

Her Vampire, Her Mate Chapter 4

We drop Simone off at her house before Parker drives back to the packhouse. I'm working hard on ignoring him, refusing to come up to the front seat. I love the man, but I'm not putting up with his overprotective antics anymore. He gives up trying to talk to me and just starts humming along to the music, strumming his fingers on the steering wheel. He's not even fazed that I'm mad at him.

I'm annoyed as f**k that I have to wait for Parker to let me out of the backseat because of the stupid child locks. We did it for Rose, as new parents, thinking we had to safety proof everything, even though she never goes in Parker's truck. We bought a Volvo because of its safety rating, and that's the only vehicle we try to put her in.

I try to push past Parker when I hop down, not taking his helping hand when offered, but the bastard catches me in his arms and pulls my back against his front.

"Stop being like that," he whispers in my ear, running his nose down my neck, trying to use the tingles to rein in my anger.

"f**k you," I growled. He laughed softly, which pissed me off more. I elbowed him in the stomach and stomped up to the packhouse.

When I got upstairs, I expected to see Elena and my dad there babysitting, but the apartment was empty. I exited Rosie's room and almost ran straight into Parker.

"Where is my daughter?" I growled at him.

"Grandma Grace stopped by. She's staying the night at your parents' and took Rosie. We're on our own until morning."

"Great," I huff, going back to ignoring him, stomping to our room so I can grab my pillow and breast pump. My swollen t**s are killing me, needing to be drained. I wanted to feed Rosie directly since it hurts less, the pump not being my favorite thing to use, but it will have to do.

I stormed out of our room, Parker following quietly behind me, and headed to the guest room, shutting the door in his face. I didn't lock it, knowing there was

no point. The handle was broken and you just had to jiggle it twice for the lock to slip out of place.

“Baby, can you let me talk to you now?”

“Nope,” I stated, getting situated on the bed so I could pump. Parker sighs, lying at the end of the bed on his belly.

“I’m sorry about the earrings,” he tells me, rolling over to watch me as I fasten the double pump to my tits.

“No, you’re not. You’re sorry I found out.”

“That too,” he smirks, “Baby, I’m just trying to keep you safe.”

“By putting a bug in my ears? I thought you gave me those f*****g earrings as a sweet gesture. I was bragging to the other female warriors the next f*****g day. I didn’t know you gave them to me because you didn’t trust me.”

Parker sighs heavily, “I trust you, Carli, but back then you were going through the baby blues. You would go off for hours on that motorcycle and I was worried to death about where you were or if something happened to you when you were gone for too long. I know you need your independence, but I also need to know that you’re safe.”

I grunted, sinking into the bed. I don’t like thinking about that dark period. I would get so f*****g mad and frustrated for no reason, and then I would feel horrible about my thoughts and my outward displays of agitation. I would be feeding or holding Rosie, and just cry my eyes out, feeling these deep feelings of guilt and anxiety, and I had no idea where they were coming from.

My doctor told me it was postpartum depression, and it was quickly fixed with medication. Going back to work helped too. Being a new mom, being Luna, and those mixed feelings of not living up to the standards I set for myself and feeling useless all contributed to the depression after having the baby. My hormones were so out of whack and my brain couldn’t compute all the changes and anxieties at once.

“Why was the program open on your iPad then?” I questioned Parker, turning this back around on him. If it was for keeping an eye on me back then, why was he using it now?

Parker offers me a sad smile, “Bad habit. You weren’t the only one going through a hard time, Carli. I felt so hopeless watching you go through that. I couldn’t do anything but love you, and sometimes you didn’t even want me to do that. When I feel a little restless, I open the program just to check and make sure you’re safe. It makes me feel at ease.”

Well, f**k a duck. It’s hard to be mad at him when he puts it like that. I sighed, pulling out my phone from my pocket, holding both breast pumps against my arm so they didn’t unlatch.

“Pull out your phone,” I muttered. He looks at me in confusion but does it. I open up my settings and tap on location sharing. I send him an invite to see my location at all times and he smiles brightly.

“No more bugs in my jewelry, got it? This is all you need. And I want new earrings. Without tracking devices in them.”

“Yes ma’am,” he moved up the bed and kissed my cheek. He sat up beside me, pulled me into the crook of his arms, and started rubbing absentmindedly on the swell of my breast, right next to the pump.

“So what was that about with Simone? Why did you want me to ask Vincent about her?” Parker asked after a few minutes of comfortable silence.

I bit my lip, not sure if I should tell him. I want to help my best friend, though.

“She found her mate,” I mumbled.

“That’s great! But what does that have to do with that bloodsucking vamp-”

“Vincent is her mate,” I interrupted him before he started ranting about the guy.

“Vincent is her mate!?” Parker exclaims.

I just nod, hopping up out of bed now that I’m done pumping. Parker takes the milk bottles and divides them up into storage bags, placing them in the freezer while I clean the equipment. It’s so much easier just to feed her. I hate having to do all this extra shit.

I’m wiping up my chest, cleaning the drops of breastmilk off one tit when Parker comes up to me, then ducking his head and licking the milk off of my

other. It grosses me out, but he loves the s**t. I think he would want me to feed him too if I was open to it. I'm not. Hell no.

"Why do you like doing that so much?" I asked the pervert, making him smile with his tongue still dancing around my nipple.

"It's such a f*****g turn on knowing that I did this to you," he tells me, before sucking my tit in his mouth, drawing out more milk.

"Will you stop it? You're still on my s**t list."

"Am I?" he smirks up at me. No, he really wasn't anymore, but I'm not ready to tell him that, though I have a feeling he already knows.

I pushed him off and then went to put on my nursing bra and shirt back on, trying not to laugh at his pouty face.

"So why did Simone leave if Vincent was her mate?" Parker muses while following me out of the kitchen and back to the guest room. I grabbed my pillow and we walked into the living room to talk.

"She said she has too much going on to deal with a mate that can't feel the mate bond."

He nodded in understanding, "It's weird though. He usually eggs me on about you, but he was just asking me questions about her. Is she still dating that fairy guy, by the way?"

I shook my head, "No. Aiden was....a d**k. He was clingy and wanted more than she did."

"Vincent asked if she was single. I told him she was."

"That's a good sign!" I smiled brightly at him. I'm not meddling, just supporting my best friend from the sidelines.