

## Her Vampire, Her Mate Chapter 51

“My mother, the bigot Mary Snider, is a vampire’s sire?” Carli is stunned at the new information, gaping with wide eyes. Courtney is just as shocked, wrangling my nephew in her arms but staring unbelievably at me.

Casey and Matt had brought me back to the pack clinic to receive treatment for the wolfsbane. I didn’t think the Sniders and my mate would still be gone when I finally got done at the clinic and got back to the packhouse, but they were, leaving me to tell Carli and Courtney about what happened. Matt started to help Lilly put away the party supplies, since the party had obviously been postponed, and Casey went to go handle things at the warrior center, rearranging patrols and duties with Trevor now that things with Aiden had come to a close.

Vincent, Parker and Jared went to the vampire court with Lady Delilah and Mary, who was still clinging to the vampire like her entire world revolved around her now.

Alpha Jared was taking it better than I expected. He was just grateful that Mary was still alive.

The vampires who violated her body were destroyed, their hearts being the last thing to be torn apart so they could feel every ounce of pain being inflicted on them. It was sickening, but Cathal soon arrived, warding the space around the m\*\*\*\*\*e so the sounds couldn’t be heard.

Aiden is dead. Vincent killed him, leaving nothing for Cathal to collect to bring back before his queen. No tears were shed for the lunatic. Nothing but relief rested over everyone that his life had finally met its end.

Now, the pack warriors had a healthy respect for Vincent.

Beyond respect. They were in awe that he contained as much power as he did. I was in awe. I had no idea vampires could be that powerful. I thought that centuries of mixing their bloodlines with humans made them more human than vampires. With Vincent, that was definitely not the case.

I have a feeling if we stayed at his apartment and let Aiden underestimate him and come to us, this all could have ended much sooner than it did. But we wouldn’t have been here to help Carli.

It's bittersweet looking at the past and thinking about all the 'what ifs' and 'what could have beens', but seeing the bigger picture, I know everything happened for a reason. I just hope the goddess had a bigger picture of why Mary had to suffer like she did. I'm going to have a hard time facing her in the future if I don't see the bigger picture there soon.

"So, pure vampires sleep with their sires, don't they?" Courtney asks, a look of disgust on her face, "Does that mean Mary is going to be playing for both teams now? Is she leaving Alpha Jared for the vampy royalty chick?"

Carli's eyes went wider with horror. I don't blame her. Even if they are somewhat estranged, I couldn't imagine hearing about my mother leaving her husband for another woman. Parker had to actually watch the results of the sire bond. Good thing Carli already has a therapist. He can start seeing both of them now. Goddess, that family and their ever growing baggage.

"I don't think it was like that. Well, not after the initial few minutes," I shuttered thinking of the way Luna Mary, who was the same age as my mom, started dry-humping Lady Delilah, who looked ten years younger than Mary. Lady Delilah is, who knows how many millennia older than Mary, but she didn't look like it. "I think it was more like a duckling following its mother around."

"Like how Parker used to follow Carli around?" Courtney snickers.

"You're not helping," Cari glares at her cheeky expression.

"Parker was more of a puppy than a lost duckling," I told her.

Courtney rolls her eyes, "Yeah, ducklings don't start humping the one they follow around."

I bit my lips, thinking of the way Mary was humping Lady Delilah. Poor Jared. I hope she returns to normal soon.

Noise in the hallways draws our attention towards the door. Mary suddenly burst through it. Elena, surprisingly, was the first one following closely behind her. Jared and Parker, then lastly, Vincent file in right when Mary runs over to Carli, surprising her by pulling her into a fierce hug.

"Carli," she gasps, tears streaming down her face.

“Mom?” Carli stumbles back slightly, catching herself with her hand on the back wall.

“I’m so sorry,” Mary sobbed, clinging to Carli desperately, “All I could think about was how sorry I was to you and how I’d never get the chance to tell you. My baby. I’m so so sorry for everything I put you through.”

Carli stared over Mary’s shoulder at each one of us in surprise before hesitantly wrapping her arms around her mother, emotion playing on her face.

“I’m so sorry, Carli,” Mary sobbed.

Vincent was standing at the door watching the scene when his eyes met mine, a sad smile breaking across his face. “Come,” he beckoned through our link.

Moving around the room, I tapped on Courtney’s shoulder, then nudged my chin towards the door. She gets the hint, picking up her toddler and leaving this family to have some privacy as old wounds and hurts are mended.

Courtney takes Calum back to the room Casey has been using, and Vincent and I go back to our room. Mary looked freshly showered and dressed, I’m sure because of Lady Delilah, but Vincent was still coated in filth and dried blood.

“You need a shower,” I told him, lifting his shirt, going on my tip-toes to pull it over his head.

He nods. “Join me?”

We stood in the steamy stream, holding one another with relief. We can finally begin our lives together. Our real lives, where we can find our normal, something we haven’t had a chance to do since we became mates. Aiden is gone. Life just got a lot simpler for us and, because of the relief from saving me and Mary, the reprieve of knowing we were free from that burden hadn’t fully hit us yet until now.

Now that it has, all I want to do is hold my mate, feel his smooth, cool skin against mine and thank the goddess for giving me this perfect gift. Well, there is one more thing I want to do, now that I know we can...

“Vincent?” I whispered after the water stopped running pink around us from washing the blood off him, washing away the last of our burdens.

“Yes, my love,” he husks in my ear, hands moving up my back as he leans back to look at me.

I bit my lip, nervous to ask this question. “Could you make me your sire?”

He startles, quickly recovering and studying my face to see if it was just curiosity, or if I was serious.

His head slowly nods, “I could, but I don’t want to.”

Hurt courses through me, almost like he is rejecting me. “Why?”

“Because it will make you put my well-being and happiness before your own. I never want that.”

I made a face at him, “You do that for me. Would it really be that different to what we have now?”

“I don’t know,” he says, thinking for several seconds. “I am already bonded to you. I’m happy with just that. Most vampires don’t get the chance to have sires, so it’s not something I ever thought about.”

I furrowed my brows at him, “You wouldn’t have sires, sweetie. You will only be allowed one sire. Me.”

Vincent laughs, shaking his head, then leaning it against mine so we’re nose to nose. “That’s the thing. You wouldn’t care if I had more than one if you thought it would make me happy. There lies the issue.”

“Would you take more than one sire?” I asked him in an accusatory voice, though I knew he wouldn’t.

“No. Never,” he said with conviction.

“Then I don’t see the problem. It’s a way I could carry your mark, Vincent. I could be tied to you in every way. I want that,” I nudged his face, planting a chaste kiss on his lips.

“You would feel a pull to do anything to make me happy, Simone. In a way, it’s like taking your free will from you.”

“But you seem happiest when you make me happy,” I shrugged. “I don’t see the problem here, Vincent. I want you to do it,” I wrapped my arms around his

neck, pulling his face down so I could whisper in his ear, "I want to experience that overwhelming lust towards you. I want to worship your body the way you worship mine."

Vincent groans huskily, his length hardening against my belly.

"Simone, my love, it's a permanent thing. It can't be undone like you wolves can reject one another. It's everlasting. When I die, you will die with me."

"Perfect," I smiled up at him and kissed him again, "I couldn't live life without you now anyway."

Vincent leaned back again, studying me hesitantly. "You are sure you want that?"

"Without a doubt," I've never been more sure of anything in my life.

Vincent removes one of his arms from around me, elongating his nail and sinking it into his shoulder for me to drink the blood trickling down. I don't hesitate. I lap it up, surprised when I find it sweet and not repulsive, greedily sucking more into my body.

"This next part may hurt, but it will feel good after a few moments," he warns me. I nod, not caring about a few minutes of pain when it meant being bound to Vincent in this powerful way.

Vincent's fangs tickle my skin, sending tremors down my neck before his fangs slowly sink into me.

At first it burns, an icy fire spreading through my veins. I fight the urge to s\*\*\*\*m, biting into my bottom lip until I can taste my own blood. I cling to Vincent, arms tightening around his neck like a vice as I fight through the burning sensation spreading all over my body. Then, as the icy burn recedes, pleasure is left in its place.

A euphoric high has my mind reeling, my body buzzing with a different kind of lust. Lust I have never felt before. I thought it wasn't possible to want Vincent any more than I already did, but I was so wrong.

I just want to weld our bodies together. Connecting us in the most binding way possible. It's like an all-consuming hunger and need. I can feel Vincent in my veins, and that part of him flowing through me is calling out for him.

“Easy, love,” Vincent croons, steadying my hips as I started rocking against his body under the shower stream. I didn’t even realize I was doing that.

A desperate whimper leaves me, my need coating my thighs as it flows from me.

Vincent growls deep in his chest, lifting me by my a\*s and pushing my back against the shower wall. His fangs sank into me once again, this time nothing but pleasure spreading over me.

I explode around him as he sinks into my slit, my whole body shaking with the o\*\*\*\*m, from my neck where he is sucking my blood into his greedy mouth, to my curling toes.

Finally! I am finally connected fully to my vampire, my mate.