

## Her Brother, Her Mate Chapter 36

“You know, that’s all on you. Why would you go looking for trouble by looking through her phone?” Simone scolds me, drumming her manicured fingers on the arms of the couch.

I sighed, running my fingers through my hair. “I’m a f\*\*\*\*\*g idiot.”

“No arguments here,” she laughed softly, “So....Emma? Whose that?”

“Nobody!” I almost yelled, “I hooked up with the chick 2 years ago. She was a clinger and I sometimes get that s\*\*t sent to me. She’s nothing. That’s why I forgot that it was there.”

“Hey, I believe you,” Simone held her hands up in surrender, “You don’t have to convince me. I don’t think you really need to convince Carli either. But, you rummaging through her phone looking for something to be pissed at, when you weren’t all pure and innocent either makes you look like a hypocrite. You accuse her of sending guys nudes, when you have them yourself.”

“I know that. It’s irritating as crap listening to y’all talk about tinder and your hook-ups though, and I let my curiosity and jealousy get the best of me,” I told her. Everything has been going so well too. Why the heck did I have to ask her about those pictures? I could have just deleted them all, then handed her phone back and she would have been none the wiser.

“Poor puppy,” Simone fake pouts.

“Why do you keep calling me puppy?”

She laughs softly, “Cuz that’s what you are. A lost puppy, trying to chase after his master. I’m calling you poor because you almost had her. 2 steps forward, 10 steps back,” she snickers, amused by my suffering.

I get up and knock on Carli’s door, but she doesn’t answer.

“Carli?” I called out, knocking again.

“f\*\*k off,” she yells, throwing something so it bangs against the door.

I sighed, walking back out to the living room.

“No luck?” Simone asks, flipping through channels on the TV until she finds some trashy housewives show.

I shook my head, plopping down on the recliner.

“She will come around,” Simone offers me a sympathetic smile.

30 minutes later, knocking causes me and Simone to look at each other in confusion. I stand to answer the door, but Carli suddenly busts out of her room in a micro dress and heels, running to answer it.

I follow after her confused, but when I see who’s on the other side, a deep growl vibrates through me.

Mitch Meyers is standing there, a playful smirk on his lips while he checks my mate out, his eyes going up and down her exposed body. “Ready to go?” he asks her, looking at me briefly and giving me a quick nod.

“Ready,” she smiled seductively up at him.

“Where the hell do you think you’re going?” I asked them in disbelief.

She doesn’t even turn to look at me, “Out. Don’t wait up.”

“You are not going out. You’re not leaving this packhouse, Carli. I don’t know what you’re playing at right now but-”

“I don’t know what you’re playing at, Parker,” she turns and glares at me, “You don’t want me because I’m not some naive, innocent little she-wolf, then fine. I’m just living up to what you think of me. I’m going out, and you can go f\*\*k yourself.”

“That’s not why I won’t-”

“I don’t want to hear it, Parker.” she goes to leave, but I reach out to grab hold of her wrist. She turns around and punches me in the gut, then upper cuts me in the face, making me fall back in an agonized heap.

“I’ll text you,” she calls back to Simone, who is watching us in amazement and horror. She nods, then watches as Carli leaves with a frightened looking Mitch.

Carli POV

How dare he. How dare that a\*\*\*\*\*e go through my f\*\*\*\*\*g phone just to try and belittle and accuse me. f\*\*\*\*\*g hypocrite. Just like his f\*\*\*\*\*g father. No, I'm not some pure little b\*\*\*h who waited their whole life for their mate. Neither is he. Who the f\*\*k is he to judge me when he was sexting some w\*\*\*e not even a week ago.

Abstinence my a\*s. He probably just wanted me to feel like s\*\*t. I lay in bed for just a few minutes before I decided I was done sitting around and playing house with that self-righteous jerk. I'm getting out of here, and he can stay home, agonizing over what I'm doing while I'm away, ignoring his calls like he did to me.

I was ready to accept him. I was so f\*\*\*\*\*g ready, even without the full mate bond, but he kept turning me down. Was he testing me to see if I could wait for it or something? Like he was worth the wait? f\*\*k him. I'm not waiting around, begging him for it anymore. I was ready to accept him, but now I see he wasn't ready to accept me.

The micro dress, bright red and skin tight that I borrowed from Simone just in case Parker and I got a chance to go out will finally be getting some use. I straighten my hair, shimmy in the stretchy fabric, then apply a little waterproof mascara and red lip tint, ready for a night out on Miami beach.

Mitch was more than willing to come pick me up. I told him about the missing vamp, and he and Mark will be going with me, acting as bodyguards, boy toys, whatever I decide to use them as.

When I heard knocking at the door, I quickly finished buckling my strappy heels and ran out to answer it before Parker could. He would send Mitch away, probably with a black eye, before I could make it out the door.

Mitch is standing propped against the door, looking like s\*x on legs in his half-buttoned shirt and dark jeans hugging his hips in all the right places. "Ready to go?" he asks, then looks up momentarily, nodding to who I can only guess is Parker.

"Ready," I smiled up at him, not giving Parker the time of day.

"Where the f\*\*k do you think you're going?"

I didn't want to fight with Parker on my way out. Not really. I just wanted an escape to clear my head, and relieve some stress by dancing and letting

loose. Maybe doing some investigating of my own; finding my own leads as to where the missing vampire went. I had no plans on sleeping with Mitch, or anyone else for that matter, but when Parker tries to demand I stay after he not only violated my privacy, but made me feel like s\*\*t for my past, the thought of getting back at him crosses my mind. I would never do it, at least not unless I rejected him first, but the thought is there buzzing in the back of my mind like a busy bee.

When Parker tries to stop me from leaving, I punch him twice without really meaning to. Reflex. He shouldn't have tried to grab me like that. I leave while he's still in a crumpled heap on the ground, Simone standing there watching like I'm crazy.

"You alright?" Mitch asks me, walking me down the stairs.

"Peachy," I mutter, clutching a small bag with my phone and keys in it.

"You sure you should be going out? He seemed pretty pissed."

"Yep," I popped the 'p', "So sure. If I stay here another second I'm going to lose my mind."

"We wouldn't want that," he snickers, "You would be left with nothing but your muscles and good looks."

"Much like you," I teased, allowing Mitch to guide me down the stairs with a steadying hand on my lower back.

I caught sight of my mom and Alpha Jared on the ground floor, and I tried my best to ignore them. No such luck.

"Where are you going? And what are you wearing?" my mother asked me in a disapproving tone.

I didn't spare her a glance, "Out."

"Where's Parker?" she asks, eyeing Mitch suspiciously.

I ignored her and kept walking. I don't want to deal with any more judgmental bullshit today. Even when Alpha Jared calls out for me, I don't turn around.

"You're just pissing all the higher ups off tonight, aren't you?" Mitch asks with amusement, opening the passenger door for me to his Tesla. Mark is in the

backseat, and gives me a friendly shoulder nudge after I buckle my seatbelt. When Mitch starts pulling out of the circular drive, Parker comes running out the packhouse doors.

The look of utter devastation and sorrow in his face eats away at me, making my stomach feel like it's lodged in my throat. I swallow the feelings back down, block out my mind link, and tell myself not to look back and enjoy my freedom. Freedom has never tasted so bad, though.

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I try to relax back in my seat, but I have this aching hole in my chest as the image of Parker's devastated face flashes through my head over and over again.

"You okay over there?" Mitch asks me, patting my bare leg comfortingly, then resting his hand on my thigh.

I picked it up by his school ring on his finger and tossed his hand back over to his side.

"I guess I lost my chance after you found your mate?" he smirks over to me.

"Oh sweetie, you lost your chance in 10th grade when you took a picture of my a\*s and used it as your screensaver."

"I wanted to have something to smile about every time I looked at my phone," he held his hand over his chest as if my words wounded him.

"Parker is really your mate?" Mark asked from the back seat.

"So it would appear," I muttered, looking out the window and watching the lights of the city pass by in a blur.

"Fuckin' insane, man. Of course it's the alpha. Every single wolf was waiting anxiously 'till you turned 18. All of us hoping it was us," Mark shook his head in regret.

"You included?" I smirked at him in the rearview mirror.

"f\*\*k yeah! Not as badly as my little brother here, but I would have been over the f\*\*\*\*\*g moon if it was me."

“I could settle for a pity f\*\*k,” Mitch shrugs, making me laugh.

“You want to face Parker after he feels that?” I asked him.

He noticeably shudders, “On second thought, I’m good. There are too many women out there in need of my services before I find my mate. I hope you have a happy life together,” he goffs.

Happy life together....Yeah right. We can’t even go a week without him making me feel like garbage. So what if I had those pictures on my phone? He had a naked girl in his. A recently sent naked picture of a girl. He probably doesn’t have to save them. Girls probably send them to him willingly whenever he asks.

To answer his demeaning question, no, I never sent a guy pictures of me. I didn’t have to or want to. I used Tinder maybe 2 times and wasn’t happy with the experience. There’s a reason those guys have to use an app to get women.

“Where are we going?” Mitch asks me as he pulls onto Miami beach.

I want to let loose, but I also want to use this time to help with the investigation. Nobody will let me, so I’m going to have to do it on my own. They’re not making any headway anyway.

“Bloodlust. Do you know where it’s at?”

“The vamp club? Are you sure that’s a good idea?” Mitch looked over at me in question from the corner of his eye.

“So sure. If there is a chance of anyone knowing anything about a rogue vampire, we can find out there,” I tell them.

“You’re using yourself as bait, aren’t you?” Mark smiled deviously from the back seat.

“f\*\*k yeah she is. I’m in. Maybe I can hook up with some sexy fair-skinned vampy chick and get some info while giving her a little something something in return,” Mitch shifted excitedly in his seat.

“Divide and conquer, my brother. You claim your corner when we get there, I’ll claim mine. We can just work through all the tail...I mean witnesses until we get something useful.”

“We can get happy endings of our own,” Mitch chuckles.

This is why these 2 can not work together. They feed off each other, diving into any plan, no matter how dangerous, and finding some way to make a game out of it. This is a wildly inappropriate game, but whatever gets them on board.

My phone starts vibrating in my clutch, and I try to ignore it. Thinking about Parker’s face as we left once again makes me cave and I pull the phone from my bag.

It’s Parker.

“What?” I answered the phone snarkily.

“Carli,” he sighs in relief, “Where are you?”

“Why do you want to know? So you can storm over here and tell me more how much of a slut you think I am?” I asked. Mark and Mitch both growled after hearing me say that.

“I don’t think you’re anything, Carli. I was jealous! I wasn’t trying to make you feel like that!”

“You won’t even sleep with me, Parker. Then you make me feel like crap about something you’re doing yourself,” I sneered at him.

“I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to be like that. I got so....so crazy jealous thinking about you dating other guys and acted like that. I’m sorry! Just tell me where you are. I won’t try to make you come back. I just want to be there with you.”

“Why? Because I’m here with 2 other guys?”

“2?!” he shouts, making me pull the phone from my ear.

“I’m hanging up, Parker. I’ll be at Bloodlust. I’m figuring out this rogue vamp thing so I can get off house arrest faster. I can’t w\*\*\*e around properly while stuck in an apartment with my self-righteous mate.”

“Carli-” I ended the call before I could hear what he said.

“He called you a slut?” Mitch sneers beside me, pulling up to a valet to park his car for him.

“Not in so many words,” I tell him, but don’t elaborate. I don’t want the whole world knowing my mate thinks I’m trash. I probably shouldn’t have answered that call in front of them. He never said it, but why else would he make me feel like s\*\*t about a few hook-ups?

Mark slides out of the backseat, then opens my door for me as Mitch comes around and takes my hand, kissing it like the playboy he is and tucking it into his arm. Mark offered me his elbow and we walked up to the club, skipping the line and striding right in. Perks of being a werewolf: we look older, more mature, and generally are more attractive than humans. No one questions us as the bouncers open the double doors and usher us in.

“I’m just going to say this. If that a\*\*\*\*\*e shows up and treats you any way other than the way you deserve, I don’t care if he’s an alpha, I’ll take him out,” Mark whispers in my ear.

I offer him a hesitant, but thankful smile, but feel unsettled hearing him say that. Parker pissed me off, but I don’t like hearing others threatening his life. Even if it is an empty threat.

Inside the club, the strobe lights are dancing through the foggy air. The sweet scent of jasper and jasmine is floating around the darkly lit space, adding to the mystery of the club.

All the bartenders, waitresses, DJs, bouncers and professional dancers are vampires. Mitch looks up at a raven-haired dancer on the platform next to us, a slow, seductive smile graces his lips and his eyes smolder as she giggles above him.

“Happy hunting,” I chuckled in his ear, giving him a quick slap on the cheek before walking off with Mark, who was smirking at his brother.

“Wanna get a drink first?” Mark asked me. f\*\*k, do I.

Mark leads me over to the main bar, his hand resting on the small of my back.



“I’m in the mood for some s\*x on the beach, what about you?” he grins at me playfully. I laughed at his crude joke, but nodded, okay with the fruity drink to start with. The bartender can smell we’re werewolves, and doesn’t bother IDing us. He takes the order and gets to work on the drinks.

I cringe watching the bartender making it with double the vodka. Parker’s pleading for me not to drink without him rings through my head, and I feel torn as I lift the drink from the counter.

“Not what you wanted?” Mark asked me, taking a long drink from his own cocktail.

“No, it’s fine. Just don’t let me start dry-humping anyone in a dark corner. Parker will lose his s\*\*t and I guarantee he’s on his way here.”

Mark wiggles his eyebrows at me, “If you start dry-humping me, no chance I’m stopping you.”

“Fat chance,” I smirked at him. Parker will murder him. I’m sure of it. I know for a fact Parker is the strongest warrior we have. He’s stronger than my dad, and I’m sure he’s stronger than his own prissy father too. He’s got an easy-going demeanor, so most regular members of our pack and the younger warriors don’t know how strong he truly is, but our older warriors do. The triples attend training in the afternoons and weekends, and haven’t trained with Parker yet. They don’t know.

Mark leads me to a seating area by the dance floor with a couple of vacant seats. The crowd around it is mostly human, eyeing us appreciatively as we take the seats.

“You’re hot,” some blonde, overly tan chick in a sequined dress yells above the music to Mark. I can tell by her speech she’s drunk. “Your girlfriend is hot too!”

“I’m not his girlfriend,” I smiled at her.

“Really!?” she squeals happily.

“Not from my lack of trying,” Mark grins politely at her, while stroking my bare shoulder with his finger.

I chuckle and give him a 'What are you doing?' look. He leans in and whispers, "I hate the smell of fake tanner."

I laughed out loud, patting his leg sympathetically.

The girl eyed us suspiciously with her friends, "You are dating, aren't you? The good looking ones are always taken."

I shook my head, taking a sip from my drink. I'm about to tell her to try her luck with Mitch, who I just saw walking out of the bathroom with the vampire dancer, obviously just finishing his first round of his little game, when my drink is suddenly lifted from my hands and a deep, low growl makes my hair stand on end. The blonde chick is staring behind me with an open mouth, gaping at whoever is behind. I don't have to look to know it's Parker. He got here in record time.

"Oh no, we were found," Mark says in a flat voice, scowling at the figure behind me.

I sighed and turned around, and sure enough there was Parker, looking deliciously perfect, except for his hair which looked disheveled from him running his hands through it too many times. The hair just adds to his charm though. It makes you want to reach out and run your hands through it too.

"Please tell me that's not your boyfriend either!" the girl shouts out enthusiastically.

I sighed and shook my head, "Nope. He is not my boyfriend either."

The girl smiles brightly, then stands to approach him, but before she can, Parker growls, lifting me to my feet and slamming his mouth against mine.

"What the f\*\*k! She just said that wasn't her boyfriend!" the girl yells, stomping her foot.

"He's not. He's her brother," Mark laughed, sitting back and enjoying the looks of disgust on their faces.

## **Her Brother, Her Mate Chapter 38**

Parker POV

I could smell her the second I walked into the club. Her scent flared my worry and rage. Rage at nobody but myself. I hurt my mate. I made her think terrible things about herself and it's killing me. I was purely jealous. Nothing else to it. I let my own insecurity with our relationship ruin the good thing we had going, and I'll be damned if I sit around and wait for the problem to fix itself. She's my mate. That alone makes her the most perfect being to me, and I plan on groveling at her adorable feet if that's what it takes to get her to listen to me. That's what I thought, anyway, until I found her.

She was sitting in a crowded area, as close as she could possibly be to Marcus Meyers. He runs his fingers down her shoulder and rage pools inside me. I'm going to kill him.

He whispers something to her, and her face lights up before she laughs wholeheartedly, slapping his knee playfully. I'm going to f\*\*\*\*\*g kill him. He knows I'm her mate. Everyone knows at this point. I'm as open as I can be about it. I may not be aggressively possessive, but I did want to stake my claim. I hear the way the unmated warriors talk about her. She's mine and I need them to back the f\*\*k off.

I come up behind them, having a hard time reigning in my rage and possessiveness. A group of drunk human girls sitting across from them start gawking at me, but I don't pay them any mind. All my focus is on the auburn-haired bombshell, pain in my a\*s sitting before me, sipping on a drink that smells too strongly to be a basic cocktail. Was this prick trying to get her drunk? I'm going to kill him.

"Oh no, we were found," Mark gave me a cold look, his monotone voice making my eyes tighten.

"Please tell me that's not your boyfriend either!" a girl shouts out, eye f\*\*\*\*\*g me.

Carli sighed in exasperation and shook her head, "Nope. He is not my boyfriend either."

I can't stop myself. I grab her, lifting her in my arms so she's barely touching the ground in those sexy high heels, and smash my mouth against hers. I expected her to punch me or fight me, but instead she melted against me, molding her mouth to mine. I grip her back firmly, pulling her body against mine. Her arms wrap around my neck and she moans softly into my mouth.

My anger is mixing with my love and lust for her, making my possessiveness show.

“What the f\*\*k! She just said that wasn’t her boyfriend!” the girl yells, stomping her foot.

“He’s not. He’s her brother,” Mark laughed, sitting back and enjoying the looks of disgust on their faces.

I break the kiss, leaving Carli breathless in my arms, then glare at Mark.

“I’m not her brother you asshole. I’m not her boyfriend either. I’m much more than that and if you can’t keep your hands off her I’ll help you out,” I growled at Mark, who shrugged me off, taking a sip from his drink like my words meant nothing to him. He and his brother are about to get a reality check. I may be easy going, but I’m still an alpha. Their f\*\*\*\*\*g alpha.

Carli regains her composure and slaps my chest, making me put her all the way on the ground. “I’m just the w\*\*\*e you got roped with, Parker. How is that more?”

“You’re not a damn w\*\*\*e. Quit saying that!” I growled in her face. I know I came here with the intention of groveling, but my rage won out. “You’re my mate,” I said in a low voice so only she could hear, “I was jealous, Carli. The thought of you with anyone else makes me go mad with rage.”

“You were with other women too. It wasn’t just me slutting around. I didn’t know you were my mate, and you did, a\*\*\*\*\*e. And you were sexting some b\*\*\*h after claiming you came back to be with me!”

“I wasn’t sexting anyone! That girl sent it to me without me asking. She’s a campus bunny, hopping around the male dorm rooms. Look at the rest of the thread. I never respond to any of her shit.”

“Hypocrite,” she growls.

I still have her gripped firmly against me, her breast pushing against my chest with her enraged breathing. The heat in her eyes meets mine, and starts to morph into enraged desire. The electricity between us is thick. I don’t know who moved first, but suddenly our lips crash into each other, our mouths devouring each other.

“A\*\*\*\*e,” she growls at me, and the vibration in her chest makes me moan into her mouth. I squeeze her a\*s roughly, making her groan and setting my desire ablaze.

I need her. I don’t give a s\*\*t if she can’t feel the full mate bond yet. Well, I do, but I need her like I need air right now. The people around us are staring, but I don’t care. They can enjoy the free show. I grip her a\*s, carrying most of her weight as I guide her away from the crowd to a secluded corner where the lights aren’t hitting.

I push Carli against the wall, wrapping her legs around my waist. I ground my hips into her, shivering from her answering moan. f\*\*k waiting. f\*\*k the people who could be watching. I need her, and I feel it in her; she needs me too.

I let my hands travel over her tight body, under her dress and my fingers brush against her naked a\*s. No panties. Of course, she’s not wearing any f\*\*\*\*g underwear to a night club. This pisses me off more, and I growl into her open mouth. She laughs in response.

“I’m not good enough to f\*\*k at home, where we have privacy and a bed, but f\*\*\*\*g the w\*\*\*e in a night club where everyone can see us is OK?” she mutters, then tries pushing me off her. I don’t budge. I’m tired of her making these f\*\*\*\*d up assumptions about me and what I’m thinking.

“You call yourself a w\*\*\*e one more time, I’m going to lose it, Carli,” I snarled at her, “I have never, once in my entire life, thought you were a w\*\*\*e, slut, or anything else you’ve been accusing me of thinking. You. Are. My. Mate. My mate,” She growls, trying to interrupt me, but I release my alpha aura and it shuts her smart mouth, “That means I’m going to get crazy jealous whenever I even think about you being with another guy. I didn’t tell you no for any other reason than I wanted to treasure you, and respect your decision. I knew I couldn’t hold myself back from marking you, and I want to wait until you feel the f\*\*\*\*g mate bond before giving into it. You, Carli, need to quit assuming s\*\*t and talk to me. Yes, I f\*\*\*\*d up in the past, but I’m trying to do the right thing now.”

“Put me down,” she sneers.

“No,” I crash my lips against hers again, growling when she bites my bottom lip hard enough to draw blood.

“You’re such an a\*\*\*\*\*e,” she sneers, but her mouth is just as desperate as mine. She tastes amazing. Like peach schnapps and coconut. I bet she tastes just as good everywhere.

I want her. I’ve never lost control like this, but she pushed me over the edge tonight. I need to claim her. I need to make her mine.

“Carli,” I moaned her name, begging her to accept me.

“If you stop kissing me again to give me some speech, I’m kicking your a\*s,” she growls at me against my lips, making me smile before deepening the kiss. My hands go back to roaming her body, but before they reach their destination, her bare a\*s, loud coughing interrupts our moment.

We both ignore it at first, me figuring it’s one of the Meyers boys, but the coughing continues, then turns into throat clearing, and finally laughter.

“What?!” Carli and I snap at the same time, turning to face whoever it is.

A deep growl vibrates through me. The f\*\*\*\*\*g vampire from the cove, the one Carli was bragging about giving her 20 f\*\*\*\*\*g o\*\*\*\*\*s, is standing beside us in the dark corner, smirking with amusement.

“Vincent?” Carli scrunches her face, “What? I’m a little busy.”

“I can see that,” he snickers, looking between us. “Parker, the brother, correct?” he asks, looking at me, eyes dancing with mischief.

“Parker, Carli’s mate, douchebag. How can we help you?” I growled at him, not enjoying being in his company half as much as he seemed to be.

“Oh, I think I’m the one that can help you,” Vincent grins widely, showing his fangs, “I hear you’re still looking for the rogue woman.”

I let Carli slide down, adjusting her dress to cover her while her feet made contact with the ground, but not taking my eyes off her old lover.

“Do you know where we can find her?” Carli asks hopefully.

Vincent shrugged, “Maybe. She was here, but not anymore.”

“Anymore?” I scrutinized his face, “Do you know who she is?”

“Of course,” he grins at me, “She is my aunt after all.”

## **Her Brother, Her Mate Chapter 39**

Carli POV

My heart is pounding in my chest. I've never been more turned on than I was when Parker pushed his alpha aura on me. I've never been talked to the way he is talking to me now. I've never had a guy stronger than me overpowering me with their dominance and it makes my belly tighten in a delicious way.

If he confirmed he thought I was trash or a slut, I had every intention of kneeling him in the nuts, breaking his nose, then leaving him so I could live up to his expectations of me. But, I could feel the conviction in his words; that he truly meant them. Being put in my place like that was so f\*\*\*\*\*g hot, and I don't care that we're in a crowded club, I want him.

My skin feels like it's on fire as his hands roam my bare skin. He groans into my mouth, and my impatience is building along with my desire.

Coughing and throat clearing interrupt our moment, and I'm sure it's one of the bouncers coming to tell us to stop.

“What?!” I sneered in the direction of the chuckling at the same time as Parker.

Parker growls when we see it's none other than Vincent. f\*\*k. Well, maybe this will make Parker claim me in that dominating voice again. My toes curl and my core tightens at the thought.

I'm ready to tell Vincent to f\*\*k off when he mentions the missing rogue. Not only does he know her, but she's his aunt.

“She's your aunt?” I screeched, having a hard time processing his words. The ghastly image of the vampire runs through my mind. Vincent is sexy and gorgeous. She was disgusting. I can't see the family resemblance.

“I see your mind working. Yes she is really my aunt,” Vincent chuckles at me, “Why don't we go to my office and talk?”

Parker and I followed Vincent to an office above the club. The beat is pumping from the music below, but it was much quieter up here.

As we sit across from Vincent in his modern, simple office, his eyes are dancing with amusement.

“I take it, you and your brother made up?” he asks, smirking between us. Parker has his hand on my knee possessively, glaring at Vincent.

“I’m not her brother. I’m her mate,” he states firmly.

“Not the alpha’s daughter, but the gamma’s. You’ve had a revolutionary week since I last saw you. It’s got you in quite a predicament.” Vincent’s velvety voice caresses his syllables. I used to love the way he talked, but right now it’s pissing me off.

“What predicament is that?” I asked.

“You have somehow tricked my aunt into thinking you are the daughter of her first love,” he grins, chin resting on his palm.

“First love?” I furrowed my eyebrows. He’s not making any sense.

“Yes, my aunt’s first love; the man she had her heart set on all through her school days, and the man she followed to the northern wilderness when he left her for his mate.”

“My uncle?” I gasped in surprise.

“Nathan Childes. If he is your uncle, then, yes.”

I’m even more confused, “Wait. She said she was after the one who destroyed her coven?”

“Why yes,” he lifts his head, eyes tightening at my words, “The man who broke her heart is also the man responsible for her new coven being eradicated. Then, his supposed daughter kills her lover. She has quite a vendetta.”

Good goddess. Why would the b\*\*\*h chase my uncle all the way up north when he found his mate? He obviously wasn’t going to leave his mate for someone else.

“Why were she and her mate at the twin’s birthday party that day?” Parker asks.



“To drop me off, of course.”

“You weren’t invited, though. You don’t know the twins,” I told him.

He smiled sadly at me, “I don’t know them, but I knew you would be there. I heard talk of the party at the cove. Since we were so rudely interrupted there, I was hoping to see you again.”

Why? I don’t know him that well. I hooked up with him once and didn’t see him again until last Thursday at the cove.

“Why would you want to see my mate?” Parker asked in a hard voice.

Vincent sighs, “3 years. I waited nearly 3 years to see her again,” he stares at me, and I can see the longing and lust in his eyes, making Parker growl. I shift, uncomfortable with the tension coming off Parker and the longing stare from Vincent, who I’m too enraptured to look away from. It’s like he’s trying to convey something to me in his eyes, but I don’t know what.

Vincent sighed, sitting back in his chair, “When we pulled up to the island bridge and my aunt’s lover saw the fairies, his bloodlust won him over. My parents, my father mainly, being he is Satrina’s brother, wanted to help his sister and her love after they discovered their coven was destroyed by Nathan Childes. He and my mother have been trying to rehabilitate them. As I’m sure you know, this is not only not possible, it’s illegal to house rogues who have turned against their own kind. With Lady Delilah now helping to investigate the acts committed by my aunt, my family risks losing everything.

“My parents are too far gone, devoted entirely to helping my aunt seek her revenge for her coven and her love, but I do not want to lose my birthright or my life of comfort for a woman I do not hold any regard for.”

“So you want to help us get her and your parents under control and out of the picture? So you can keep your family business and money?” I asked.

“I do. It’s fortunate for me that you came here tonight. Lady Delilah is not forgiving, and I am worried if I seek her help my family will evade her wrath, and she will take me to receive their punishment in their place.”

“How do you want us to help you?” Parker asks suspiciously.

Vincent drums his fingers on his desk. "I want you to kill my aunt and my parents."

## **Her Brother, Her Mate Chapter 40**

Vincent knew where his parents were hiding his aunt. They were hiding her, and helping her plan an attack on me and my uncle on my graduation day. His parents were going to stalk me during the day, then follow until nightfall, allowing Satrina the opportunity to take me out.

My body is filled with adrenaline, wanting to act now. Vincent offers to lead me to them now, but Parker is firmly against it. He goes as far as ordering me to not act tonight, which pisses me off again. It's my life being put at risk. I have every right to do something about it.

I mindlink Mark and Mitch, telling them I'm leaving with Parker. Neither seemed concerned. The task of finding information on the missing rogue is long forgotten as they party and slut themselves around the crowded club.

Vincent leads us out to the club's valet parking lot, waiting with me as Parker retrieves his truck.

"If you wish to act on your own, without that vexing mate of yours, this is my number. I will help you in any way you wish," he slid me a piece of paper smoothly, bringing my hand up and kissing it tenderly. "I would help you in all things, Carli. Keep that in mind."

Parker pulled up in front of us at that moment, coming around to yank my hand from Vincent's grasp, growling at his gesture.

"My mate, Vincent. That means she is off limits."

"Oh, I feel that is something she has yet to decide, seeing as her neck is still unblemished."

They stare at each other, Vincent's eyes full of annoyance and Parker's with anger.

"Let's go," I pat Parker on the chest, "We have other s\*\*t to worry about. This isn't the time for this."

He bares his teeth, sneering at Vincent one last time, and Vincent answers with a smirk, baring his fangs.

“We will talk with the alpha and let you know what he says,” I told Vincent. While Parker is opening my door for me, I slip Vincent’s number into the bust of my dress, nodding to Vincent, indicating I would be in touch without actually saying it out loud, not wanting to let Parker know. I have a feeling Parker wouldn’t be too happy about me having options on how to handle the danger I’m facing. He might just order me to stay at the packhouse while his dad f\*\*\*s everything up even more. Vincent gives me a knowing smile, and Parker looks between us when he turns around to help me up so I don’t slip with my heels.

The drive back was quiet. Both of us were lost in our thoughts. All I could think about was finishing this, so I could get on with my life. I’m still upset about the fight me and Parker had earlier this evening, and I’m upset he ordered me to stand down, not allowing me to go kill the rogue tonight like I wanted to do. Does he think I can’t take her? I am more than capable, probably the most capable if you disregard my dad and his brother. They probably won’t let me help either.

I’ll be an adult in 24 hours now. 24 hours and they can’t use that excuse anymore. Knowing Alpha Jared, though, the next excuse for me not being able to help or do missions will be because I’m a woman. A she-wolf and the next Luna, given I’m still not pissed at Parker when he takes the alpha title from his father.

I’d be damned if they expected me to sit at home, playing housewife and never leaving the packhouse without my mate to protect me. I’m a f\*\*\*\*\*g warrior. I was training to become a gamma for years, and then training my a\*s off to prove I didn’t need a man to protect me or tell me what to do. Being Luna doesn’t mean I need to stay home and be like that horrible woman who gave birth to me. Elena is proof a she-wolf can be a badass and the epitome of grace and femininity at the same time. She wouldn’t resolve herself to stay home because a man told her to, and I sure as hell won’t either. My dad wouldn’t try to make her fit that stereotype and I wouldn’t allow Parker to with me either.

“I can tell you’re mad about something,” Parker says as we pull in to the packhouse parking lot.

“Don’t worry about it,” I grumbled, making him sigh deeply.

“Can I at least still stay with you tonight?” he asks.

“Sure. Enjoy the couch.”

I got out of the truck, slamming the door behind me. I know I’m probably being irrational with my anger towards Parker. He isn’t his father, and I know now he doesn’t think less of me because I’m not pure, but his command to not rush to attack the rogue, taking my choice from me is irritating the hell out of me.

It’s late. So late that it can be considered Friday morning, but the packhouse lights are still on when we walk in, and we find my dad and mom arguing in the foyer.

“She is still my daughter! Not that woman’s but mine!” my mom yelled in my dad’s face.

“Sure as s\*\*t never treated her like your daughter. I’m f\*\*\*\*\*g exhausted, Mary. I don’t want to argue about pointless s\*\*t right now,” my dad tells her in exasperation.

He looks up at us, scrunching his eyebrows in confusion. “What the hell?”

“Hey dad,” I muttered, deciding to try and walk past him like it was no big deal that I was coming into the packhouse at 2 in the morning in a clubbing dress when I was asked to stay in the packhouse.

“Where were you? Did you take my daughter out when we still don’t have the rogue thing figured out?” he looks at Parker accusingly.

As much as I would love my dad to give Parker an earful, I’m not going to throw him under the bus for something I did on my own.

“I went out without him and he brought me back,” I confess.

“Carli,” my dad pinches the bridge of his nose, “I thought we talked about this.”

“No. No, we didn’t talk about this. I was told to stay here, and I chose to listen, but I’m tired of waiting around for everyone else to fix my own problem, so I chose to leave. I’m not some defenseless little girl. I can handle myself.”

“You aren’t defenseless, no, but you are still my little girl. I don’t want you going out without additional protection,” I go to argue and he cuts me off, “No, I’m not saying you need protection, but I need you to have it for my own peace

of mind. I just got the opportunity to be your dad, Carli. I'd like for you to allow me to fulfill that role."

I work my lip in my teeth nervously, not sure how to respond. I don't want to make him worry, but I'm not okay with sitting at home and doing nothing.

"It's late," my dad says, holding his hand out to me, "we can talk tomorrow. Let's go home and get some sleep."

His exhaustion is written all over his face, so I don't argue. I took his hand, ignoring the glare from my mother, and let him lead me upstairs. I should tell him about Vincent and what we found out tonight, but I don't, telling myself it's because he's too tired to deal with it right now. I know that's not really why I don't want to tell him. I don't think I can go against him now if he asks me not to help. I need to be the one to finish this. I need to be the one to kill the rogue, ending the threat to my own life.

Tomorrow. I'll tell him tomorrow.....

Parker POV

I watch as Carli walks up the stairs with her father. Mom is glaring at them as they go.

"What were you and Gamma Thomas talking about?" I asked her, drawing her attention to me.

"Oh, nothing you need to worry about," she smiles at me.

I sighed, running my hands through my hair, "Please leave her be," I asked her, making her face fall.

"What do you mean?"

"This thing you have going on with Elena, trying to claim Carli as your daughter now that everyone knows the truth. All you're going to do is push her away more. You can't just decide to be her mom now that someone else has a claim to that title. That's not how it works."

"That woman is not her mother. I'm the one who gave birth to her."

"It takes more than giving birth to someone to make you their mother," I tell her. The pain radiating from her face makes me soften my tone. "Look at us.

You didn't give birth to me, but you have always been my mom. I'm asking, as your son, to let go of your pride and let Carli be happy with the family that has always been there for her. If you can't do it for Carli, do it for me."