to take advantage of him, shithead,” Carli sneers, making me and Parker both growl possessively, “That was nearly 4 years ago. How the f**k do you even remember that s**t. I forgot all about it.”

“He left an impression,” Casey sneers, glaring in the direction of Vincent.

“He isn’t a player or some f**k-boy like you’re thinking, Casey,” Parker tells him, glaring a little at Carli, “I wouldn’t be letting him stay on pack lands or around my mate and family if he was like that.”

Casey growls, then hops up, staggering slightly as he slips on the shorts Parker brought him.

I sigh, tucking myself into my brother’s side and trying to figure out how to tame the emotions filling me through the mate bond. How am I supposed to handle this situation? My brother, my rock and biggest supporter, doesn’t like my mate, and I can’t really fault him for that right now.

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Vincent POV

I let Stephan drive back to the packhouse, not trusting myself behind the wheel right now. My emotions are all over the place and I'm barely holding myself together at the thought of the damage I just did to my and Simone's bond. I mistakenly insulted her before she left, and then attacked and poisoned her brother the first time meeting him. Not only that, the man remembers me from the time I was trying to seduce Simone's best friend.

I remember that night and seeing Simone's brother glued to Carli's side. I remember that irritant under my skin watching her grinding on his body. The second he slipped away from her, I slipped into her presence, with the intention of taking her home with me.

Those minor jealous feelings I felt back then watching Simone's brother dance with Carli don't compare to the raging jealousy that filled me seeing him hug Simone. I lost all reason and attacked him without conscious thought. I just wanted to tear him to pieces for touching what was mine. Simone is mine. She is overwhelmingly mine, and I became carnal trying to defend our bond.

Our bond was becoming stronger every day. I could feel her emotions and I think she could read mine now. I was becoming feral in my desire for her and it was starting to scare me. I'm not the type of person to attack someone without warning. I don't attack people at all. I trained like all adolescent vampires to use our skills in elementary school, but vampires use emotions and stealth more than brute strength so it's not something covens practice as werewolf packs do. Muscle strength and the ability to fight hand-to-hand really aren't needed for a vampire. When we need to fight, it's instinct. Our strength comes from the blood we drink; through its owner's vitality, not our muscle mass.

Simon trains with Laura every day and keeps up, even excels at the training. I was hoping to grow closer to Simone's pack by doing the same, but instead, I attacked her brother. I want to just crawl in a hole and die right now. I attacked her brother. Her twin brother. I bit the man and poisoned him.

I could feel Simone's panic and terror the whole time but ignored it to exert my dominance over her f*****g brother. How horrible can I be?

"Back to the packhouse, boss?" Stephan asks as we pull out of the lot.

I know told them that's where I was going, but my embarrassment is consuming me right now. I can face the condemnation of the entire pack, but I

can't stand to see the disappointment in Simone's teary eyes again. I should give her and her brother time together without the drama of me being there.

He hates me. I was so mortified to hear he was the one at Carli's side all those years ago. I didn't want my past relationship with Carli to interfere with my present relationship with Simone. That's why I was honest and upfront with her about it. I don't think honesty will win over her brother. The look he gave me just now is the same look he gave me all those years ago. Like I was scum.

"Take me to the club," I order my men.

They both look between each other then Stephan looks in the rear-view mirror back at me. "Are you sure? Mr. Johnson said-"

"I am your employer, not Simon. Take me to my club," I hiss.

"Yes sir," he responds professionally, straightening in the driver's seat.

I am good to my employees, but don't allow backtalk. If he questions me again I will fire him. In a human heartbeat.

My manager is receiving the liquor delivery when we get there. He does a double-take taking in my disheveled appearance and my casual attire. I nod curtly and make my way up to my office, waving Stephan and Carlos away to wait at the bottom of the stairs. I was intending to shower in the small ensuite bathroom and slip into one of the backup suits I keep here for emergencies, like when a customer spills a drink on me or I don't have time to shower and clean up at home after a trip to the blood bank.

Maybe the constant feeding on blood at the packhouse is the reason for my more aggressive and feral actions? I had a never-ending supply at the packhouse thanks to Elena's friendship with Delilah. In our coven, the blood bank is monitored strictly to ensure we were not excessively feeding, leading to illnesses among our kind in the lower generations, or feeding so little that it became clear we were finding our blood source elsewhere. In the packhouse, Elena came and filled the wine fridge almost every day.

My power is growing beyond what it has ever been before. Simon is monitoring Stephan and Carlos's intake, but I'm a 2nd generation and am allowed much more blood. The closer you are to pureblood the more blood you usually need. I can make do with every other week with a couple of bags

but am allotted much more. I never felt the need to take more, but now having Simone to protect I want to be as strong as can be.

When I step into my office, I'm lost in my thoughts and slip into a warded force field, the icy screen waving over my body before I realized what I had just done. I can enter my office, but I can't walk back out. Not easily, anyway. I hold my hand in front of me, pressed against the screen, and faintly mist my fingers. They easily pass to the other side. My whole body can't exit but my misted form can.

I push my consciousness, opening it fully to everything around me so I can take everything in with all my senses all at once, much like the sensation of misting but with just my conscious mind instead of my entire body. I'm alone, but I feel the faint trace of a foreign presence that left not long ago. My icy skin is quickly able to sense the trailing heat left by a warm body.

I examine every inch of my office, noting any slight changes, like the position of my mother's picture on my desk and the files that were left slightly askew. Someone was digging around in my office, but why leave it and ward it?

Approaching my desk I notice the bathroom door was open, and I always leave it closed. No one wants a view of their toilet while sitting at their desk. I can't call Stephan and Carlos in here. They're both 9th generations or lower so are unable to mist. They could be stuck here until Cathal could come and unward it.

If this was Aiden, I hope the bastard was in that bathroom. I could kill the monster on my own. Save the day, win the girl, get in her brother's good graces, and take my aggression and anger at myself out on him. It would be perfect if he was in there. Everything would end and I would be free to take my love back home with me where we belong.

I walk towards the bathroom silently, keeping my senses fully open. I still don't sense anyone in there, but if he can ward the room, he may be able to ward his presence. I mist swiftly into the room and through the air, touching everything as I take the entire room in at once. It's empty.

When I become whole again, I'm standing right in front of the mirror. In the reflection, I see my backup suit, the tailored Armani, is in tatters and my Tom Ford shoes are clogging my toilet. That's not what shocks me most. On the bathroom wall, smeared in blood, is the message 'SHE IS MINE'.

