

Continuation from Her Vampire, Her Mate to Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 1

Hadley POV

“Mama, I’m not doing it. I told you last time that I wasn’t doing this anymore.”

“I know, sweetie, but...your father-”

Mom left the sentence hanging in the air. My father. My father is determined to force me into this marriage, though I have been fighting it for the last several years.

“I told you what happened last time! I don’t want to do this again! What’s the point?”

“The point is, your father made a promise. I don’t like it any more than you do. Believe me, I don’t, but we all have to do things we don’t like sometimes. That’s part of life.”

Part of life is marrying a man you can’t stand? I huff, stomping off to my room to get ready for this family dinner. Our family and the Demir family are meeting to discuss my marriage to their eldest son, Zeki, who I despise more than anyone else in the entire world. I don’t know why my father is so set on this, but I’m not doing it. I’ve been fighting it for the past 7 years and I’m not ready to give up the fight. Quite the opposite. I’m more determined than ever to break this engagement for good.

My father wasn’t always like this. It wasn’t until my 18th birthday that he informed me of my betrothal to his business partner’s son. Before that, he was the typical loving father, loving and spoiling me as I grew up. I’m my parent’s only child, so I was raised with all their love and adoration.

At my 18th birthday party, everything changed. Dad took me before the room full of our family and friends and announced, without my knowledge, that I was engaged to Zeki. Zeki smiled broadly, playing along like a loving fiance while I stood there in shock.

To say I hated Zeki would be an understatement. He is everything I disliked in a guy. He’s arrogant, a narcissist, and changes women more often than he changes his underwear. He used to always lord over me when we were children, trying to domineer my every action when our fathers forced us

together for play dates. I suspect marriage with the jerk will be much the same.

Mama supplied me with the dress I had been ordered to wear. A demeaning, strappy, skin-tight lavender thing that comes to about my mid-thigh. My breasts are barely contained in the stretchy fabric. Who on earth puts his daughter in an atrocious outfit like this and offers her up to the man she hates most on a silver platter?

The lavender dress brings out the lavender in my eyes and the cool honey tone in my skin. What do they expect me to do with my thick black hair? Usually, they force me into a salon before one of these meetings, but I kicked up such a fuss all morning that we don't have time to go to a salon now.

What does it matter anyway? Not like I want to impress the jerk. I quickly braid my hair over my shoulder, tying it with a scrunchy that doesn't fit the vibe of the dress at all. I'm slipping on my old Chuck Taylors after kicking the heels mama left with the dress under my bed so I can pretend I didn't see them, when my mom and dad walked in, not bothering to knock.

"Please, come in," I rolled my eyes sarcastically.

"What is in your hair?" my father asks, scrutinizing my appearance. "And those shoes. I thought I told you to get her a nice outfit. What are those?" He asks my mama.

She sighs heavily and approaches me, pulling the scrunchie from my hair.

"Come, child. I will help you to get ready," she pats my cheek lovingly while I glare back at her for being a traitor.

"Thirty minutes, Safarah. We need to leave in thirty minutes," Father tells her.

"I know, Zachary. She will be ready."

My mom sets me in front of my wide vanity in my bathroom, brushing through my thick locks. I close my eyes and wait patiently for her to finish conditioning and curling the ends of my hair, running the brush through repeatedly so my hair falls in soft waves after she is through.

She then takes my makeup pallet, applying sheer glittery shadow over my lids and eyeliner winging the corners of my eyes. She tries to apply fake eyelashes but gives up quickly when I fight her on them.

I have big eyes and I hate the weight of false eyelashes on them. She opts to curl my natural lashes instead and applied mascara.

When she was done, allowing me to hop off my stool since Father was calling for us to hurry, I thought I might actually get away with the shoes. That is until she tosses the heel over my shoulder as we walk out the door.

“Change into these in the limo, Hadley. If you don’t, your father-”

“I know, I know,” I groaned.

I hold the shoes by their straps in the same hand I’m holding my clutch purse. I’m expecting an important email that will change the course of my life and I didn’t want to leave my phone behind.

I give my parents the silent treatment the whole way to the restaurant. The meeting place is on the Eastside, and the drive takes us about 30 minutes because of traffic. It was a long, quiet 30 minutes, me icing my parents and my parents seemed to be in an argument of their own. Mom is giving Father the cold shoulder as well as she stares vacantly out the window.

The restaurant is part of the hotel my dad and the Demir family own. The place is filled, but that’s of little consequence to us since we have a private room booked for this ridiculous dinner, as always.

I caught several curious glances and suggestive looks as I walked through the busy restaurant in this atrocious outfit. I hate that look that men give to women they see as nothing more than a piece of meat. That’s the way Zeki looks at every woman. Like they are nothing more than a conquest. A prize to be won by playing the man w***e game.

Lifting my chin, I ignored the looks and followed the maitre d back to the private room, lifting a wine glass from a waiter’s tray along the way and downing the entire glass in one throwback of my head.

“Hadley!” my father tried to scold me, but I just ignored him. If I have to do this, I’m doing it drunk. I plan on emptying plenty of wine glasses in the same fashion all night long.

The maitre d opened the door to the room, ushering us in with a bow of his head.

“There’s my future daughter-in-law!” Fadel Demir crows loudly as I enter the room. “You look radiant as always tonight, my dear.”

“Uncle,” I greeted him, kissing his cheek. He is not really my uncle, but that is the way I have always addressed the man since I was a toddler.

“I hope your journey here was well tonight,” he smiled warmly at me, “We brought you a gift.”

“A gift?” I asked him, trying my best to keep a polite smile on my face. He always has a gift for me, but they’re never freely given. There is always a catch.

He brings me further into the room where Zeki is standing by the fireplace, a smirk on his face as he stares down at his phone in his hands. Zeki is wearing a dark blue designer suit, but opted out of the tie tonight, leaving the collar open. I have a feeling the tie was left in some woman’s room since there is a tinge of pink lipstick on the collar of his shirt, and women’s perfume is wafting from his clothes.

Disgusting. He is completely disgusting.

His defined facial structure and sultry lips framed by a dark beard do nothing for me. He is the picture image of tall, dark, and handsome, but he is also the definition of a scumbag and slut. Disgusting.

He looks up from his phone, his eyes grazing over my body slowly before his dark pupils meet mine. A lazy smile graces his lips, but I can’t hold back the sneer from spreading on mine.