

Her Vampire, Her Mate Chapter 3

Carli POV

“I told you I could get home on my own. Am I not even f*****g allowed to hang out with my best friend now?”

“Carli,” Parker sighs, pushing his overgrown curls out of his face. If I didn’t like his face so much, I’d punch him right in his perfectly straight nose, but I know eventually I won’t be so pissed at the prick and I like his nose the way it is. I decided to stomp on his giant foot instead before walking off towards my bike.

“Come on, Simmy,” I yelled back at my friend, hoping she would follow me without me having to look back.

To my frustration, Parker’s the one who comes following after me, grabbing me around my waist and hoisting me over his shoulder. I yell and scream in protest, punching his back, but he just spanks my a*s and walks towards his truck, tossing me into his back seat.

“I hope you know you’re paying for this later,” I glared at him, contemplating running away.

He smirks, that f*****g amused glint in his eye, pissing me off more. I flip the bastard off before scooting to the other side of the seat, intending to exit and run. The f*****g child lock is on, and I kick his seat in anger. I’m going to shave his head in his sleep. Just you f*****g wait, Parker.

Simone slides in beside me, and Parker shuts the door gently before I see him walking back towards my bike. He drives my baby to the back of his truck and lifts it up like it weighs nothing, loading it into the back of his truck. I swear, if he scratches it, I’ll lose my f*****g mind.

Simone was quiet, looking lost in her own thoughts, which wasn’t like her. She usually eats this s**t up, loving the front row seat to my and Parker’s bickering. She is worrying her cheek with her teeth inside her mouth, and her usually immaculate lipstick is gone, all licked off like she does when she’s stressed.

I reached out and grabbed her hand. Parker was pacing behind his trunk, on a call, so we had some privacy.

“You okay?” I asked her. Her eyes snap up to mine, making me worry as I see the storm in them.

She smiles sadly, and shakes her head, “I’ve just got a headache. Beer before liquor, get sick quicker, right?”

That’s not it. We’re werewolves for f**k sake. We don’t get sick or get headaches from drinking. I haven’t even gotten a decent buzz since turning 18. Of course, my overprotective, overbearing, pain in the a*s mate could be to blame for that.

“Sim,” I scooted closer to her, rubbing her knee, “Is it Aiden? Did he call you again?”

She huffs a stressed laugh, looking up at the roof of the truck, “No, not him. I blocked his a*s. I’m just.....I just don’t feel very good all of a sudden.”

I scrunched my face in confusion and worry. She was fine in the bar. What happened between now and then?

My phone starts vibrating in my pocket, so I pull it out, knowing it’s not Parker since he’s still on the phone behind us.

It’s a text from Vincent. Oh! My bike helmet. I forgot it at the club.

Vincent: You forgot your helmet. Are you nearby? My guys said you left the club.

Me: I’m outside in the lifted black truck. Can you bring it out? I’m trapped

He sends a ‘lol’ back, then a minute later, he is striding out of the busy club into the night air, the wind ruffling his black hair as he walks towards Parker. Parker’s eyes narrowed at the sight of him, and I almost laughed. He’s still wary of Vincent. I don’t know why.

It’s been over 3 years and I still feel like Parker doesn’t trust me at times. Yeah, I’m a little reckless, but I’ve not given him any reason not to trust me since we became mates. I’m starting to feel suffocated. It’s like, his need to shield me from the world went on steroids after our daughter’s birth. The intensity is stifling at times. He even tried to keep me home from work after having her, saying I should take the first year off and adjust to motherhood. Why doesn’t he take the first year off to adjust to fatherhood?

I put my foot down, threatening to move me and Rosie in with my dad at their new house right by the warrior center if he didn't stop, so he reluctantly gave in. Finding that tracker in my earrings this morning was the last f*****g straw. I still want to strangle him thinking about it.

I look back at Simone. She was watching Vincent talk to Parker, and I could see the pain in her eyes. Did he say something hurtful to her for those few minutes I left her alone talking to my jerk of a mate? Now that I think about it, she was acting kinda off from the moment we saw him. She was all too eager to get away from him when I got back too.

I'll kill him. I'll put a f*****g stake through his heart if he hurt my best friend in any way.

"What did he do? Did Vincent do something while I was talking to Parker? If he did-" I started, but Simone snapped her eyes back at me, and the sadness shifted to anxiousness and worry. Worry for whom? Herself, or was it for him?

"No, no. He didn't do anything. He just talked to me. It's just...." she licks her lips, sucking her bottom lip in her mouth, looking like an adorable bunny with her white teeth poking out, "he's my....oh, Carli, he's my mate. I don't know what to do."

What the f**k! "YOUR MATE!?" I shouted, making her jump to put her hand over my mouth. She looks back, and Parker and Vincent are looking at the back of the truck curiously, but quickly recover and go back to whatever discussion they were having.

I lick Simone's hand, trying to get her to remove it from my face, but she doesn't budge. She's used to it.

"Don't. Say. A thing," she whispers quietly, "You know vampires have better hearing than us."

She drops her hand, and I bite my lips together to keep myself from yelling again. If he's her mate, what is she doing in here and not out there mauling him, f*****g his brains out? The moment the mate bond hit me, I was on Parker like white on rice. Does she not want him because he's a vampire? That's not like her. She's not that kind of person.

“Please, keep it to yourself for right now,” she pleaded with me, “I don’t want to face it yet. I have enough on my plate and...and I don’t want to rush into something with someone who doesn’t feel the bond the way I do.”

I sigh. She’s right. Vincent won’t feel the mate bond like a wolf. I honestly am not even sure how he will feel towards her, or if he will feel anything. We don’t hear about wolf and vampire mate couples that often. It happens, but not often. I wonder if he feels anything at all towards her.

I look back, and it looks like Vincent is the one trying to maintain the conversation with Parker, which is strange. They don’t like each other. They tolerate each other because Vincent is a representative on the council, but they don’t socialize.

Vincent’s eyes keep moving to the back of the truck like he’s searching for something. Or someone. Interesting. I dropped the mind link block I had on Parker and mind linked him.

“Hey t**t waffle, ask Vincent what he thinks of Simone for me.”

“Why?”

“Just do it.”

“No. Tell me why.”

I wanted to growl at the jerk, “Do it or I’m sleeping in the guest room for a month.”

“I like the bed in there, anyway. It will be like a mini stay-cation.”

“You won’t be invited.” I growled back in the link, “No s*x for a month too.”

He sighs, but I sense he’s agreeing. Jokes on him. He’s still not getting any. I’ll use him for mine and leave him blue-ballin’ for a month. I’m not dropping the tracker bullshit that easily.

A minute later, he gets back to me. “He says she’s a very beautiful woman and seems like a good friend.”

Hmm. That answer doesn’t really scream ‘mate’ but it’s a start. Vincent is a decent guy. He’s the first guy to ever make me feel like I had value, and that I was cherished, at least after I was truly abandoned by my family, and he is a

true gentleman. I think he would be great for my best friend. They're both a bit zesty and their personalities would fit well together. Simone deserves to be with someone who can worship her. Their babies would be cute. Hybrid vamp-wolf babies. With his eyes and her dimples. I'm getting baby fever just thinking about it.

On second thought, maybe I'll let Parker finish once or twice. For procreation purposes only. He had better not enjoy it until his probation is over.

"He told Parker that you're beautiful," I smirked at my friend. She turns, lifting an eyebrow at me.

"And how do you know that?"

"Parker just told me," I shrug, and she narrows her eyes.

"Don't meddle," she glares, "I'm serious, Carli. Stay out of it. I'll figure it out."

"Okay, okay," I put my hands up, then looked down at my phone, right as Vincent walked by, pulling Simone's attention back out the window, "I won't meddle," I murmured right after forwarding Simone's number to Vincent. From this moment on, I really won't meddle....much.