

Her Vampire, Her Mate Chapter 41

Simone POV

“So everything is okay?” I ask Alpha Jared. He came up to drop Rosie off with me after visiting Carli in the hospital.

“Not okay, but Parker is with her. I’ll be sticking around more to help fill in for him while she gets better. She’ll be home in a few days, but the doctors want her to rest for now.”

I nod, knowing why. I think Parker is trying to keep Carli’s pregnancy a secret for now until she is safely past her first trimester. Alpha Jared most likely doesn’t know about the pregnancy because that would mean Mary would find out, and Mary might start more crap with my girl, Carli.

Vincent comes up from behind me, probably sensing my sudden dip in emotions, rubbing his hand across my waist. His touch soothes some of the worries in me before he turns towards Alpha Jared and smiles teasingly at the baby girl in Alpha Jared’s arms who is now struggling to get to him. Vincent laughs, reaching for her outstretched hands and plucking her from Alpha Jared’s arms.

“My little princess,” he coos. “I hear your birthday is this Saturday. I think a rose gold tiara with crystal butterf-”

“She’s turning one, Vin. Don’t go overboard,” I furrow my eyebrows at his absurd gift idea.

“She’s just jealous she doesn’t get a rose gold tiara with crystal butterflies,” Vincent nuzzles into Rosie’s curls as she holds tight to his face, giggling like the little flirt she is. I laugh softly and roll my eyes at him. Vincent goes to walk back into his office with the baby when Jared calls out to him.

“Thanks for recommending me to Amanda, Vincent. She has been a great help to me and my mate,” Alpha Jared calls out warmly, a polite smile on his face. To think there would be a day Alpha Jared would smile at a vampire.

Vincent removes Rosie’s hand hooked into his mouth as she was trying to pull his face closer to hers and Vin smiles back at him, “I’m glad to hear that. Dr. Phillips helped me after my parent’s death. She is friends with Vivian Meyers and her spouse. They originally recommended her to me.”

Alpha Jared tilts his head in condolence, "I'm sorry to hear about your parents."

Vincent waves off his concern, "They made bad choices. Their time had come. I was the one who asked Carli and Parker to handle them since p*****e was not something I could stomach."

"Carli and Parker?" Alpha Jared studies Vincent with confusion, "Are you the young vampire who had the feral aunt that targeted my daughter-in-law?"

Vincent nods confidently, but I can sense his hesitation in the bond. Luna Mary was drugged by his parents in that occurrence.

Jared surprises us once again and grins softly at Vincent, "If you hadn't helped them, I likely never would have had my granddaughter, Vincent. For that, thank you for your sacrifice. No one should be put in the situation you were in, and I'm grateful you chose the path that lead to my daughter-in-law being prepared for what happened."

Vincent sputters in stunned silence for a minute, "Thank you, uh-"

"Jared, son. Call me Jared," he smiles warmly again, then waves to Rosie, "I should get downstairs. Mary will be here soon to help plan Rosie's birthday party. I hope to see you both at lunch," he tells us before walking out of the apartment.

"That was....progressive," Vincent drawled softly, staring past me at the now-closed front door.

"There's hope," I smile softly. Maybe if she can have a healthy relationship with Jared and Mary, it will help Carli recover. Maybe. Twenty-plus years of damage can't be fixed that easily, but it's a start.

"Come, Princess," Vincent coos to Rosie, "Let's go buy you some early presents online."

"Are you going to get any work done with a baby in your lap?" I ask him skeptically.

"Sure we will," Vincent nuzzles into Rosie's hair like he's answering her and not me, "She's going to help me spend money on Aunt Simone's replacement

dinner dress, as well as new dresses for both of you,” Vincent smirks cockily back at me.

I sigh, smiling and shaking my head, “Check your saved web pages!” I call after him.

“I always do,” he calls back. Oh, the man is the total package. Every single thing about him. I skip back to our room, grinning about the new midi skirt I saved there this morning, and Vincent ripping it off me like he did my dress last night. The total package, I’m telling ya’.

UNKNOWN POV

“Why do you keep peaking out there like a creep,” my brother asks me while pulling the clean clothes I brought him out of the utility bags I brought them in. Carlos is a f*****g creep, not me. How he can be comfortable in a house full of dogs is beyond me. I have a job to do for Aiden, though. I can’t argue with him over this again. Now that Vincent is off the table, Aiden is like a dream come true.

“I’m just seeing how you’re living here,” I smile at him, faking sweetness. I’m trying to use my vampire hearing to pick up every detail that the tramp is discussing with the previous alpha. It was lucky that he showed up right when I did. I may not have to do much digging with my brother if I can just listen close enough.

“Are you keeping up with your appointments at the blood bank, Suzie?” Carlos asks me. I want to roll my eyes and scoff at him but hold myself back. I missed my appointment a few days ago, the day Aiden approached me. I have another tomorrow and I’ll probably miss that one too. I need to find a witch to hide the magic in my blood from feeding on Aiden. I’m not telling my brother that.

“Mmhmm,” I nod, not meeting his eyes, peeking back out the door of his bedroom.

“Really? You know they will call your employer if you don’t. And your employer happens to be my employer. I’ll know if you don’t.”

“I am!” I whine at him, “So, how did our employer’s night after his skinny dipping session go?” I pry.

“Hey, stop it. You know we both signed an NDA.”

I roll my eyes, “I was there, and so were you. We’re just discussing work,” I tell him wiggling my eyebrows.

“I’m security, Suze. I can’t discuss what happens behind closed doors.”

“If they do more than that behind closed doors, you deserve a vacation after this,” I mutter, remembering the way Vincent was f*****g that tramp like the b***h she is outback by the pool last night.

“Suzie!” Carlos snaps at me, “I know you’re just a musician at one of his restaurants, but he still won’t appreciate you talking like that about his private life.”

What a boy scout. I hate when he degrades my job like that. I used to be part of the musicians in Lady Delilah’s courts until I got caught feeding on underage fairy boys. They were all over 16, but it was still a crime. Carlos had to beg for this job for me at his employer’s steakhouse. I’m treated like a con for sucking the wrists of boys just 3 years younger than me. It shouldn’t even be a crime if we don’t drain them.

Ever since I got this job and had to move in with Carlos, I’ve been on a short leash. Carlos being away for the last few weeks for work because of some threat to Vincent was the best thing that happened to me. I don’t even remember what he said the threat was. I’m grateful for it in a small way. I never could have brought Aiden back home with me if Carlos was there.

“I got it. Geez,” I whine at him, changing the subject. “So, why is that old alpha wolf out there? Is-”

“I don’t know,” Carlos cuts me off, exasperated. “Hey, did you not pack my gym shorts? The blue ones with the gray stripes?”

A*****e. I shake my head, rolling my eyes when he looks away exasperated, tucking his clean clothes into the dresser. He takes the now empty bag and retreats to the bathroom to fill it with his dirty clothes, expecting me to wash them for him and bring them back. I don’t pay him rent, instead, I am expected to do housework and s**t like this.

While he’s out of sight, I peak back out the door, just in time to see Vincent walk past with a baby in his arms. Who’s the brat? He must feel my eyes on

him because he looks up and his eyes turn to mine momentarily. He offers me a tight, indifferent smile, then retreats into a room across the hall.

Indifferent my a*s. So infuriating. I need my f*****g slurp. One mouthful of Aiden's blood just to lift my mood, give me that magic high I live for; what I was forced to go without for much too long. I run through the conversation I heard between Vincent, the old alpha everyone hates, and that b***h Aiden won't quit asking about. I have the whole conversation committed to memory, ready to repeat. Once I please him, he will satisfy all my needs, just in time for me to head to work.

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Simone POV

"How are you feeling, doll?" I asked, slipping into Carli and Parker's bedroom with her little rugrat in my arms.

She smiles lazily at me, "Tired. I know they're trying to keep me relaxed for the baby, but being tired all the time is more tiring than not being tired, ya know."

I giggle at her little rant. "Someone wanted to see mama," I tell her, leaning Rosie down so Carli can grab her easily from my hands. Carli got home from the hospital this morning and Rosie had barely seen her the last few days. She usually asks for her daddy, but mama has been the name coming out of her every time she cries for the last 2 days.

"My baby girl," Carli coos, snuggling her face into Rosie's curls.

"Mama," Rosie whimpers, burying her face in Carli's chest, being still for the first time in her life as she relishes the feeling of her mama's hold on her.

"I know, my baby. Mama is here. You can stay with mama now that I'm home."

I fought back tears as I watched them together. How Carli could ever believe she isn't a good mother is beyond me.

"How's this one doing?" I asked her, rubbing her flat belly.

She sighs, looking down at my hand on her stomach with a forlorn expression.

“Good, I hope. I’m going to try and listen to Parker this time and stay home and relax. I don’t,” she bites her lips, hiding her emotion, “I don’t want to hurt the baby. I can’t.”

“You won’t, babe,” I told her, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear, “You both are going to be fine.”

She offers me a warm smile, “Thank you for all your help the past few weeks. We were supposed to be the ones helping you, but I feel like the focus shifted to me. I don’t know what we would have done if you weren’t there to help, though. Thank you.”

This time, my tears break free, slipping down my face silently, “I didn’t feel like much help all the time. I’m just glad you’re back home and better.”

She grabs my hand and squeezes it reassuringly, “Now we can start planning your bachelorette party. I’m thinking Vegas.”

I laughed, wiping the tears off my cheeks, “Yeah, Parker will love that.”

“He’s not invited,” she says, turning her nose up in the air. This is my best friend I have missed the past few weeks. I’m glad they got her on medicine to help treat her and bring back the defiant fighter we all know and love.

“You just said you were going to listen to Parker this time!” I reminded her.

“Hey, I know you. Your wedding is going to be nothing short of royalty-level grand. It will take you MONTHS to plan, and I won’t be pregnant by the time the wedding nears.”

I roll my eyes and smirk at how right she is. Vincent and I have been talking about a wedding after I graduate from university, so we will have a long engagement. I still doubt Parker will let Carli go to Vegas without him. He wouldn’t let her go anywhere without him. I’m not going to tell her that now though.

Rosie ends up falling asleep in Carli’s arms, Carli cradling her body like she is the most precious thing in the world to her.

“How’s the planning for her party going?” She asks me, making nervousness bubble to the surface inside me. I give her a panicked look, and she tilts her head smiling sadly. “I know Mary is helping to plan it. I told Parker it was okay.

I just,” he licks her lips, looking down at her daughter to brush the curls from her face, “I don’t think I’m ready to ask her directly how it’s going. I’m not ready to talk to her yet.”

I breathe out a sigh of relief, thankful that I don’t have to call Parker as she spirals down again.

“It’s going well. Mary is running with the Encanto theme since Rosie likes the music and movie so much. She even found this newer Colombian restaurant that is catering for the food, and it’s run by vampires, according to Alpha Jared.”

“Did you meet with the caterers too?” she asks.

“No, Mary is handling all that. I’m helping with the decorations and doing things from the packhouse since I can’t really leave.”

“Oh, right,” she remembers, “Any sign of Aiden yet?”

“None,” I huffed, exasperated. I want to go back to my normal life. “Vincent said something about his steakhouse, and sent men to investigate with Casey, but it turned out to be nothing.”

“His steakhouse?” Carli looks at me, confused, “Aiden didn’t eat meat. Why would he visit a steakhouse?”

I shrugged, “He didn’t say. I didn’t really ask, though.” I haven’t had the energy to. Mary keeps me and Lilly running around all day doing stuff for the party and helping to fulfill the other Luna duties she keeps trying to micromanage. Lilly has been pissed all week as her job is being taken from her.

I mentioned to Alpha Jared yesterday that Mary was getting to be a bit much, so hopefully today she goes back to just planning the party and not stepping on Lilly’s toes. He has been more stern with her than I have ever seen before. What surprises me most is that Mary is listening to him. She used to be the one who always wore the pants in their relationship. Seems Alpha Jared is slipping those bad boys on himself for a change.

“Well, I hope we find the fucker soon. I’m sure Vincent is ready to go home.”

I laughed, “He very much is.”

Vincent POV

I smelled it on her again. When she came back the next day, bringing her brother some gym shorts she had forgotten, I picked it up off her skin and clothes. Fairy scent.

This girl, Carlos's sister, has had dealings with fairy blood in the past, so I need to be sure that the scent I'm picking up on is a specific scent, and not just her falling off the wagon again. Fairy blood is like an addiction to vampires, and it can lead to diseases and weird side effects on our part, or it can lead to death for the fae if they are exposed to too much of our venom. Humans are our natural prey, so when we alter that, it alters us in negative ways.

Carlos and his sister are weaker vampires, so there is little risk of poisoning for fairy kind, but she is still on probation after being caught by Delilah while working in her court. I also received an email from the blood bank that she missed her last 2 appointments. I would like to know why before confronting her or her brother about it.

Even if the scent turns out to be her falling back into old habits, it could be a problem for my business since I am her employer and not monitoring her blood intake while she is on probation. If my suspicions are correct, though, and this is in relation to Aiden....

It's hard to tell fairy scents apart. They all have the same earthy and dirt-based scent to them, but I invited Casey over when I knew Carlos's sister would be visiting. Dogs have a better sense of smell than bats, right?

When I told Casey that, along with my suspicions, he growled at me through the phone line, making me chuckle. He and some men have already checked out my steakhouse for me and now he thinks I'm just being overly conscious.

Casey and Cathal found the Pegasus Adrian was using dying, tied to a tree out in the swamp. They thought the animal was dead, but he stirred slightly at Cathal's touch.

The horse is now in the fairy kingdom it needs to survive, but they still suspect the beast will die from the weeks of exertion without proper care or magic to feed on. They need magic in the air like other creatures need oxygen to

survive. Because he went so long without, and likely only survived as long as he did because he had the little bit of magic Aiden expelled to tide him over, he is like a body deprived of oxygen for too long. His wings and mind will never work right again. Aiden as good as killed him, and is facing death by the fae courts if they get to him before we do.

Because Casey spent so much time with Cathal and the fairies, he is familiar with Aiden's scent and can pick up on the notes that my duller nose can't. My hearing may be superior to a wolf's, but not my sense of smell. He is now hiding in my office with me while we wait for Carlos's sister to come to drop off his clothes.

"Are you sure you aren't just using this as some excuse to spend time with me?" Casey asks, lounging on the couch in the corner of the room and throwing a small ball left behind by Rosie up in the air. "I already got a mate, so if you're hoping for that freaky twin sharing s**t you're s**t out of luck."

This man is insufferable. I try to ignore his endless, meaningless chatter to hone in on the noises outside the room. Carlos is expecting his sister any minute as she brings him more clothes after doing his laundry. There is a washer and dryer here, and omega wolves are paid to do laundry downstairs, but he still insists on his sister doing his, saying it's how she pays rent, since he won't charge her money.

"I mean, you're an attractive f*****g guy and all, but I just don't think it would work out. Plus, Courtney might be a little too okay with the whole thing, and then I would just have to kill you, you know? Then Simone will f*****g stab me with her heel like that one chick from the White Snake music video. Mom and dad will cry at mine and your funeral. It's just not worth it, man. I'm sorry, but our love could never be."

"Will you stop?" I huffed, "Geez, I miss you hating me."

"Aww, is my rejection too much for you? Want to cuddle? I'll let you feel my--"

"Shh!" I held my hand up to him, hearing Susan being let in by her brother. "She is here."

All the joking leaves his face as he stands and pads quietly to the door to peek out. I can hear Carlos scolding her for her appearance, saying something about the sheen in her eyes, which is the first indication she has been feeding on a fairy.

“I’m not close enough to smell her yet,” Corey whispers so faintly, that even I have a hard time hearing. He lives in a region ridden by rogue vampire covens, and being the gamma, he has to deal with them most often. He is trained more than the wolves here to combat my kind. He knows how to keep a low profile when he wants to.

A mischievous gleam crosses his features before his face turns to hostility, and he yells at me in a firm voice. “You will never be f*****g good enough for my sister, you prick!”

He swings the door open wide, going to leave. I guess I’m meant to play along?...

“That’s not what she was moaning to me all night,” I hissed at him, smirking when I saw the genuine irritation on his face.

“You’re so f*****g cocky. Thinking you’re all f*****g that and a bag of chips, don’t you?” he sneers, walking towards where Carlos and Susan are staring open-mouthed at our faux bickering. “What about you sweetheart? I bet you don’t think this fucker is all that great either.” Casey glides his arm around Susan’s shoulders, bringing his face down to ask the question right in her ear. She leans away from him in obvious disgust, but not before Casey gets a good whiff of her scent.

The expression on his face makes it clear what he finds. His eyes darken momentarily, and anger flashes on his features before he schools them, getting them under control. Carlos is not going to like what I have planned for his sister now.

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Casey POV

This is f*****g it. This is the f*****g break we needed to find this sick f**k and give my sister her freedom back. This is the reason I’ve been away from my wife and son for the last few weeks. We finally have a lead, and I’m going to destroy this fucker.

“Keep my employees out of this, dog,” Vincent snaps, keeping up the ruse. “You both can go. We have some things to settle,” he adds, nodding to them so they can walk away. The chick throws one more look of disgust my way. I blew a kiss at her, causing her to sneer.

While Vincent's man leads his sister to his room to switch out the clothes or some s**t, I type a quick text to Matt, telling him s**t's about to go down. I need Parker to notify Cathal and we need to take care of this. Today. Now.

"So I was right?" Vincent questions me quietly, watching as I type furiously on my phone to communicate with the pack. I miss having a link to the pack here. I have to communicate by phone. I hate texting.

"For once," I retorted out of habit. This fucker is fun to pick on.

"For once? Seriously?"

I shrug, too focused on coming up with a plan to put any heart into picking on him more right now. "We need to follow her and see if she can lead us to him."

He nods, "She is a vampire. She can tell a wolf is near her just by the accelerated beating of your heart."

"No s**t sherlock," I rolled my eyes. The girl might even be able to hear us now.

I typed out a message for him on my phone. I'll be with Cathal dipshit. He has that fairy voodoo s**t to mask us. Matt is downstairs waiting for you with Trevor. When she leaves, I'll follow her. You take your man down and he will be held until I tell you otherwise.

"So bossy," Vincent mouthed. Then he hissed loudly, going back to our little show, "Get out! She is mine and you can f**k off!

I almost laughed. He sounds too formal to cuss like that. "I don't think such a p**y a*s b**h should use f*****g words so out of f*****g character."

Vincent looks embarrassed momentarily, "A*s hole," he glares. I smirked at him, knowing I had struck an actual nerve, turning and stomping out of the apartment for the grand finale to our little show, then sprinting down the stairs to prepare my men for what was to come next. He's my brother-in-law. I'm allowed to piss him off like that, but now I need to focus.

Matt is at the bottom of the stairs, waiting for me so he can send the mass mind link I'm restricted from sending.

“Her name is Susan. She goes by Suzie. She is covered in fucktard the first’s scent. Reeks of the s**t. She’s feeding on and f*****g him by the stench of her,” I gagged in disgust. The scent of f*****g fairies lingers because of the magic exuded from them. Grosses me the f**k out to think of my sister smelling like that. I’m snipping his balls off before I kill him. “I need you and a few men to stay here. Brother is Carlos.”

“Carlos? Is he...?”

“Traitor? I don’t think so. Just in case, Vince will bring the bastard down and you are going to search ‘em and put the fucker in a holding cell while I follow the sister. Cathal is waiting outside the pack territory and will roll out behind her while I take the bike.”

Matt nods, “Alpha is on his way. He was teaching at the warrior center, filling in for Carli. Take one of my brothers with you so you can mind link. He wants to meet you when you find him.”

“I can take care of this. He doesn’t have to,” I go to argue, but Matt shaking his head stops me.

“Simone is like our sister too. Parker wants to go for her; as her alpha and friend. Not because he doesn’t think you can’t handle s**t,” Matt pats my shoulder firmly. I nod, knowing it’s true. Parker is a great f*****g alpha. As much as I used to hate the f*****g guy, I’m glad he is the alpha here, keeping my sister, Carli, and the rest of the pack safe and putting everyone else’s needs before his own. The pack is the healthiest it’s ever been because of him.

“Fine, but give me Hillary or Laura. I don’t want your pervy brothers groping my t**s and getting excited while riding bitch.”

Matt chuckles, “Hillary and Laura might get excited too.”

“Laura maybe. Daryl has much better t**s than me. Hillary won’t be impressed by mine.”

Matt snorts, linking Laura and Hillary to see which one is closer. Laura is the lucky winner. Perfect. Her vampy mate and she should be able to mind link. He can talk to Vincent and can find out what’s going on.

I rush out with Laura as Matt and the other warriors disperse, trying not to raise suspicion as the vampire girl walks down to the first floor, grumbling the entire way about the pack house needing an elevator.

Sissy. Our women don't need an elevator. Well, except Luna Mary. That cunt was too good for the stairs.

Straddling Carli's bike, Laura gripping my sides behind me, we shelter between Parker's truck and Vincent's SUV, hiding from view. I watch as the snobby chick struts to her little Prius, her face turned up into a sneer. I have a feeling it is her resting b***h face.

We follow a safe distance behind, ducking behind Cathal's inconspicuous Ford Explorer on the main road. It's a balancing act, trying to stay hidden on the loud bike while watching the girl at the same time. She pays little attention to us. She's one of those drivers oblivious to the world around her, just looking to get from point A to point B as quickly and rudely as possible.

We swerve through traffic, driving into the city. Vincent sent us all of her information, including her address, and with the mind link Laura just got from her mate, that's where it looks like Suzie is heading.

It's an apartment above a bistro restaurant with a good view of the ocean. Carlos rents it directly from Vincent, which is probably why he could afford it in the first place. Vincent treats his people well, and I bet he is only charging Carlos a fraction of what he could be.

She pulls into her parking space reserved for the apartment owner with a little sign in the alleyway parking lot next to the building. She still hasn't noticed us, thank the f*****g goddess, and grabs the bag out of her backseat with Carlos's dirty clothes.

I like Carlos. The entire pack here likes him. I hope he isn't involved in whatever his sister is.

She is looking down at her phone with a scowl, stopping in the middle of the walkway, dropping the bag, and typing angrily on the device. She screams, stomping her foot like Calum does when we won't give him ice cream after dinner if he doesn't eat his veggies. What is up with her right now?

The b***h screams again, stomping in a circle, then brings her phone to her ear.

“WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU LEFT?!” she screams.

“I DID WHAT YOU SAID! YOU SAID IF I GOT INFORMATION ON THE LUNA TRAMP YOU WOULD-....I AM NOT!....NO ONE IS f*****g WITH ME, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?”

She looks around, examining her surroundings, looking for something. Her eyes meet mine where I’m peaking out behind Cathal’s SUV.

“s**t,” I muttered, snapping into action before she could react. I sprinted across the street, pulling the phone from her hand, knocking her out with the back of my hand, and pulling her into the alley further before any humans saw.

Laura and Cathal’s men joined me. I toss the keys sitting at the top of Suzie’s purse to Cathal, and he nods, filing ahead of the group, up the stairs to unlock the front door.

“Parker is on his way,” Laura informed me as I lifted the phone to my ear. The ID had an emoji of a fairy and a set of fangs. I have a hunch it’s not the f*****g tooth fairy she is talking to.

“Hello?” I spoke steadily into the line. I was met with muffled laughter.

“Is this the burly pitbull who has been sniffing around for me the last few weeks?” A silky careen vibrates my eardrums.

“Is this the tinker bell fucker who has been harassing my sister?” I growled, waiting in the alleyway with Suzie’s body while waiting for Parker. From her earlier conversation, I didn’t think Cathal was going to find Aiden up there. I need to stay down here and keep my eyes open for any sign of him escaping. Cathal had 2 knights that stayed behind, doing the same.

“Ahh, that’s who you are to my Mona? What an unfortunate way to meet one’s future brother-in-law.”

I scoffed, walking out to the main street and staring up at the roofs of the buildings surrounding this one. “Future brother-in-law? Sorry, bro, but I already got one brother-in-law chomping at the bit to impress me. He didn’t have the setback of laying hands on my sister first either. Or giving her such a horrible nickname. Mona? Really?”

“The vampire is just a fling for my Mona in order to get me to play her little game. I’m the one she really wants.”

“I’m sure,” I muttered, eyes scanning all the windows on the street. Nothing. I can’t see any sign of him.

“You will not find me up there,” Aiden’s sickently smooth voice hums mockingly in my ear.

I sigh, knowing he is watching me but not from where. Laura and a fairy knight named Farson run out of the building searching for me to tell me what I already know.

“Mind telling me where I can find you? I would love a formal introduction,” I tried.

He chuckles softly, “Not today, but soon.”

“Too bad,” I sighed again, trying to hold back my anger to keep him on the phone while making eye contact with Laura and nodding for her to come over. I take her phone and type He is watching us to her. She nods, then runs over to the knight to tell him. He runs back into the apartment, probably to tell Cathal right when Parker’s truck pulls up to the curb. Mark, Mitch, Daryl, and Simon are in the truck with him.

Laura fills them in on what we learned, and Simon disappears before she is even through explaining everything, disappearing into the shadows as he moves with the speed and stealth vampires are known for. I know he can still hear his mate’s words as he moves like a ghost through the buildings, searching for some sign of Aiden.

“He will never find me,” Aiden taunts me, “He can search all day. I won’t move a muscle, and he will still never find me.”

“We will f*****g find you, you sick f**k. And I will f*****g destroy your pathetic, horse-murdering a*s for putting your damn hands on my sister. I will start with your toes, cutting them off one by one with a dull butter knife, sawing each one slowly, then feeding them to the gators you left that horse to. Then, I will run the knife under your skin on your feet, peeling it from your flesh and-”

“I hate to stop your little tirade, but your tall friend looks like he needs to talk to you,” Aiden’s amusement was evident in his tone.

I turned and, sure enough, Parker was right there, waiting for my attention. He pulls the phone from my hands, bringing it to his own ear.

“Aiden, Aiden, Aiden. All this trouble for a woman that is already mated to someone else....Mated, yes....” Parker smiles sinisterly, clicking his tongue, “That vampire is her mate, and you better hope that we find you before he does.”

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Vincent POV

“Your grimy f**k buddy left you high and dry as camel s**t. Why are you trying to protect the b***h boy?” Casey crouches down in front of the chair Suzie is tied to in the pack’s interrogation room.

“Camel s**t? How do you know camel s**t is dry? There a lot of camel s**t up in Canada?” one of Matt’s brothers, Mitch, asks from where he is leaning against the wall in the corner, filing his nails like he’s bored.

“What the hell are you doing?” Matt hisses at him, slapping the nail file used for.... interrogation purposes back on the table of tools.

His brother shrugs, “Girls keep complaining about my nails when I fing-”

Matt cuts him off with a slap on the back of his head, “You’re here to do a job, Mitch. Quit f*****g around, he hisses.”

Carlos is being held in the room next door, though I know he knew nothing of his sister’s actions. Simon is in there with him with Laura, filling him in on what we found in his apartment. Carlos stuck up for his sister when no one else would, not even his parents. I know he is feeling deeply betrayed right now.

“I want my brother,” Suzie whimpers. No one has hurt her, except for when Casey knocked her out. She has been treated pretty well, all things considered. Lady Delilah is on her way, though, and Suzie knows it.

For Lady Delilah to be coming here personally, I would be scared too. She is absolutely terrifying when you get on her bad side.

“Your brother isn’t going to save you from the grave you dug yourself,” Parker levels with her, not threatening her, but telling her the truth as it is. “The only

thing that will help you now is telling us the truth. Everything you know about Aiden Gallagher.”

“I don’t know!” she cries out, eyes roaming around the room until they land on me, “Vinny, help me.”

“Vinny?” I lifted a brow at her. “Are we close enough for nicknames? I am the employer who gave you a chance when no one else would, and you repaid me by putting my future wife at risk. You were helping the man who wants to take everything from me, and you want me to help you?” I crouched down in front of her, right next to Casey, reaching up and caressing her cheek softly, “If it wasn’t for your brother, I would be asking you these questions myself, and I would not be as kind as my furry friends here.”

I leaned forward and whispered in her ear, “I’d start with your eyes, my dear. I’d pluck them out, but leave them hanging by their roots. Without your sight, all the other senses would be so much more intense,” I ran my fingers gently down her arms, making her whimper and shiver in fear, “I’d remove each finger, one by one, making sure you would never play that lovely instrument you cherish so much again.

“Then,” I grip the hair on the back of her neck, tugging it back violently, “I’d skin you alive, starting with this full, luscious head of hair you have,” I lift the ends of her locks with my other hand, inhaling deeply, relishing the scent of her anguish and horror, “Once I finally got you to tell me what you know, and believe me, you would tell me, I’d cut that flippant tongue from your mouth, watching as you drown in your own tainted blood. Right before death is granted to you, I’d rip the very fangs from your mouth, the instruments of your addiction, and leave you to die here, alone without any hope of a savior. So tell me, my dear Suzie,” I run my knuckles down her face one more time, then grip her chin firmly, “Do you want my help, or will you be helping yourself by telling my friends what they need to know?”

A broken sob leaves her throat, and the pungent stench of urine fills the room. “I’ll talk,” she whimpers, trying to turn her face from me, but my nails are digging into the flesh of her cheeks, nails elongating with my anger, piercing through the fatty tissue. I want her to know there is no escape from this, and if she tries, Lady Delilah will be the least of her worries.

I tear my fingers from her face, nails ripping through her flesh as blood trickles down her chin. She shakes and sobs uncontrollably as the other men in the room look at me like I have 3 heads.

“Holy s**t,” Mitch stares at me in awe, throwing a rag my way so I can clean her blood from my fingers. Parker is the only one who has seen this ruthless side of me. He has done enough work for the council with me to know how I can be when agitated. He’s staring at me from across the room with a smirk on his face.

Casey’s eyes lingered on my face for several seconds before turning back to Suzie, “Want to talk to me now?”

She nods furiously, tears running down her cheeks and mixing with the blood trickling down from the cuts on her jawline.

“He,” she hiccups, snot running from her nose, “He came to me. I was on my way to the blood bank and.....he came to me. He said....he thought I was pretty. He accidentally gave himself a papercut when he wrote down his phone number to give me and,” she snuffles, sucking the snot back into her throat, “I don’t know. The lust took over. When I came out of it, we were naked in my bed, his blood,” she shivers, but it’s a different kind of shiver from fear. It’s a reminder of the bloodlust and the magical current in her veins, “He asked me to do him a favor. He asked for, uh, information.”

“What kind of information?” Parker asks.

She looks over at him in disgust. Mitch grabs the nail file back off the table, walks over to her, almost in a seductive stride, then kneels down next to her right hand.

“What information did he want from you, sweetheart?” he asks in a purr of a voice.

“He, uh, wanted to know, uh, just stuff about me and my brother. He wanted to know about Carlos and where he was working. He wanted to stay with me while Carlos was away.”

“Is that all?” Mitch asks.

She nods, clearly lying.

Mitch clicks his tongue, flashes the nail file in front of her face, sticks the pointed end under her pointer finger’s nail, and jams it quickly underneath, taking her nail clean off. Her screams fill the room as she thrashes in the chair, wailing in a high-pitched screech.

“I hear musicians need to keep their nails as short as possible. Let me help you out with the other ones while you rethink your answer,” Mitch muses, lifting her next finger and pressing the red-tinted tip of the file underneath the nail bed.

“Please,” she screams, trying to pull her hand free from his grip, “Okay! He wanted to know about your pack! He wanted me to get information from Carlos about Vincent and that tramp, then he wanted me to find out about the alpha and luna here. And the previous luna and alpha for some reason. I didn’t tell him anything that everyone doesn’t already know! Carlos doesn’t tell me much, and I could only tell him pieces of what I overhear coming and going from here! That’s it! I swear!”

“What did he want to know about me and my luna?” Parker’s leveled tone had the hint of a threat to it now.

She shakes her head back and forth, feeling the pressure from his alpha aura crashing into her, suppressing her and drawing out more of her fear.

“Just stuff everyone knows! You and she are step-siblings and all that s**t. I think he just wanted to know because of the drama of it all! Everyone knows about you and her anyway. I didn’t tell him anything he couldn’t find out on his own!”

“What did you tell him about the previous luna and alpha?” Casey asks, pacing in front of her. His eyes are downcast as he thinks deeply about what information she could tell Aiden about the pack that he could use to get to my Simone, his sister.

“Just that the current luna and the previous don’t get along! Everyone knows!”

“Did you tell him any information about me and Simone?” I asked, coming up to stand behind Mitch.

She bites her lip nervously, drool dripping down onto her chest. She looks scared, more scared than before, and I know I’m not going to like what she has to say. Casey stops pacing and stands on the other side of her to hold her still if Mitch needs to continue to pry for the information we need from her.

“I,” she sputters, “I told him about...about your night by the pool. He,” she looks at Casey nervously, then back at me, “He wanted to know your

schedules and about your relationship. I could only tell him the little bit I heard from Carlos, but it wasn't much."

"Did he tell you his plans?" Casey asks. She shakes her head.

"He just asked me questions. If I questioned him, he got mad."

"Do you know where he is now?" Parker asks.

"No," she whimpers, "He...he left me. He said," a broken sob escaped her, "He said I was worthless and left me."

Her uncontrollable sobs fill the room. Mitch stands dropping the nail file back on the table and walks back to kneel beside her again. "I remember seeing you around, always clinging to the fairy boys at parties and clubs. Was Aiden worth all this pain you're feeling right now? He used you, and left you to deal with this s**t on your own."

"What do you know?" she sneers, spitting into his face.

Mitch doesn't flinch. He just wipes the spit from his cheek with his palm, then runs his hands down his thigh. "I know about being used. I also know that addiction is not something you can get over on your own. I don't think you were trying to hurt anyone, but your addiction clouded your judgment. For your own sake, not anyone else's, I hope you get help."

With that, he gets up and walks out of the room. Matt's eyes followed him the entire time, questions written all over his face, just like the rest of us.

Matt is about to follow his brother out when his eyes glaze over as he gets a mind link. Parker's do as well. They both turn to me after it's over.

"She's here. Lady Delilah."

Her Vampire, Her Mate Chapter 45

I can feel her power before I even see her. Lady Delilah is one of the few pure-blooded vampires left, at least in this part of the world. She is the only one here in Miami, making her the most powerful vampire here. I don't even think Parker would be a match for her if he was to ever get on her bad side.

He wouldn't. He should thank his moon goddess that his mother-in-law is best friends with her. She was not a fan of the previous alpha, but kept the peace because of Elena and Luna Grace.

Her glossy black hair falls far past her waist on a normal day, but she has it braided in intricate piles on her head today. Her pale skin is so pure it looks like porcelain, and her red eyes glow from the power she holds within. She scares me. I'm not going to lie.

All vampires have a healthy fear of her. She could end any of us with a mere flick of her wrist.

Elena is walking with her, both of them with a forlorn expression on their faces, making all of us remain silent until she speaks to us. Even Parker has his head slightly bowed, showing his respect.

She is ancient. Older than this country and all the people in it. Her presence demands respect, and she gets it.

"Is she ready to be transferred to the courts, Vincent Antonio Solace?" she addressed me, ignoring the werewolves in the room. She has command over me, not them, and this is her respecting the order of the pack, not commanding anything of Parker or his men.

"I believe we got all the information we can from her in relation to the missing fairy knight apprentice. I will prepare her to depart, if you wish," I answered her.

"I brought my sires. They will retrieve her and....deal with her misconduct," she flicks her wrist, and I resist the urge to flinch. Her sires appeared from the shadows behind her.

Sires are humans she has kept as feeding pets, feeding them her blood in return and giving them eternal life with her. Her blood gives them abnormal strength and commands them to obey her. Her sires have been with her for centuries, and because of the centuries of being fed Lady Delilah's blood, they are far stronger than most vampires.

The two burly men move past her. Casey comes forward to direct them to the room Suzie is being held in.

"Her brother?" Lady Delilah asked me.

“Knew nothing. He is being held in the room next to hers in case you wish to interrogate him further, but he was honest with us from the start. He knew nothing.”

“I trust you,” she nodded her head slightly, “You would not have left him living if he did anything to bring harm to your love.”

“No, I wouldn’t have,” I confirmed. She nods, a slight smile on her lips. I know she loves the fact I am mated with Simone, the best friend of the Luna. This gives our coven pull with the pack, something she always wanted.

“My Lady,” Mitch surprised us by stepping forward, “It may not be my place, but I wish to make a request of you, if I may?”

“What are you doing?” Matt whispered loudly, trying to pull Mitch back to stand next to him.

Lady Delilah turned her head curiously in Mitch’s direction.

“Who might you be?”

“Mitch Meyers, my lady.”

“Vivian Meyers son? The youngest?” Lady Deliah asks, and I can tell by her tone that her curiosity has peeked, and I know why. Vivian Meyers, though she is a gossip and loves to talk, has been keeping a secret for a very very long time. A secret I only know because of my mother, and Lady Delilah knows because she is, well, her. She is ancient and has seen far more than all the other supernatural beings in this city put together.

Mitch nods, “You know my mom?”

Lady Delilah lifts her fingers, resting her chin in her hand as she studies the guy, “I know her quite well. So, what is this favor you have to ask me?”

Mitch fidgets on his feet, feeling overwhelmed by the power eliminated from her now that he has stepped further into her presence. I know she can retract the overwhelming aura, but she won’t in the presence of an alpha wolf. She is just petty enough to remind him that she is the strongest one in this room.

“She was used. Her addiction clouded her judgment and that fairy used her, then dumped her when he couldn’t use her anymore. I,” Mitch takes a deep

breath, sorrow passing over his features, “I don’t want her to die because of something like that. If there is another punishment, I ask that she receive that instead and not be put to death because a man used her to get what he wants. She is a victim too.”

My mouth drops in surprise.

“She housed a criminal, Mitch. She put Simone, Vincent, my mate, your Luna, and the entire pack in jeopardy,” Parker tells him harshly.

Mitch shrugs, “Her addiction clouded her judgment, Alpha. He used her. I’m not saying she shouldn’t be punished, but I think killing her when she is a victim as well is too much.”

The sires and Casey have now rejoined us. Suzie is clutched between the sires. Her tear-filled eyes are trained on Mitch, looking at him like he is her savior. He just might be. Lady Delilah is not forgiving to those that jeopardize our coven’s safety.

Lady Delilah drums her fingernails, coated in shiny, blood-red polish, against her cheek, deep in thought as she stares back at the youngest Meyers brother.

She knows the value he holds, and how valuable a favor from him could be in the future.

“I would like for you to accompany us back to my court, Mitch Meyers. I believe we can come to some sort of agreement if you are willing to become young Suzie’s sponsor.”

A broken sob escapes Suzie, I’m sure of relief. She was likely facing death. I am wary of her facing anything else. She put my future at risk and helped the man I wanted to kill. The man who is after the love of my life.

It is not my choice, though. If Lady Delilah grants him this favor, if she is even considering it, it is because of Mitch Meyers and his family, and nothing I say will change her decision.

Mitch nods hesitantly. Matt goes to object, but I hold my hand up, cutting off his protest. She will not take kindly to a werewolf she is unfamiliar with, protesting a decision she is making.

“Lady Delilah, Mitch is an important member of this pack. I don’t-” Parker tried to say.

“I won’t eat him. Do not worry. Not in any sense of the word,” her eyes turned back and roamed Mitch’s body, a smirk spreading on her face. “He is pretty, but I am happy with my sires. I just wish to talk. I may have a job for him that will benefit both of our packs.”

Mitch looks surprised, then his and Parker’s eyes glaze while their minds link. Mitch nods slightly, then follows the sires and Suzie out of the building.

Lady Delilah drops her aura, her power receding back inside her. “Elena, my friend, would you mind following them and coming too? I think his brother would feel more comfortable if he had a friendly face accompanying him. We can get back to our original plans afterward.”

Matt looks like he is ready to run after his brother and force him to stay there, but he relaxes when he hears that Elena will be with them. Elena nods then pats Parker on the cheek lovingly before she turns to join Mitch in the back of Lady Delilah’s limo. Suzie is being loaded into the back of an SUV, seated between the sires.

“Vincent, walk with me,” she commanded.

We leave the wolves to walk in the direction of her limo but stop halfway.

“You, my dear, are pleasing me greatly as of late. To think so many favorable occurrences would come from you being a mate to a wolf,” she spits the word ‘mate’ out awkwardly. It is still a foreign concept to vampires. “This is such a turnaround from your father’s disastrous behavior.”

I nodded, knowing that because of my father, Lady Delilah was apprehensive about me. He angered her a lot, but never openly broke our laws. Not to the point he was caught, anyway. She agreed to put me on the counsel because I betrayed my family to save the wolves and my mother’s namesake, but she was still wary. Me being Simone’s mate pleased her in many ways, and I know this thing with one of the Meyers boys will cinch me in her favor.

I am still wary for Mitch though. His parent’s secret is not something that should be known to the public, and not knowing what she wants from him makes me feel uneasy.

“Relax, young one. I have a lot of respect for Vivian and Micah. I will not be doing anything to put their well-being to any harm. I think our blood bank could use a good, compassionate nose to weed out Suzies in the future before they become a problem like we are facing now.”

“You’re going to use him at the blood bank?” I asked her, “That’s it?”

She shrugs with an air of arrogance, not liking that I am questioning her, “For now. I want to keep that broken boy under my protection more than anything though. As I said, I respect Vivian and Micah. I never want to be on Micah’s bad side. You should know why.”

I nod. I do know.

“Tell that alpha pup I will have his pack member delivered to his parent’s resort after we are done speaking, and Elena is coming with me. We will be shopping for her granddaughter’s birthday after this ordeal is over.”

I nodded, bowing slightly, since I knew she was finished with me. “I’ll let him know.”