

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 11

A huge bouquet of roses is waiting for me on my desk when I get to work a few days later. I smile, thinking they may be from Mitchel, but groan in disgust when I read the card attached to them.

Mark. Wrong brother.

I'm not even going to entertain that man by keeping them. He probably has a list of women he sends flowers to trying to get in their pants.

Everyone keeps warning me about both Meyers brothers, but to me they are like night and day. Mark seemed insincere and almost slimy, the way he flirted with Jenny and Ralph, then just moved on to me when I appeared, not taking Jenny's feelings into any kind of consideration.

Mitch was nothing but a gentleman. Helping Jenny get home safely, driving me, not trying to make a move on me when we got to Amanda's house. Perfect gentleman. I'm still not entertaining anything more than being friends with the man, but I don't find him repulsive. The opposite, really. I feel this strange pull towards him, almost a protective instinct.

I picked up the expensive looking bouquet, walked them out to Ralph's desk and set them on the corner.

He looks up at me with a smirk, quirking an eyebrow.

"If you're coming on to me, I'm sorry, but you're not exactly my type," he teases me.

I chuckled softly, plucking the card from the stems and handing it to him. He opens it then spews a laugh at the note's contents.

"To the loveliest flower I have ever seen, I hope you find this small gift to be but a minor reflection of your beauty," Ralph reads the card out loud with an elaborate accent, "Markus Meyers. He even left his number for you here. Aww. You should give him a call and tell him thank you," he tilts his head down and giggles, "What a tool."

"I'm adding the number to my block list. I don't want those," I pointed to the bouquet. "Do you want them?"

“Ow, how cold. Regifting a gift from the boss’s son.”

I sighed, rubbing my temples, “I’m going to go talk to her about it. I kinda need this job and don’t want to lose it because of the tool bag.”

“I wouldn’t worry about that. Vivian Meyers knows her sons. She knows how they can be. She will deal with him for you. You won’t get on her bad side for treating them coldly. Like I told you the other day, you will probably get a raise.”

That’s reassuring to hear. I keep hearing about both sons being like this, but Mark is the only one that makes me feel uncomfortable.

“The other son, Mitchel, is he as bad as his brother?” I asked Ralph.

He shrugs, “Pretty much. He’s settled down over the years. He doesn’t bring women back to the hotel as much as Mark. I think he follows Mark’s lead, only really getting into trouble when Mark is involved.”

That’s too bad. It’s disappointing to hear that he’s not much better than his brother, but it doesn’t change the strange pull I feel towards him. Being in the car with him that night, it was like there was electricity passing between us. The current in the air was almost tangible. He never came on to me, never made an advance towards me, and he never made me feel like something he just wanted to defile....but I almost wanted him to.

I can’t explain it. He should be everything I hate, but it was like I couldn’t bring myself to carry any negative feelings towards the man.

It’s so confusing.

“Does Mrs. Meyers have any openings today, so I can speak with her?” I asked Ralph, leaning over to peer at her schedule on his desk.

He looks down and hums, running his finger over the calendar. “She’s got a half hour before lunch. You can come see her then. I won’t be here. I have an appointment with my chiropractor, but you can just knock on her door and she will call you right in.”

“Thanks, sweetie,” I pounded his fist, then twinkled my fingers with his, something we started doing for kicks.

I hope Mrs. Meyers is as understanding as Ralph claims. I don't want to offend her, but I don't want to continually fight off Mark's attention.

Mitch POV

I've been thinking about what to do about my mate. I had a hard time holding myself back the other night with her in the car so close to me, her amazing scent filling the small space. I couldn't get any closer without the risk of scaring her and ruining my chances of her accepting me.

I wanted to reach out and run my fingers across her bare shoulder just to see if her skin felt as smooth as it appeared. I wanted to bury my nose in her luscious hair, getting drunk on the smell of honey and lavender. I bet her skin tastes like she smells.

I sat stiffly in my seat, trying to keep my focus on the road instead of the way her toes flinched every time we hit a rough spot in the road, or the way her sweat beaded on her velvety skin.

I waved bye like a goofball when we got to her house, which I recognized as one of my mother's friends. Amanda Phillips is in the same coven as my father. How does she relate to my mate?

Vincent didn't know anything about Hadley, and when I mentioned her being my mate in front of Simone she burst out laughing, telling me good luck. It was discouraging, and now I'm desperate. I don't know how to win over a human mate.

I'm biting the bullet, seeking my mom out for help. I was going to go to dad this morning, but he seemed to be in a mood. Scared the s**t out of me when I went into my parent's suite and heard him yelling at someone on the phone. I backed out of there and decided mom was the better option. She should know more about mates anyway.

I knocked hesitantly on mom's office door.

"Come in!" she calls.

When I entered, she seemed surprised to see me, like she was expecting someone else.

“Mitch? What do I owe the pleasure? I think that’s the first time you ever knocked on my door.”

“Hey, mom. I, uh, need your help.”

She c***s her head to the side, “With what? Everything okay?”

I looked down at the floor and shrugged, not sure how to start.

“Mitch? What is it?” Mom gets up from her desk, comes around and puts her hands on my shoulders. Crap. I didn’t mean to make her feel bad for me. I’m nervous, not trying to earn her sympathy.

I looked up and tried to smile reassuringly. “I, uh, found my mate, mom.”

Her face lights up, “Really?! That’s fantastic, baby. I’m so excited for you! Where is she? Do I know her?”

I shrugged again, “I’m pretty sure you do. It’s Hadley, mom. Your new event coordinator.”

Her smile drops, “What? Hadley Hart?”

I nodded, smiling softly at hearing her last name for the first time. Hart. I like it.

Mom coughs, running her hands down the front of her silky blouse, something she does when she’s nervous. I furrow my brows at her behavior.

“Are you upset with me? I know you said to stay away from her.”

“No! No, honey. It’s just unexpected. She’s, uh, been through a lot. I’m just nervous for you. Have you approached her yet?”

Been through a lot? Like what? My protective instinct is overpowering right now, telling me to run to her and just hold her in my arms, sheltering her from anything that could ever hurt her. My hands are flexing at my sides thinking about what my mom might mean by ‘she’s been through a lot’.

“I talked with her. Gave her a ride home the other night. I didn’t say anything about her being my mate, though. She’s human. I didn’t want to scare her. I was,” I gulped audibly, nervous, “I was hoping you might help me. Tell me how you got dad to accept you?”

Mom offers me a sad smile, “It wasn’t without its challenges. I don’t think you will face the same problems I did. You might have entirely different issues.”

“What do you mean?”

Mom kneads her lips between her fingers, thinking about how to respond. “Well....”

Before mom can answer, a knock sounds on her door. Mom takes a deep breath, composing her face. “I’m going to help you, and we can talk later,” she whispers in a hushed voice.

“What?” I was confused for a moment, then she called out for the person to come in.

My breath catches in my throat as the scent of lavender and honey wafts through the opening door.

“Hadley, my dear,” mom walked towards her, holding her arms open and pulling a surprised looking Hadley into a warm hug, kissing both of her cheeks. “Come in and meet my darling son.”

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 12

Hadley POV

Knocking on the door to Vivian’s office, I heard hushed muttering on the other side. I’m about to turn around, thinking she must have had an unexpected visitor, then she calls out for me to come in anyway.

Pushing open the door, Mark’s note in hand, I hesitate when I see she really isn’t alone. Mitchel is in her office with her, and he’s looking at me like I’m sure I’m looking at him; with confusion and wonder.

He’s dressed in a loose, v-neck white shirt, tattoos visible through the thin fabric. His jean shorts cut off mid-thigh, giving me a good view of the bulky muscles that were hidden under his pants the other night. I love a good pair of muscular legs on a man. His disheveled hair looked like he had just crawled out of bed, in a sexy kind of way.

Those eyes. His stormy eyes are trained on me, pulling me into a trance. How come he has this much of an effect on me?

“Hadley, my dear,” Vivian Meyers walked toward me, pulling me into a hug and kissing both of my cheeks. “Come in and meet my darling son.”

“We’ve met,” I told her, feeling heat building in my cheeks. What the hell is wrong with me? Why am I acting like this? Ralph just told me Mitchel was bad news, just like his brother. I shouldn’t feel attracted to a guy like him.....

“Oh?” Vivian lifted a perfectly arched eyebrow at me, a slight twinkle in her eye, “Mitch, my darling, I hope you’ve been making our new event coordinator feel at home and welcomed?”

I expect some smooth line or suave moves from the man, but instead he looks embarrassed by his mother’s actions and remarks. “Mom,” he murmurs, then offers me an apologetic smile. “Sorry, Hadley. I didn’t know you had a meeting with my mom. I can excuse myself.”

“No, no, child,” Vivian pulled me further into the room, bringing me closer to her son, “This is perfect timing. When Ralph told me Hadley was planning on stopping by before lunch, I had planned on taking her out to lunch, but your father just informed me of an urgent matter that needs my attention. You can take her in my place.”

What? Ralph didn’t mention anything about me having lunch with her. I came here to tell her I didn’t want to deal with one of her sons, not go to lunch with the other.

“What urgent matter?” he narrowed his eyes at her. My heart contracts. Does he not want to spend time alone with me again? Wait....why does that make me upset?

“Oh, work stuff. It needs to be dealt with immediately. Here,” she pulls her American Express card from her wallet in the top drawer of her desk, “Take her to that bistro on the ocean. The one we held Lilly’s last baby shower. They have the best ceviche in Miami. Hadley is new here. Do your duty and help her get more acquainted with the area. Hadley,” she turns to give me a brilliant smile, “Go ahead and take the rest of the day to get familiar with the area. Mitch here will show you some of the hidden gems so you can use them as a point of reference when referring guests to attractions.”

Mitch is scowling at his mother, “I have my own money, mom. I don’t need your credit card.”

She waves off his concern, "It's for work. It's considered a work expense. You two should get going. I need to hurry and meet your father."

Vivian showed us to the door, quite forcefully, "Drive safe, my dears. Have fun," she says, winking at her son.

"But, Vivian, I needed to-" I try to get a word in, but she pushes us through the open door, then shuts it firmly, leaving us awkwardly in the hall alone together. "Crap," I mutter. I really wanted to at least tell her about Mark.

"Sorry," Mitchel gives me a crooked smile that leaves me weak in the knees. "She can be a bit domineering."

"I got that," I huff, blowing a strand of hair out of my face from the frenzied exit from her office. It fell right back in front of my eyes. When I start to move my hand to get it out of the way, Mitch beats me to it, tucking the strand behind my ear. His fingers brushing my ear sent that same electric shock over my skin, and for some reason I blushed.

Mitch sighs, tapping his mother's card in his hand, then walks over to Ralph's desk. He opens the drawers until he finds a stack of envelopes. He grabs one, gets a pen from Ralph's holder, then writes 'for Vivian' on the front. He tucks the card inside and seals it, setting it on Ralph's keyboard.

"She still treats me like a baby," he tells me with an embarrassed smile, "I don't need my parent's money. I have a good job."

He must not want to seem like a freeloading deadbeat, still depending on mommy's credit cards. A small smile graces my lips.

"Where do you work?"

He rubs his chin, scratching at his stubble in a nervous gesture. "La Flor Blood Bank. I have an administrative job working under the, uh, CEO."

"Oh. That sounds....fun?" I don't know what an administrative job at a blood bank would entail, and he seemed hesitant to tell me more.

"It is sometimes, but my boss scares the s**t out of me," he laughs, "I was working with my brother at the, uh, security firm, but this job offer was too good to turn down. I've been working for the blood bank for almost 7 years now."

“How do you go from a job working in security to working at a blood bank?” I asked with genuine curiosity.

He shrugs, “I can tell you over lunch?”

I chewed on my bottom lip, thinking over the offer. His mother did basically order me to go around with him and see all of Miami. It’s not like a date. It would be work. I can eat lunch with him if it’s for work.

“Okay,” I agree with a hesitant smile. Mitch’s entire face lights up, making my heart flutter uncontrollably in my chest. Geez. I’m no better than Jenny right now. I don’t understand why I can’t get control of my body when I’m around Mitch.

He leads me to the front of the resort, stopping by my office first so I can grab my handbag. I tucked the note from Mark into my bag so I can remember to show Vivian later when she isn’t busy.

The valet brings Mitchel’s Tesla to the front just seconds after we exit the building. It’s like they were ready for us.

“Do you mind if I open the door for you?” Mitchel asks, instead of just doing it. I appreciate that. He’s giving me a choice instead of pushing chivalry on me. He doesn’t want to make me uncomfortable. I smile warmly, nodding that I don’t mind.

He opens the door, waits for me to situate myself, then gently closes the door. Before he starts driving, he asks if I mind listening to music, then asks if I’m alright with 80s classics. I actually love 80s music. I don’t mind in the least.

“So, what have you seen so far in Miami?” he asks as we set off.

“Not much. Mostly just the resort. I have only been here for about a week and a half.”

“Where we’re going is beautiful,” he smiles at me, then focuses back on the road, “It’s a local spot. Not many tourists. The beach across the street is a lot less crowded than here in Miami Beach.”

“Do you go there a lot?”

He shrugs, "My brother and sister-in-law bring my nephews to this beach a lot, and my friends like the restaurants on the strip."

"Girlfriends?" I asked, lifting a brow at him.

He laughs and shakes his head. "No, no girlfriends. Lilly and Carli call me or Mark to do uncle duty so they can shop or eat in peace when their husbands are busy with work. My oldest brother is a little overprotective, so he doesn't like the kids or Lilly out by themselves."

I smile at the fondness in his voice when he talks about his family. "You sound like you don't mind."

"Not at all," he smiles deviously over at me, "I'm the fun uncle. I like to play a game called 'how much sugar can I feed them before I send them home to dad'."

I giggle uncontrollably at that, "That's not very nice," I sputter out.

"My nephews think it is," he shrugs. "Last weekend when Lilly called to see if we could help her and her friends juggle all the brats so they could relax, Mark and I bought out the snow cone truck and taught them how to play beer pong with snow cones. It was fun."

"Corrupting them while they're young?"

"I think beer pong is an essential life skill," he laughs, "My nephews will be the coolest kids at every party they go to in the future."

Mitch continues telling me stories about his nephews the whole way to the restaurant. He may be the bad boy type, but he was an adorable bad boy. He sounded like an overgrown kid. I'm sure he will be a fun dad one day.

When we get to the bistro, Mitchel parks along the beach and we walk to the quaint restaurant. "This is adorable," I say, looking around the antique-styled restaurant.

"It's Lilly's favorite. That's probably why mom told me to bring you here. I'm sure Lilly will get a hold of you and drag you here with her soon too."

"You seem to get along well with your sister-in-law," I commented.

“She’s like my sister. She and Matt have been together for most of their lives. We were all in the same circle of friends in high school too.”

I can see he really loves his family and friends. The warmth in his voice as he talks about them is spreading to me, making me long to meet the extended family that he cherishes so much.

We take our seats at a table by the window facing the ocean. The hostess bats her eyelashes at Mitchel, sending a pang of annoyance through me unexpectedly. He isn’t paying any attention to her, though. He is staring at me with a smile on his face.

We order drinks, and she flirts away with a huff when Mitchel doesn’t look up at her once. It shouldn’t make me feel as happy as it does that he’s not giving her the time of day.

“So, where are you from, Hadley Hart?” he asks.

“New York,” I told him.

“City or state?”

“City,” I laughed. “I lived in the West Village.”

He nods, “I went to New York City once with my dad. He had a conference for work. We went during Christmas time.”

“Did you like it?”

He shrugs, tossing an arm over the back of the chair next to him. “It was kind of dirty. Even the nicer parts. Trash everywhere. It was cold too. It’s never cold here so I wasn’t prepared for it.”

I smiled, knowing what he meant. “I much prefer the weather here,” I admitted.

His smile makes my heart flutter, “Good to know.”

“So, you never told me how you got the job at the blood bank....”

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 13

Mitch looks outside, his stormy eyes lost in the surf for a moment. He looks so deep in thought, I almost think he didn't hear me.

"Almost 7 years ago, while working for the security detail I mentioned earlier, the one my brother still works for, we had a suspect we were holding, and I had the job of drilling her for information for my alpha, uh, boss," he offers me a nervous smile, "Alpha was like a nickname. Anyway, Parker and my friend, Vincent, needed information from her. After hearing her story, it kind of brought back trauma from my past.

"I ask for a lesser punishment for her, since she was a victim herself, suffering because of a f*****g jerk that used her for his own agenda. The woman in charge of her called me to her, uh, house and offered me the job afterward. Suzie had an addiction and the man who used her used her addiction to get her to do his dirty work.

"Delilah, my boss now, liked my compassion, and uses me to help others that come into the clinic that may be suffering the way Suzie was," he shrugs like it's not a big deal, but I'm kind of in awe of him. Confused, because half of what he said was a little confusing, but still in awe. Alpha is kind of a weird nickname for someone to have, but if it's some high-class security detail where they have code names, then I can picture it.

"What trauma did it bring up for you?" I couldn't help but ask, seeing the storm brewing in his eyes.

He runs his hands through his messy hair, anxiety coming off him in waves.

"You don't have to tell me if you don't want to," I offered, feeling guilty for prying.

"No, no. I don't mind. I'm just scared you might think badly of me after I tell you," he offered me a sad smile.

"Try me," I told him, smiling back. I've already heard horrible things about him and I still can't bring myself to not like him. I don't think anything he could tell me would get me to change my unexplainable protective feelings toward him.

"Well, this is going to make me sound horrible," he sighs, "I've always been kind of wild. I liked messing around, and didn't think much about others' feelings. There was a girl right after I graduated high school who had a crush on me. She would always show up wherever I went, trying to get my attention.

If I had no one else I was chasing after, I'd entertain her, but never slept with her, or did more than light make-out sessions and s**t like that.

"Well, this girl I liked all through high school who I was hoping would be my, uh, girlfriend when we graduated ended up with someone else. They're married now and have just celebrated 10 years together, and I love them both as friends, but at the time I was heart broken. I thought me and her would be perfect together. I kind of convinced myself of it, then that idea came crashing down.

"Carli's now husband handed my a*s to me when I still tried getting with her back then. When I was depressed and licking my wounds, I crossed that line with Sophia. I used her to try to boost my ego and get over my heartbreak.

"I thought she knew it was just s*x. I didn't have the best reputation and was well known for playing around. I guess she thought since I finally slept with her we would be together. She got clingy and I ignored her, even going as far as blocking her number.

"She showed up at this place called The Cove I used to party at every weekend, walking in the cabin of my boat when I was with another girl. I didn't even stop. I told her to either join in or get out. She ran out of there, then I saw on the news a few days later that her body drifted up onto the shore. She has a gunshot wound to her temple.

"They found her boat later, and her phone with the rest of her belongings were still on board. She sent me several messages begging for me to come to her or she was going to kill herself. I blocked her number so I didn't get any of the messages. My parents put me in counseling with Amanda, their friend you've been living with, for a few sessions, but it still haunted me. It haunts me to this day.

"Suzie reminded me a lot of Sophia. I didn't save Sophia because of my selfishness, but I didn't want to see Suzie destroy herself like Sophia did and I didn't want her to face harsh punishments because she was used."

Wow. I don't know how to respond to any of that. Mitch is staring back out the window at the waves crashing on the shore, lost in his memories. I wonder what he's seeing out there?

I didn't expect him to be that honest with me about his past, but I'm glad he was. I would have thought worse of him for lying to me, or trying to downplay

what really happened to save face. I can feel his regret. What happened with that girl changed him.

I reach my hand across the table, taking his and gripping it firmly, trying to ignore the weird shocky feelings grazing my skin. When his stormy eyes met mine, I offered him a sympathetic smile.

“I’m sorry that happened, Mitchel. I can’t imagine the trauma you’ve had to deal with. Thank you for sharing your story with me.”

A small smile lifts the corners of his mouth as he rests his other hand over mine.

“Sorry to unload on you. You make me feel....comfortable. Safe. It’s easy talking to you.”

That warms my heart, making it flutter in my chest as a blush spreads on my cheeks.

Lunch was delicious. I let Mitchel order for me since I couldn’t decide what to get. The ceviche was refreshing, and the shrimp enchiladas were so creamy and melted in my mouth. Mitchel even ordered a local beer for us that had a citrus twist to it called Tripping Animals, which was amazing. He said that the brewery was local and he would take me there soon if I wanted.

Of course I did. I’m actually having fun with Mitchel. A lot of fun. He isn’t being forward or making me feel uncomfortable at all.

He pays and leads me from the restaurant with a wave of his hand, not touching me or being forceful in any way. We decide to take a walk along the beach, the salty air feeling nice with its balmy breeze.

I already love Miami. I thought I would miss New York, but I didn’t. Not that much, anyway. I miss my mama at times. I miss real pizza and bagels. I don’t miss much else.

We get snow cones before walking back towards his car, Mitchel teasing me about my red lips from my tiger’s blood flavoring. He got coconut with a drizzle of honey. Honey on a snow cone sounded gross to me until he let me try it. It was unexpectedly delicious.

Mitchel tells me more stories of growing up here, pointing out places that hold special memories for him. He asks me plenty of questions, but I never had a strong friend base like he clearly does. I'm excited about meeting all his friends one day. I feel like I know many of them already from his stories.

I'm not sure about that girl Carli he said he was obsessed with, though. Hearing that makes me feel uneasy for some reason. Apparently, she is the head of the security company where he used to work, along with Mitchel's brother, Matt. She sounds kind of scary.

Mitchel drives me to some of his favorite spots around the city, making a mental checklist of the places I want to come back to and explore.

When we are rounding a marsh filled with gators, I'm embarrassing myself by acting a little too excited, it being my first time seeing them in real life. Mitch gets a call on his car's Bluetooth. Simone's name and picture popped up on the screen.

"Mind if I take this?" he asks me sheepishly.

"Not at all," I told him, hanging my head out his window to get a better look at the water lizards.

"Simone, hey," he answered.

"What are you up to?" her cheery voice flirts through the speakers.

"Showing Hadley around Miami. You're on speaker phone. Say hi." he smiles at me.

She squeals loudly, "Hadley! This is perfect! You can come too! Vince and I need taste testers for his new restaurant he just purchased and so far everyone is busy."

"Was I not your first choice?" Mitchel teased her.

"Of course not, silly. You are number 4. Carli and Parker were....preoccupied. Laura and Simon had something for the council. Lilly was screaming too loudly at Cole and Carl to hear me, and Hillary had guard duty."

"That makes me the 5th choice, Sim," Mitchel tells her, shaking his head.

“Oh. Well, I guess you’re really 6th. I called Trevor and Carlos too. They said yes.”

“So I came after all your girlfriends and gay friends?”

“Yep! So in a way, that makes you number one, since you are the first guy friend I called,” Simone giggles on the line. “Are you coming or not?”

“Do you want to go?” Mitchel turned, looking at me.

“Say yes! Say yes!” Simone chants on the line, making us both laugh.

I shrugged, smiling at him, “Why not?”

“YAYYYYY!!!” Simone squeals so loudly on the phone that we both had to plug our ears. “I love new friends.”

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 14

Vivian POV

“You have to remove it, Micah. If you don’t, you know what would happen,” I try to keep my voice down, but all I want to do is s****m right now. When we worked so hard to bring Hadley here, I never suspected she would be mates with one of my sons.

“I will, sweetheart. I will. I’ll call Amanda and we will start the preparations.” Micah is running his hands up and down my arms, trying to soothe me and my anxiety. It almost works, but then the thought of my son getting hurt because of our overprotectiveness flares my worry once again.

“If they mate before you do it, she could-”

“I know, honey. I know. Where is Mitch now? Where’s Hadley?”

“He took her out to lunch,” I sighed, wishing I hadn’t been so rash about sending them out together. She doesn’t seem like the type to fall for his charms so quickly, and she is pure...but they’re mates. Micah was engaged to another woman, and a human, but he still felt the mate bond enough to leave his life behind for me. He gave up everything for me. What if Hadley gives up her innocence and puts aside her pride for my son?

“Okay, I’ll handle it.” Micah walks away, pulls out his phone and makes a call. “Vincent? Yes, hey....can you do me a favor?”

I listen quietly, a smile spreading on my face listening to my husband handle the situation, ensuring Mitch and Hadley won’t be alone tonight. Pride fills me.

“Okay, first problem solved, now to deal with the next,” Micah sighed, as he ended the call and scrolled through his contacts. I walked up behind him and wrapped my arms around his waist. He chuckles softly, turning in my arms and lifting my face to his.

“I love you,” his breath washes over me, his scent calming me further. “It’s going to be okay.”

“I know. Thank you for always being my rock. I don’t know what I’d do without you.”

“Give yourself a heart attack,” he smirks at me, peppering my face with kisses before his lips settle against mine. It doesn’t take long for our kiss to turn into something more.

Micah throws his phone on the rug, freeing his hands to roam my body as he backs me toward the couch. I don’t fight it. He’s going to need this; he needs my vitality to store up and use to save our son from a lifetime of heartache. I don’t mind. Not in the least. He can siphon from me whenever he wants.

His hands roam down to my a*s, lifting me in the air. My heels fall to the floor in a clatter as my legs wrap around his waist. He walks with me to the couch, sitting with me straddling his lap. The soft green glow rimming his irises of his gray eyes shines on my face when his eyes flutter open as he begins taking energy from me, making me moan as I feel the chill of his magic wash over me.

While unbuttoning his shirt, I start gyrating my hips in his lap, moaning in pleasure as the friction travels to the itch aching in my throbbing nerves.

Right when I get his shirt off, and he starts untucking mine, our suite doors burst open, causing both of us to groan in frustration. f*****g brat. It was just getting to my favorite part.

“Gross! Gawd, it’s the middle of the f*****g day, you two. You horny old goats. Why can’t you ever keep your hands off each other?”

“Mark....,” Micah groans, throwing his head back on the couch, “What did we tell you about knocking?”

Mark sheepishly looks down, “To do it.”

“So why didn’t you?”

“How was I supposed to know that you both would be making out like horny teenagers in the middle of the f*****g living room?”

Micah narrowed his eyes at him, “Language.”

“Sorry,” Mark looked away as Micah started re-buttoning his shirt and I crawled off his lap with a sigh, walking over to retrieve my heels and Micah’s phone off the ground.

“What do you need, Mark? We were kind of busy,” I sighed again, exasperated with my son.

“I could see that,” he shudders, “Well, I was hoping one of you could help me. Mom wasn’t in her office so I thought she was busy, and dad could probably help me more anyway.”

“With what?” I asked.

A bright smile breaks across his face. “I found my mate!”

Micah and I both froze at the news. This has to just be a coincidence, right? No way could it be....

“She’s human, so I’m having a hard time approaching her. I already pissed her off once. I need help. How did mom get you to fall for her, dad? How did she tell you she was a werewolf and you were her mate?”

My mouth drops open. There is no way....

“Son, who is this mate?” Micah asked with reservation.

“Oh, I forgot to tell you. Don’t be mad. I know you said to stay away from her, but since she’s my mate, I figured that order was void now.”

“Are you telling me your mate is Hadley? My new event coordinator?”

“Yeah! She’s so f*****g beautiful, mom. She smells amazing, and her body....mmm. She was a little feisty, though. Knocked the f*****g wind right out of me when I tried to talk to her. How do you approach a human mate? I don’t know what I’m doing wrong.”

“Oh, goddess,” I stumbled back, not believing what I was hearing. Micah comes and steadies me so I don’t fall. I’m so glad I haven’t put my heels back on yet. I would have rolled an ankle.

“What’s wrong?” Mark looked at us nervously. “You seriously can’t be mad at me for talking to her, can you? She’s my mate, mom. I just need to know how to approach her.”

“You don’t,” Micah told him in a firm voice, leaving no room for argument, “Let us take care of something first, then we will help you, Mark, but you need to give her space for now. She didn’t come here under the best of circumstances. She needs to adjust, and we need to take care of a few things. Don’t try to go against this until we tell you it’s okay or you will only be hurting her.”

Confusion spread on his face, tugging at my mother’s heart. I don’t want to keep him from his mate, but this just got a lot more complicated. A lot more dangerous, for all three of them. We knew there was a chance when they were born, but because Matt had his own mate, we had hoped they would too.

We need to fix this before our sons are both crushed forever.

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 15

“My Queen, we thought you should be made aware.”

Amanda, Micah and I met the Fae Queen, Queen Aisling, at the gates of her realm, meeting in person for the first time in who knows how long. Fairy royalty do not leave their realms themselves unless it is of the utmost importance. They dare not risk the mistakes of their past that led to the predicament we are currently in. If things go well, we will need her permission. Hadley will need her blessing so we don’t cause problems with the fae.

“I have been made aware. You are sure she is of nobility?”

“I was friends with her mother. We grew up together. She was a direct descendant of the north,” Micah informs her.

Queen Aisling is as regal as they say, her silvered hair descending down to her hips, woven with intricate vines and budding roses. Her skin had a glittering sheen cast over it, illuminated by her deep, violet eyes.

Her age is unknown, but she looks ageless, like she is made from plastic with her poreless and wrinkle-free golden skin. She is clad in a thin, sheer golden tunic, outlining her slender frame. She looks like a vision from a dream or an angel. Even I, a middle-aged woman, find her obscenely attractive.

“She will be granted our protection, of course, as a favor to my brother.”

“Thank you, my queen,” Micah said as the three of us bowed to her.

Her court knights, much more medieval than the fairy knights we are used to seeing, are clad in armor made from tree bark. All 6 of them surround their queen, ensuring her safety. It’s a bit excessive if you ask me, considering the queen’s magic is enough to protect herself and the entire kingdom she reigns over. But no one asked me, so I kept my thoughts to myself.

“With your blessing, we will take our leave. We have a lot to do to ensure her safety ourselves. Thank you again, Queen Aisling, for your abundant grace and sympathy.”

“Go in peace,” the queen inclines her head, then turns, retreating back into her realm, her knights following her one by one.

Mark POV

I don’t know what was up with my parents earlier, but it was very discouraging. Why would they tell me to stay away from my mate? It doesn’t make sense. How could being around her hurt her?

I thought Hadley was just a random hire, but it seems my mom had ulterior motives for hiring and bringing her here. What circumstances brought her to Miami? I need to know.

The past two days, I’ve been coming in and out of the resort at all times of the day, walking through the offices searching for her. She must have had the last two days off. There had been no sign of her, and when I asked Ralph earlier where she went when I was looking for mom, he told me she must have gone home for the day with a smirk..

The flowers I left for her were sitting on his desk too.

I don't know how to get her attention or how to get in her favor. Why the hell did I have to go and hit on that front desk chick right in front of her? I f****d up, but I want nothing more than to make her see I'm not really like that. Well, not anymore anyway.

Mitch isn't even around. I went to find him after leaving my parents' hours ago and he's nowhere in the resort. Even his phone is going to voicemail. Maybe he's at the bar we like to frequent? It is night now.

I haven't even had a chance to tell him about finding my mate yet. I've been hesitant to, thinking it may bum him out, but maybe he can help me since mom and dad didn't. I know they said to stay away from her, but the wolf in me is driving me to find her and claim her before someone else can.

She's gorgeous. Literally the prettiest woman in the entire world. If I don't claim her, someone else will try. I don't want anyone else getting close to my mate. I don't want anyone else even flirting with her, looking at her, or having a thought about her.

I don't have to get close to her now, but if I know where she's at, I can keep watch over her, making sure pests stay away.

My phone starts vibrating in my pocket. I pulled it out to see that Matt was calling me.

"Hey bro," I answered.

"Hey! How did the flowers go?"

I huff in defeat, "Not well. She gave them to Ralph."

Matt laughs at me, "She didn't throw them away though. There's that."

"The card wasn't there anymore either. She kept that."

"See! That's a positive. What did the card say?"

I told him and Matt burst out laughing, my usual confidence taking a big hit.

"What the f**k, man? That's the cringiest s**t I've ever heard," Matt tells me, then I hear Lilly in the background telling him to watch his mouth. Matt mutters

a “Sorry babe,” and quiets down his laughter. Usually I would make fun of my brother for being p***y whipped, but right now I’m jealous. I want to be p***y whipped too. My mate has a fire inside her. I want to be the one to temper that fire, or let it consume me with her.

“Sorry, man. She just got the kids to sleep. So what are you doing now?”

“Looking for our a*****e brother. He’s been M.I.A for the last few days.”

“He was in training 2 days ago. I didn’t get much chance to talk with him either though. He was talking to Carlos mostly, then they left together and went to see Vincent. Trevor was bitching about it the next day because they hung out all day without him. He might be busy with work for the vampires. Maybe try the bar. You know he likes heading there after he gets off.”

“Walking there now,” I said. I did blow him off the other night when I found my mate. Going to the bar filled with other girls when none of them could compare to the girl that just kneed me in the face didn’t sound fun at all. I’m done with that now. Mitch seems dependent on me when he is trying to have a good time and going out with him could have ruined my chances with my mate.

As I reached the bar, I caught the faint scent of lavender and honey. I looked around excitedly, thinking I might have accidentally bumped into her, but I didn’t see her anywhere on the busy street.

Matt is talking away in my ear, but I’m only half paying attention while looking around for my mate. The scent gets stronger the closer I get to the restaurant side of the bar. The place has a bar on one side and a restaurant on the other, and the restaurant is packed. The patio is filled with people laughing and drinking while eating their food.

Vincent owns this place, and it’s amazing. Maybe I’ll take my mate here soon, if I ever get a f*****g chance to talk to her to ask her out.

The scent is unbelievably strong now, making my whole body vibrate with the need to claim her. Where the f**k is she?

My eyes roam the patio, and then I see her, looking beautiful and elegant, and to my surprise, she is sitting right by Simone, bent over laughing at something while gripping Simone’s hand. Her voice is as wonderful as I remember, and her laugh brings forth this longing I’ve never felt before. All the others around her are invisible to me because all I can focus on is her.

Until she leans away from Simone, whispering something into another man's ear.

Mitch.

She is talking and giggling with my brother.

He laughs at whatever she said, and she rests her head on his shoulder, laughing with him, his hand grazing down her back to steady her as she does.

"You two are so cute together," Simone tells them, settling into Vincent's side as he agrees.

Hadley blushed furiously, and didn't deny it. She's embarrassed, then turns her face to look up at a beaming Mitch.

Even Trevor and Carlos are there, agreeing that my brother and mate would make an amazing couple.

A growl tears through my chest, making the humans around startle, then hurry away from me in fear.

"Mark, what's wrong?" Matt's voice desperately asked me through the phone.

"I'm going to f*****g kill him," I sneered.

"Who?"

"YOUR BROTHER!" I'm having a hard time controlling my murderous rage in front of so many humans.

"He's your brother too. What the f**k is going on?"

"Your brother is stealing my f*****g mate."

"Oh, shit." I hear shuffling at the other end of the line, keys jiggling as he calls out to Lilly that he needs to go, "I'll be right there."