

## Her Vampire, Her Mate Chapter 36

Carli POV

I don't know what has come over me, but all I can think about is getting Parker's d\*\*k inside me in as many ways as possible, as fast as possible. I don't know if it was the dancing, the romantic date he planned, or if it was just some sudden drive caused by the mate bond after a week of no action, but I'm f\*\*\*\*\*g going with it.

I didn't even have a drop of alcohol tonight, Parker encouraging me to stay sober in case we get the sudden call that Casey and Cathal found Aiden.

The drive to just manhandle and f\*\*\*\*\*g dominate Parker overcame me as he carried me out of the club in his arms. When my teeth sank into his mark, causing him to stumble slightly, I took full advantage of his delirious pleasure. I slid from his f\*\*\*\*\*g monstrously strong arms, kneeled down in front of him, and pull his pants down to his knees before he could recover.

He hissed as I flicked my tongue over his smooth tip, licking the bead of pre-cum that formed there, moaning at the saltiness of his taste. I grip his solid length with both hands, working his d\*\*k as I suck his balls into my mouth. I love the way his legs shake slightly every time I do this. His moans and hisses drive me to deep-throat his enormous c\*\*k, flexing the walls of my throat to drive him wild.

"Carli," he moans in a warning. It's been a f\*\*\*\*\*g week. I knew the first time he wouldn't last long. That was part of the reason I wanted to suck him off first; so he could go longer for rounds two...and three....and four. The other reason was I loved dominating him like this. I loved watching him come undone at my mercy, completely controlling his body's reactions.

I hallow out my cheeks, ignoring the throbbing in my jaw and sucking him as hard as I can as my head bobs back and forth, his huge d\*\*k sliding in and out of my throat until I feel it flexing in my mouth. His hot spurts are thick, coating my throat as he finishes in my mouth.

"f\*\*k, baby," he hisses as I slide my head back, removing him from my mouth, swallowing everything he gave me while licking my lips.

"You have about 10 seconds to get me to the car and get hard again," I warn him. He groans, wasting no time pulling up his pants, fastening the button so

they don't fall down, then he hoists me over his shoulder as I shout in surprise, laughing at his hurry, and runs for the parking lot.

Parker unlocks the truck, throwing my body up into his back seat, then smashes his mouth against mine as he joins me. He lifts me to straddle his lap, then I quickly take back control, gyrating my hips as I press my naked p\*\*y over his bulge. Parker works my dress up to pool around us, then pulls his pants back down his thighs.

I moan loudly, melting into him when I feel his shaft pressing between my folds. Our breath is fogging up the windows as we both pant and moan, grinding into one another. Heated sparks dance across my most sensitive area until I can't take anymore.

I lift myself slightly, and Parker positions himself at my opening, then he quickly grabs my hips and slams me down, causing me to cry out in ecstasy. Parker's hands pull at the front of my dress, massaging my t\*\*s and popping them out of my dress.

His mouth closes around my n\*\*\*\*e, teeth grading against the sensitive skin as he sucks hard, trying to siphon my milk from my drying ducts. I know he gets some when he sucks harder, moaning around me appreciatively. He was the one that wanted me to stop breastfeeding, but now he's prolonging the process. I think about telling him, but feeling his elation and euphoria through the bond I decide to let it go. I caused him to have a hard week. If his pervy fetish brings him joy, I'll let it go.

I rock my hips against him, meeting his rhythmic thrusts. My legs start shaking violently as my pleasure reaches its threshold. f\*\*\*\*\*g amazing. This man's d\*\*k is a f\*\*\*\*\*g wonder. The places he reaches inside me are direct lines to heaven. The building inside me hits its limit, spilling over as I cry out in my o\*\*\*\*m. I want to f\*\*\*\*\*g die by this man's d\*\*k. Dying from this overwhelming pleasure that shakes every inch of me. Parker is growling deep in his chest, my euphoria driving him to thrust up into me harder, rocking my entire body with each violent motion.

The familiar throbbing and tension in his legs let me know he's getting close himself, his building tension about to be unleashed inside me. Suddenly, the realization of what that means hits me. If he cums inside me, I could get pregnant. I resolved myself not to get pregnant again. I didn't want to feel like I was failing as a mom all over again.

Everyone around us has been picking up the slack for me, taking care of our daughter whenever I fail. I don't want to burden anyone else more than I already am.

Right when I feel Parker tense under me, I panic and slide off him, right before his spurts shoot streams of thick seed between us, coating both of our bellies.

Parker groans, leaning back to study my face, and I can feel his burning curiosity to know why I did that. Heat builds behind my eyes as I become too scared to tell him. I can't tell him I changed my mind about having another baby because I would have to tell him why.

I'm scared of my reasons why. I'm scared of admitting that I'm a failure as a mom, and I don't want to fail another child. I don't want to be the reason my child suffers any more than I already am.

"Baby, what's wrong?" Parker asks, his fingers brushing down my cheeks as he combs my hair back, out of my face.

I shake my head as I drop it forward, burying my face in his neck before my tears can spill over. My momentary high is gone, and in its place, I can feel the darkness of my depression seeping into me again.

Parker knows. Parker knows me better than anyone and he knows that my mood has shifted. Guilt fills me knowing that our wonderful evening that he planned and tried so hard to make me happy with is going to be ruined because of me as I battle my emotions once again.

Parker's arms wrap tightly around me. He starts to rock slightly, comforting me and showing me he still loves me, despite my failures.

I hate being like this. I hate the feeling that consumes me as my doubts and worries become too much. The darkness is suffocating, like I'm drowning in turbulent waters and can't figure out which way is up to find the break in the water, freeing me, or at least allowing me to catch my breath.

"I love you, baby. I love you so much and you are going to be okay," Parker chants to me, and I hang on to his words like a lifeline, using them to try and fight for that surface I just can't reach on my own.

"I'm so sorry," I cry out, "I'm so sorry you had to be mates to someone f\*\*\*\*d up like me."

“Hey, stop, Carli,” Parker growls out, and I can feel his momentary anger in the bond, deepening my guilt, “You are the best thing to ever happen to me. You are my everything, Carli. Don’t you dare apologize for that. Don’t belittle our love like that. You are my heart and soul, and these feelings you’re experiencing right now will pass.”

“How?” I sob into his neck, “I can’t do this, Parker. It hurts. It physically hurts and I don’t know how to fight this.”

“We will get you help, baby. We will find someone who can give you the tools you need to fight this, and I will be here for you every step of the way.”

Simone POV

“He said that?” I ask my mate, sitting across from him as he rocks Rosie to sleep. She is easy at bedtime. You can just lay her down and she rolls over so her cute little toosh is in the air and goes right to sleep, but Vincent insisted. Even a vampire can be charmed by this baby.

“I sent him the information on the woman who helped me get over my parent’s death. I held a lot of guilt for a long time thinking I was the one who actually killed them by betraying them. She’s an elemental witch Vivian Meyers recommended to me at the time, but hopefully, he still considers her help.”

I cringe thinking about Alpha Jared in a witch psychologist’s office. Maybe Vincent should have told him that she was not a wolf before recommending her, but I’m happy that he at least seemed open to getting help.

“Do you think he is still up there? He could be waiting all night.”

Vincent shrugs then rests his head on Rosie’s in a sweet gesture. I chuckle at him.

“Is she sleeping with us?” I ask him, feeling his reluctance to put her in her playpen now that she is asleep. His eyes light up at the question.

“Can she?”

“Usually no, but I doubt with your vampy senses she will be in danger of us squishing her by accident.”

Vincent makes a horrified face at the thought.

“We can put her playpen in our room if you want to do that instead. Just no baby-making of our own,” I shrug.

He smirks, “We’re still on duty anyway.”

I laugh rolling my eyes. “Okay, I’ll roll it to our room. Grab her blanket when you come in.”

## **Her Vampire, Her Mate Chapter 37**

It has been another week, and there is still no sign of Aiden. Casey is working overtime, I think his frustration from missing Courtney and his son fueling his efforts to end this. Rosie is turning one this weekend, the pack throwing her a big party, and Parker arranged with Alpha Axel and Nathan Childes, Casey’s alpha and father-in-law, to have Courtney and Calum come join him here for the party. It’s a surprise and they should be here in 2 days. Courtney has been texting and calling me all week making preparations.

Carli, after having another episode while she was out with Parker, has been going to counseling. She got back from her second session just a little bit ago and had a clouded look on her face ever since. She is sitting on her couch while I play with Rosie on the floor, staring blankly at the ceiling.

Parker had to go down to his office for a meeting with the elders right when they got back from the counselor. He won’t be back until late, and Vincent has a pile of work to do for his businesses, so that leaves me to care for Rosie and Carli on my own. I’m thinking about calling Elena or Uncle Tommy to come help, nervous about handling both of them on my own when Carli finally speaks for the first time.

“I want to go to the clinic,” she tells me in a soft voice. Carli doesn’t have a soft voice. Not usually.

“You just got back-” I start to say before she cuts me off.

“Not the mental health wing. I need the regular clinic. I want to see a normal doctor. It will only take a little bit.”

I nod, trying to think about what reason she would have to go to the doctor right now. Then, her scent hits me. Does she realize now that she may be pregnant? It’s a faint change, since the father is Parker, who she is marked and mated by, but there is still a difference in her smell.

“Do you want me to get Parker to go with you?” I know he is busy, but he would leave the meeting for her.

“No,” she shakes her head, looking at me with tear filled eyes. The look on her face breaks my heart. Whatever she is going through, it is physically hurting her. It’s written all over her face the pain she is trying to keep hidden, but it still seeps out through her glassy eyes. “He has enough to worry about. Please, Sim. Can you just take me?”

I suck my lips into my mouth, gnawing on the tender flesh. I nod to her after a few seconds, realizing that if I betray her trust right now and mind link Parker anyway, it could send her into another downward spiral. I am taking her to the clinic, not a club or bar. We should be fine on our own.

“Let me call Simon and get Stephan and Carlos to go with us or both of our mates will be upset.”

Carli nods, then looks down at Rosie sitting in my lap, playing with my phone and a sad smile spreads across her face, a single tear breaking free and running down her cheek.

I call Simon, not taking my eyes off Carli in case I need to quickly get Parker to help her calm down. Simon has Stephan and Carlos at the alpha quarters in less than a minute, ready to drive us to the pack clinic.

We bring Rosie with us, not having much of a choice if we don’t want to inform Parker where we are going. I grabbed her diaper bag and a few toys to hopefully keep her occupied. When we get down to the first floor, Alpha Jared is talking with Cathal and Casey in the foyer.

When he sees us, he does a double-take and a concerned expression crosses his features. I don’t know if he ever got a chance to talk to Parker, I never asked, but the longing on his face when his eyes land on Rosie is evident.

“Where are you guys going?” Casey asks us.

“Out,” Cari tells him curtly, not offering anything more. I wish I could still mind link my brother to let him know, but all I can do is offer him an apologetic smile.

“Need me to watch the turd monkey?” Casey asks, holding his hands out for his niece.

“You are due at the courts with me in an hour, young gamma,” Cathal reminds him, Casey huffs loudly and drops his hands.

“I could watch her, if you like,” Alpha Jared says cautiously to Carli. She looks back at him with clouded eyes. “I will stay down here and watch her in Parker’s office,” he adds, offering her a warm smile.

Carli surprises all of us by nodding once, then turning to walk out the front doors without sparing anyone a second glance. Casey watches her walk out and then looks at me in question.

“Where are you guys going, Simone? Does Parker know?”

“The clinic,” I sigh, “I think it’s...well, it’s not anything bad. She probably doesn’t need Rosie there while she is getting examined, though.”

“Is everything alright?” Alpha Jared asks me. I shake my head sadly.

“Not yet, but she is getting help now.”

He looks out the doors where Carli disappeared through, a sorrowful expression gracing his aging features. I can see the regret there, which makes me feel better about handing Rosie to him.

He takes the little girl and hugs her tightly to his chest, smelling her silky baby curls. Rosie squeals and pats his cheek, clearly comfortable in her grandfather’s arms.

“I’ll be in Parker’s office,” he tells me, walking down the hall, slinging the diaper bag over his shoulder and bouncing the baby on his hip.

The drive to the clinic is quiet, Carli staring vacantly out the window the whole way. When we get to the clinic, she is put in an exam room almost instantly, fiddling her thumbs as we wait for the doctor.

When the doctor comes in, the first words out of Carli’s mouth surprise me. “I want to be put on birth control.”

Both me and the doctor freeze, shock overtaking me. I thought she figured out she was pregnant. I didn’t expect this.

“Can I ask why, Luna? Last we spoke, you were trying to get pregnant,” the doctor asks in a concerned voice.

“I just don’t want to bring another baby into the world when I’m....while I’m not well. I’m scared, and think I should wait until I am in a better place mentally before we try.”

Oh no. What do I do right now? Should I get Parker? If she gets put on birth control it could hurt or kill the baby since it’s still early.

“Okay, Luna. That is a respectable decision. First, I will need a urine sample from you, and basic bloodwork to ensure you are not currently pregnant, and to ensure your body is healthy enough to start taking it.”

I sigh out in relief. At least the doctor is thorough and covering all the bases before just giving my reckless friend hormones that will harm her pup. I mind link Parker anyway, telling him where we are and what Carli is trying to do. I know she will need him when she finds out.

When the doctor comes back into the room a few minutes after leaving with Carli’s samples, the concerned look on his face tells me what I already knew.

“Luna, have you been showing any symptoms, or noticed any changes to your body recently?” he asks her.

Her brows furrow in confusion, “What do you mean?”

“Any nausea, heartburn, tenderness in your breasts....?”

I can hear the breath catch in her throat, “Why? What are you saying?”

I can hear shuffling in the hall and Carlos’s voice mingling with Parker’s voice right outside the door. He burst through right when the doctor tells Carli, “Luna, you’re pregnant.”

The blood drains from Carli’s face and fear fills me as she falls forward, Parker barely catching her in time as she faints.

## **Her Vampire, Her Mate Chapter 38**

Vincent POV



“I just didn’t know what to do, Vin. What could I have done?” my beautiful woman asks me in a broken voice. I love the way she wholeheartedly loves and cares for her friends. She is like an angel. My angel. My everything.

I open my arms wide and she walks over, crawling into my lap and resting her head under my chin. My arms wrap tightly around her delicate body, molding her into me.

“You called for her mate. You did all you could, my love. She is so lucky to have a friend like you. It’s not your job to fix her. It’s your job to love her and let her know you are there for her. That’s all you can do. Parker will handle the rest.”

She turns her face into my chest, letting out a labored breath. “She’s the strongest person I know,” she says with a ragged breath.

I kiss Simone’s temple and lay my cheek against her silky hair, “That means she can fight this. She is still your strong friend, she is just facing a different kind of fight.”

Simone nods softly and I can sense her turmoil easing with each breath of my scent. I close my eyes, concentrate on what my mate is feeling, and urge the calmness buried within her, underneath all her worry and unease and pull it forward, tugging lightly enough that I hope she doesn’t notice I’m trying to manipulate her emotions.

Her breaths even out and her heart is beating at a steadier, calmer pace. Parker and Carli are fantastic, but I’m getting a little tired of my love getting worked up because of Carli’s inability to work out her trauma. I know that isn’t fair, but Simone is my mate, not Carli. I don’t want my Simone hurting for any reason, and I can tell this situation is draining her.

I will never voice my annoyance or concern. I know that Simone wouldn’t want me to and it is unfair of me, but right now I’m feeling exasperated with Carli and Parker for impeding on Simone’s happiness. I don’t mind all the extra time we get to spend with their princess though.... But my queen still comes first. She didn’t even get to celebrate our engagement properly because of everything happening with her friend.

Simone deserves a special moment to focus on herself for once. If only that damn fairy would reveal his demented arse so we could go back home for a night, or at least have a night out.

A thought occurs to me, and a smile spreads across my face at my own brilliance. Elena dropped by this morning to bring us, vampires, more blood bags, and mentioned the lanai out back from the packhouse when I mentioned I was getting kind of stir-crazy.

“My love, why don’t I run you a bath so you can relax for a little bit. I have a bit more work to get done before dinner.”

She looks up at me with pouty lips and puppy dog eyes, making my c\*\*k twitch. I lean forward and bite her puffy bottom lip, earning me a reluctant smile from my little vixen.

“Don’t you want to bathe with me? I can think of a much better way to relax,” she whispers in my ear seductively, making me groan. I can’t resist her. She is like a drug for me, and I’m more than ready for my next fix.

I capture her lips in a fierce, possessive motion, my hand gripping the back of her neck, directing her movements as we kiss passionately in my temporary office. She whimpers hungrily into my mouth, driving me wild with lust. I want to bury myself in her tight folds, losing myself in her like I do every night...and most mornings.

“Hold on tight,” I whisper into her mouth, waiting until she locks her fingers around my neck before standing with her and setting her on my desk. I quickly rid her of her underwear, shifting her skirt to expose her now naked cunt. It’s already dripping and deliciously heating, the blood circulating faster with her needy excitement. I pull my erection out of my pants and quickly dive into her, giving her exactly what she wanted and we both needed.

I make sure she drains herself, reaching her high multiple times before I succumb to my own release. I want her good and tired while she bathes so I have more time to accomplish what I need to do.

“f\*\*k!” she groans crudely as she comes undone for the final time, panting breathlessly like she just got done with a marathon. I’m shuddering inside her, twitching and smiling smugly at the sated look on her radiant face.

“Ready for that bath now?” I ask her in my most seductive voice, pulling her tiredness to the front of her senses so she gives in to me.

She nods sleepily, a look of pure bliss on her gorgeous features.

I carry her to our room, ignoring the knowing smirks from my men, and help her fill the tub with lathery suds and leave her in the foamy bath, jets going strongly against her sensitive skin. She is still in a daze, making me feel extremely pleased with myself.

After shutting her in the bathroom and making sure our bedroom door is closed, I call for Stephan and Carlos to join me in my office so we can quickly execute what I want to be done for tonight.

Simone POV

My toes are still curling at the thought of what Vincent did to me on his desk. The man is like a full-on stallion. He is like the most luxurious of sports cars, taking me from zero to sixty in a fraction of a second. I still feel revved up and delirious from his god-like s\*\*\*\*g. That man. Mmh.

I know he was playing me, distracting me, and trying to wear me out on purpose, but I don't care right now. He made me feel better so I'll gladly let him have time to finish his work now so I can put him back to work for me later.

Reading my favorite new book online, *Tempting My Mafia Boss* by one of my favorite steamy romance authors, I spend a few hours pruning up in the jetted tub, taking mental notes on things I want to play out with my mate later.

A not-so-quick quickie in his office was just what I needed to lift my deflated spirit after taking Carli to the clinic. Parker ended up having to admit Carli into the hospital for the night, worried about what all the stress was doing to the baby, and I came back to the packhouse with Stephan and Carlos feeling so defeated.

After taking Alpha Jared up to the alpha floor and helping him pack an overnight bag for Rosie, Parker agreeing to let him and Luna Mary keep Rosie for the night as long as she was back in the morning, I wanted to just crawl into Vincent's lap and cry for my friend. Vincent is right, though. She will win this battle, just like she conquers everything else life has thrown her way.

Parker's parents have been seeing the shrink that Vincent recommended to Alpha Jared, much to my surprise. He told me to thank Vincent for him when I was helping him get Rosie's stuff together. I was nervous at the thought of them keeping the munchkin, but Parker reassured me that they were actually great with her and he could tell they were making an effort. Rosie looked like

she was having a blast with her grandfather, so I'm going to let that anxiety go, at least for tonight.

When I'm all wrinkly from being in the water for too long, and my butt is sore from sitting, I lift myself from the water and sit on the edge of the tub, drying off as the water drains. I apply my moisturizer and do my usual routine after I'm done in the bath, applying all my serums, toners, and conditioners and drying my hair to perfection. I love to pamper my skin after a good soak.

When I feel glowing and radiant, and I smell like baby powder and jasmine, I exit the bathroom intending to find my mate and have him read some of my favorite steamy chapters from my book so he can dominate me with a faux Italian accent, but stop when I notice a gift box sitting on our bed, a big red bow on top with a note tucked underneath addressed to 'my love'.

I love presents! I squeal loudly as I lift the lid, bypassing the note in my excitement. Inside, there is a short, golden dress, flowing and elegant, and a pair of new designer shoes I saved on Vincent's computer, hoping he would stumble upon the bookmarked tab. The golden accents on the shoes match the dress perfectly. My man may be better at fashion than I am, which I'm so okay with.

Tearing open the note with a face-splitting smile on my face, I read it and swoon at how sweet my mate is.

My Love,

It would be my greatest honor if you would wear this gift and join me poolside for a romantic evening. No bathing suit needed 😊

P.S. No underwear will be needed either....

How we could spend an evening in the pack's open-to-the-public lanai and not need a bathing suit is beyond me, but I'll trust Vincent. No underwear needed either? My excitement is shooting through the roof.

I quickly dress, then go back in the bathroom to apply light make-up around my eyes, and rush out to the living room where a spiffy-looking Carlos is smiling brightly, ready to escort me down to where my mate is.

“You look lovely, Simone. Boss is going to go nuts when he sees you,” Carlos offers me his elbow as we make our way down the stairs, helping so I don’t fall as I descend in my killer heels.

“Aren’t you sweet,” I chuckle at him.

When we make it all the way down, I ignore the burn in my calves from walking all the way down several flights in my new shoes, my excitement making me too giddy to care. I have a feeling my calves aren’t going to be the only part of my body sore after tonight, based on Vincent’s note. My naked core is still tender from the pounding it took earlier, despite my wolf’s healing. That man...mmmh.

When we reach the double doors leading out into the lanai, Carlos opens the door for me, then retreats back into the building, standing guard just inside.

There is a giant party tent set up inside the lanai, covering the entirety of the pool, and the section around it I know holds the firepit and a gazebo with an intimate dining area. Soft, romantic music is leaking out of the open door. All the windows of the tent are covered in red curtains, but I can see a shadow moving behind the white tent walls towards where the door is.

When I walk through, a gasp escapes my lips, and I cover my mouth in surprise as cool hands wrap around my waist.

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The tent is glowing from the inside, soft candlelight illuminating from tea light candles placed everywhere, even floating in the pool, along with magnolia flowers. Magnolias and eucalyptus branches are wrapped around all the poles, hanging from the ceiling and making the area look like a modern greenhouse.

The gazebo is dressed up in silk linens and pale pink accents, a string quartet playing softly off to its side. There’s a waiter dressed in a white waistcoat waiting patiently with a linen napkin hanging over his bend arm.

“This looks so glamorous!” I exclaim in excitement, Vincent kissing my nape and chuckling lightly in my ear.

“My fiance needed a night to relax and be pampered by her humble mate.”

“Where is this humble mate of mine?” I c\*\*k an eyebrow at him, “The god-like mate I have knows how absolutely extraordinary he is. In every way,” I hum up at him, pecking his lips playfully, lifting my leg to rub the inside of his thigh.

“Your mate is humbled by the divine perfection of you. You make him just want to bow down at your perfect little feet and worship you,” he lifts his chin, looking down at me with seductive, hooded eyes.

“Oh, you are good,” I whisper, pressing my lips to his adam’s apple, making him shudder so, so slightly as sparks dance around our touch.

“You will be saying that so much tonight,” he smirks.

“There’s my humble mate,” I giggle.

Vincent leads me by the hand to the gazebo, where we are served a delicious scallop and greens appetizer. The crisp white wine tingles as it goes down the back of my throat, and I’m moaning with each bite of my food.

When our main course arrives, porterhouse steak with a blue cheese and garlic butter compote and fingerling potatoes, I’m in a whole new kind of ecstasy, thanks to my man. I can’t wait until we can leave pack lands safely so I can visit all of Vincent’s restaurants in person. All the food he has served me from his businesses has been exemplary.

“Where do we live after we can leave the packhouse?” I ask him, suddenly wondering about the future. “Do you want to keep living here because of Simon and Laura?”

“Well, Simon doesn’t normally live with me, love. This is usually a nine-to-five job for him. I would like to move us back to my condo downtown if that is alright with you. It’s close to my businesses and your parents.”

“Simon doesn’t live at your condo building too?” I ask, fixated on that one detail for now.

“No, no,” Vincent laughs softly, “He usually traffics to work like most Americans. He doesn’t live in my condo building, but he does live in an apartment over one of my other businesses. He will just move here to be with your friend and commute to work again.”

“They’re so cute together,” I smile thinking about my friend and her new vampire mate.

After we finish our meal, the string quartet leaves as the waiter finishes collecting our empty plates and setting dessert in front of us. The dessert is a delectable chocolate mousse. I look around the table in confusion, wondering why the waiter also took our spoons, that is until Vincent dips his middle and pointer finger into the martini glass filled with mousse and brings a chocolate-covered finger to my lips.

“What are you looking for, my love?” he croons in a velvety voice that makes moisture spill out onto my thighs.

“Absolutely nothing,” I hum around his fingers, sucking off the frothy dessert and twirling my tongue against the pads on each digit, our eyes dancing wickedly as I nibble their tips.

When the last musician leaves the tent, and the doors flap closed, I dip my finger into my glass, scooping out a decent dollop, then dropping it between my breasts.

“Oops,” I bite the corner of my lip, fighting to keep the smile off my face as I push my chest towards him.

“Oh my. Let me help you with that,” Vincent purrs, kneeling down beside me, spreading my legs so he can pull my thighs toward him, forcing me to wrap my legs around him as he stoops down and runs his tongue between my mounds, lapping up the warmed chocolate and sucking lightly on my plump flesh.

I scoop out another finger full, tracing my finger along my collarbone to the crook of my neck, my mouth forming a small ‘o’ as his tongue obliges. The fact I went without underwear becomes very apparent as his bulge pushes against my naked flower, its thick nectar coating the front of his pants.

My heels dig into his back, forcing more friction between us as I continue to soak the front of him with my need.

“Seems you’re quite messy elsewhere, love. Let me help you with that too,” he whispers darkly into my ear, sending shivers down my spine as his head dips down, his fingers skimming my dress up to my waist. Vincent keeps his heated gaze on mine until his tongue dives into me. Then, his eyes roll to the

back of his head as his lids slowly close, a hum of appreciation leaving his throat as he lapses up a whole different kind of a mess.

“So much sweeter,” he blows against my bud, then sucks it into his frosty mouth. My legs shake immediately. There is no slow build-up with Vincent. He can send me over the edge in a breath, he is that good, and tears are now filling my eyes as I fight against the pressure bursting inside me, trying to regain my composure. I feel totally at his mercy right now, the pleasure is that intense.

His tongue is torturous as it demands more and more from me, my throat growing sore from crying out my continuous o\*\*\*\*s.

“Oh, my love. Did you start a game you couldn’t finish? You look tired already,” Vincent murmurs wickedly, smirking up at me as his fingers continue to pump in and out of my pulsing s\*x, elongating my last o\*\*\*\*m.

“I think I just finished plenty,” I smile tiredly at him.

“Not even close,” he chuckles, he brings his arousal-soaked lips up to mine, forcing me to taste my juices on his tongue. I moan, sucking his tongue gently, then licking mine across his lips. He growls hungrily low in his chest.

Vincent lifts me by my thighs, making me squeal, and carries me over to one of the lounge chairs next to the pool. I’m not sure how Lilly will react to us abusing the pool furniture like this, but I have no hesitations. I don’t care if people outside this tent can hear us either. Vincent made this space a little retreat for us. An oasis in the middle of all the turmoil around. All I can think about is how much I love him and I want him inside me right now.

I greedily tear his linen shirt off his body, poppy the buttons on it as I pull it from the center of his chest.

“Don’t ruin my new dress. I like it,” I tell him sternly, my voice heavy with desire.

He chuckles softly. “I’ll buy you a new one right away,” he promises, ripping the fabric down its center with an elongated, sharp nail that quickly retracts back on after tearing through the last golden thread.

“My shoes?” I pout playfully.



“Will be safely wrapped around my neck for the time being,” he husks, shifting his pants down enough to expose my favorite part of his body to me. Well, one of my favorites, next to his tongue.

He holds my leg to his chest with one hand as his other works up and down his length, watching me as I squirm with need beneath him. Then, he slowly pushes inside me, filling my pulsing core to the hilt, rotating his hips, massaging all around the inside me. On his second rotation, I already feel the beginnings of the damn bursting; the tingling cracks at the edge of my pleasure.

Vincent pulls out of me slowly, circling as he goes, then slams back into me with brutal force, his pelvis slapping deliciously on my a\*s, sending vibrations through my core.

Relentless. Vincent is so amazingly relentless in the pleasure he gives me. I don't even know if he is trying to take anything for himself, he is giving me so much. By his guttural groans and sharp intakes of breath, I can hear the evidence, but my body is humming too violently to see the look of carnal bliss on his beautiful face.

I also miss the set of eyes watching us both through a crack in the tent.

Aiden POV

“They just had s\*x and skinny-dipped for a few more hours, then put robes on and went back to their room. He carried her up as she hugged her shoes to the chest. Left a huge mess for us by the pool,” the woman who plays the viola in the quartet employed by that bastard grimaces and makes a face filled with disgust. I wonder what kind of mess was left for her to be reacting like that, but I can guess.

The vampire was going to die. It was just a matter of time. If it weren't for that new wolf, the one that smells similar to Mona, I could be monitoring them on my own. He is monstrous in his abilities and knowledge of Miami and my kind. If he wasn't so pale I would think he was a local wolf. I wonder why he is so determined to find me? It seems personal to him as I watched him from above. Now, I have to stay hidden like a f\*\*\*\*\*g rat and force others to do my dirty work.

The b\*\*\*h here is only here because she wants to taste fairy blood. Our blood filled with magic is like a drug to vampires, and this slut seems like a junky

with her need for it. I'm laying in the loft of her apartment she shares with her brother, playing house with her while she f\*\*\*s and drinks from me when she wants, all so I can hide and have someone else do my bidding.

She wasn't the only name I found when studying the files in the vampire's office. There was a file for employees he was keeping tabs on for their blood habits, causing minor problems for their kind and the new counsel over the supernatural. There was also a file for disgruntled employees and another for an ongoing lawsuit with a couple of them.

I'm good at retaining information. It's the messenger genes passed down from my father. I can even remember every detail in his folder marked medical bills. I've had to get creative with my pursuit of Mona, trying to finish this game of chase the way she wants me to. She made it more challenging with the resources her pack and the vampire bastard have, but I will still win in the end.

"Did you get any more information on her friend? The one who she is always with?" I ask the slut who is currently grinding in my lap, lapping at the blood trickling from the bite on my neck.

She licks her lips and fangs, and I have to resist the urge to gag. I really hate vampires. "She's been admitted into a hospital. My brother didn't say much, but he did mention that her child is staying with the alpha's parents. I guess my brother and everyone else were nervous because the previous alpha and luna have a bad reputation. With the current luna in the hospital, my brother was there and thinks that the previous luna will make her situation worse."

"Does the current luna not get along with her mother-in-law?"

The slut grins mischievously, "You don't know? It was quite scandalous. Even I knew this from years ago."

"What?" I huff, trying to keep the annoyance from my tone.

"The luna and alpha are step-siblings. It was the talk of the town for a while. The previous alpha is this alpha's father, and the previous luna is the current luna's mother."

"What?" I smile wickedly, thrilled to learn this little bit of gossip. I don't know how I'm going to use it yet, but I'm sure there is a way.

She giggles and nods proudly, like telling me this was some great feat on her part. "When I take my brother more clothes tomorrow, I can try to find out more," she smiles up at me.

"You do that, and I will reward you greatly," I tell her, pushing my limp d\*\*k against her. Even soft, it still made her moan in want.

I thought I would be unable to do much more when my pegasus died on me two days ago. It was a feat getting back into the city from the swamps where I left its body for the gators to dispose of the evidence of his death. I can lie and say he flew away when I eventually do go back home, my Mona bearing my seal by my side.

My luck seems to still be with me, first in finding one of the vampire's guards has a junkie of a sister and now finding this bit of information on Mona's best friend who seems to be a bigger obstacle than the vampire. Her and her alpha mate.

I close my eyes, laying my head back, and imagine it is my Mona begging for my d\*\*k right now, and not the blood slut currently high off my blood. Picturing her pouty lips and molten eyes as I choked the air from her lungs makes my c\*\*k jump to life as images of what will soon be flash beneath my eyelids.

## **Her Vampire, Her Mate Chapter 40**

Parker POV

"Thanks for watching her last night," I told my father as he handed Rosie back to me.

"It was my pleasure," he coos at her, making her giggle as he tickles her round baby belly.

"How was," I hesitated, looking back at Carli's room to make sure the door was shut, "How was Mary with her?"

My dad sighs and drags a hand down his face that is looking heavy with age lately. "She is always great with Rosie, Parker. I know we haven't given you guys much reason to trust us, but we would never harm our granddaughter."

"I know you wouldn't, but Mary," I shook my head, "I watched her hit my mate, and try multiple times after that. You know my distrust is more than justified."

“I know,” he says with a sorrowful look on his face. “Mary is attending every counseling session I’ve booked for her. She’s trying, Parker. She’s not much different from her daughter. She is stubborn as hell but when she heard how much Carli was hurting now, she stopped fighting me.”

Rosie is wiggling in my arms, fighting to get free. I set her on her feet, expecting her to want to just stand on her own for a minute, but she lunges forward, giggling as she throws herself at my dad. He bends down and scoops her back up before her face hits his feet. Little booger can’t walk yet, but don’t tell her that. She has that invincible attitude her mother usually possesses.

“Watch it, baby girl. You still think you’re too big for those britches,” he playfully scolds her, blowing raspberries on her tummy.

Anyone could see by the way dad has treated her all week that he would never let any harm come to my baby girl. When I took her to see them at their house, he let Mary claim most of Rosie’s attention, but now that Mary isn’t allowed in the packhouse, dad has been eating up every second with her he could get.

I was so worried about Carli yesterday and our unborn pup, I agreed to Dad taking her for the night. Elena had been covering for Carli at the warrior center and Tommy would wring my neck, cursing up a storm if he saw Carli like this. I’m happy to see everything turned out okay with them keeping Rosie, but it still makes me nervous about how Carli is going to react when she finds out.

“So, how’s Carli?” Dad asks me, tucking Rosie back on his hip.

I sighed heavily, pushing my hair back from my face, “She’s asleep right now. They’re giving her something to help her anxiety but it makes her tired. I’m going to have them keep her for a few more days. I hate to ask, but can you continue covering for me? You’ve actually been a lot of help this past week.”

He huffed, “You act like that’s surprising. I was alpha for 23 years, son.”

I shrug, not wanting to argue with him over the past. He is making an effort now. That should count for something.

I yawned, covering my mouth and running my hands through my greasy hair again, “I need to call Lilly and see if she can help Simone handle the rest of the preparations for Rosie’s party. I tried to talk Carli into holding it off but she still wants it to happen.”

"She's turning 1. She won't remember having a party anyway," my dad tells me.

"Yeah, but Carli grew up never having a birthday party. No one even acknowledged her birthdays. This is important to her."

"Yeoh, but Corli grew up never having a birthday party. No one even acknowledged her birthdays. This is important to her."

Guilt washes over dad's face. I don't feel bad for reminding him about what Corli went through. He should feel guilty. Their treatment of my mother during her entire adolescence is a contributing factor to her depression.

"I'm so sorry. I'll always be sorry for the way Corli had to grow up. I should have," my dad brought his hand to his eyes, rubbing them both hard with his fingers, "I should have done the right thing by her. By Thomas. I will always regret the choices I made."

The emotion on my dad's face as he grips Rosie a little tighter eats away at me. Even after everything, he is still my dad. He was a shitty step-dad to Corli, and at times a shitty alpha, but he has always been a great dad to me. He's trying to be a great grandfather to my daughter. I just have to decide if I'm going to let him.

"Maybe..." he took a shuddering breath to prepare himself, "Maybe we could make it up in some small way to Corli by giving Rosie the best birthday a one-year-old could ever have."

It would be a great help, and I know Mory. If she puts her mind to it, this would be the greatest party anyone has ever seen for any birthday. The issue is....I don't know how to bring this up with Corli, or if I even should. Technically, if the luno is in the hospital like this or is unable to perform her duties, the previous luno steps in. Because of Lilly and Corli's role swapping, that's not really needed, but Lilly might not be able to handle everything on her own. Simone can't leave the pockhouse right now either.

"Let me think about it. I don't want to upset Corli anymore. I didn't even ask her about you guys keeping Rosie last night. If-

"I don't care, Porker. I trust you," Corli's voice flits through my mind, her voice laced with a sleepy drowsiness from the sedative. I look back and see the

door to her room is slightly open now, but Corli is not where I can see her. I wonder how much of our conversation she heard.

I run my hands through my hair, nervous about what I'm going to walk into when I re-enter that room. I can't sense her moods as well with the drugs they have her on. She feels numb more than anything.

"I'm fine. I don't care if they want to plan the f\*\*\*\*\*g party. Just....please don't let Rosie be alone with her. Not with Mory."

I feel a flicker of fear and nervousness in the bond, but it is quickly overcome by the numbness. "Okay, baby. She won't be. I'll leave her with Eleno and Simone until you're back home."

She doesn't reply, and I feel her exhaustion in her numb haze. I sighed, turning back to my dad, who was looking at me with concern.

"Everything alright?"

I nod, "Yeah. If you guys could handle Rosie's party that would be great."

He smiles sadly, "It will be our pleasure," he then turns to rub his nose against Rosie's, then looks sadly towards Corli's door. "Tell her thank you."

Corli POV

When I got up to use the restroom, I heard Parker's voice outside in the hall and felt his nervousness and stress through the bond. Guilt filled me knowing I was the reason. I'm always the reason. The reason for everyone's stress and anxiety. It's been that way since I was born. Seems that's something I will never be rid of.

"Yeah, but Carli grew up never having a birthday party. No one even acknowledged her birthdays. This is important to her."

Guilt washes over dad's face. I don't feel bad for reminding him about what Carli went through. He should feel guilty. Their treatment of my mate during her entire adolescence is a contributing factor to her depression.

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fingers, “I should have done the right thing by her. By Thomas. I will always regret the choices I made.”

The emotion on my dad’s face as he grips Rosie a little tighter eats away at me. Even after everything, he is still my dad. He was a shitty step-dad to Carli, and at times a shitty alpha, but he has always been a great dad to me. He’s trying to be a great grandfather to my daughter. I just have to decide if I’m going to let him.

“Maybe....” he took a shuttering breath to prepare himself, “Maybe we could make it up in some small way to Carli by giving Rosie the best birthday a one-year-old could ever have.”

It would be a great help, and I know Mary. If she puts her mind to it, this would be the greatest party anyone has ever seen for any birthday. The issue is....I don’t know how to bring this up with Carli, or if I even should. Technically, if the luna is in the hospital like this or is unable to perform her duties, the previous luna steps in. Because of Lilly and Carli’s role swapping, that’s not really needed, but Lilly might not be able to handle everything on her own. Simone can’t leave the packhouse right now either.

“Let me think about it. I don’t want to upset Carli anymore. I didn’t even ask her about you guys keeping Rosie last night. If-”

“I don’t care, Parker. I trust you,” Carli’s voice flints through my mind, her voice laced with a sleepy drawl from the sedative. I look back and see the door to her room is slightly open now, but Carli is not where I can see her. I wonder how much of our conversation she heard.

I run my hands through my hair, nervous about what I’m going to walk into when I re-enter that room. I can’t sense her moods as well with the drugs they have her on. She feels numb more than anything.

“I’m fine. I don’t care if they want to plan the f\*\*\*\*\*g party. Just....please don’t let Rosie be alone with her. Not with Mary.”

I feel a flicker of fear and nervousness in the bond, but it is quickly overcome by the numbness. “Okay, baby. She won’t be. I’ll leave her with Elena and Simone until you’re back home.”

She doesn’t reply, and I feel her exhaustion in her numb haze. I sighed, turning back to my dad, who was looking at me with concern.

“Everything alright?”

I nod, “Yeah. If you guys could handle Rosie’s party that would be great.”

He smiles sadly, “It will be our pleasure,” he then turns to rub his nose against Rosie’s, then looks sadly towards Carli’s door. “Tell her thank you.”

Carli POV

When I got up to use the restroom, I heard Parker’s voice outside in the hall and felt his nervousness and stress through the bond. Guilt filled me knowing I was the reason. I’m always the reason. The reason for everyone’s stress and anxiety. It’s been that way since I was born. Seems that’s something I will never be rid of.

I cracked the door and peeked out to see Parker and his dad talking, Jared holding Rosie in his arms. Rosie looks so content and happy to be with him, that guilt starts eating away at me again. Am I depriving her of her grandfather’s love because of my feelings towards him and my birth mother?

Mary is horrible. My views on her will likely never change. Even my therapist said I am justified in my anger towards her, but she also said it’s my choice how I react to and channel that anger from this point forward.

I don’t want to continue to feel like this. It hurts. Even through the numbness of the medicine they put me on, the gaping hole inside my chest pulses with unease every time I let my mind leave the blank space I created there to escape from my emotions.

I hear Jared apologize to Parker for me; for the way I was brought up. I feel the pulse at the edge of the hole in my chest, and swallow down the emotions quickly so I can continue to listen.

So Rosie stayed with Jared and Mary last night? I peak out the door again, and Rosie not only looks happy to be in her grandfather’s arms, but she is also glowing. She is in a new outfit and her soft blonde curls are brushed to perfection, a little butterfly clip pinning them to one side. She is playing with Jared’s watch on his wrist, giggling and smiling up at him every time she gets it to do something. He smiles enthusiastically at her between breaks in his conversation with Parker, and the love he has for her is evident on his face.



When Jared offers to take on the burden of her party, for the first time in a long time, since I was ten years old, hope blossoms in me, though only for a fleeting second. Hope that this man who did nothing but disappoint me my entire life might actually be trying to do something nice for me for once. Even if it's not for me and just for my daughter, I don't want to be the one that takes that from her. She deserves all the love in the world, even if I don't....

"I don't care, Parker. I trust you," I let him know. I can feel his apprehension and shame, like he was just caught doing something he shouldn't have. Is this what my life will be from now on? This endless torture of numbness and negativity, combined with being able to sense how much I am hurting my mate by being this way. I don't want to continue being a burden to him.

"I'm fine. I don't care if they want to plan the f\*\*\*\*\*g party. Just....please don't let Rosie be alone with her. Not with Mary."

No matter what, I know I will never get over the fear that my mother might do to Rosie what she did to me one day. I would kill myself if I ever let that woman hurt my baby.

I can feel Parker responding, but the drugs are hitting me all of a sudden now that I've been standing for a few minutes. I don't want to burden the baby I'm carrying by stressing out anymore, so I crawl back into my bed and let the numbness wash over me once again.