

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 16

Mitch wasn't touching her, besides for a few seconds he was running his hands down her back to support her, and he wasn't using his usual moves he uses to pick up random chicks. I can tell by his body language that he really likes her. He's showing her respect he's never shown any woman, even Carli.

For some reason, that just pisses me off more.

"Don't you f*****g do anything until I get there, Mark. You can't cause a scene in front of humans and you will just end up scaring her off. Where are you at? The usual place?"

I forgot I was still on the phone.

"Yeah," I mutter.

"Just hold tight. I'm speeding." I can tell by the echo that he has me on his car speaker.

If he came all the way from the pack house, it could take him forever to get here. I can't wait 20 minutes. I need to fix this now.

But how? Hadley keeps looking up at Mitch, sending him little smiles and laughing at whatever he is saying. There is adoration in her eyes when she looks at him, and it feels like a knife is being plunged into my f*****g chest watching them.

Without realizing it, I start walking towards them, the mate bond pulling me to her like gravity.

My heart hurts watching her so comfortable with my brother when she won't even talk to me, but the bond doesn't hurt or feel any sort of discomfort. It's weird. I thought the bond was supposed to cause me pain in times like these. The bond seems stronger than ever.

"Mark?" Trevor saw me when I was about 10 yards away. "Hey! What are you doing here? Come join us!"

Everyone turned to stare at me. Everyone has welcoming smiles on their faces, except Hadley. She looks me up and down with indifference, then turns

her face away towards Mitch. Mitch is beaming when he sees me, and then as he takes in my expression and my mood, his smile starts to drop.

“You okay there, bro?”

No, I’m not f*****g okay. Not at all. Hadley looks back at me, and as she starts studying my face and demeanor, her eyes seem to soften, though she still seems apprehensive of me.

“Mark, what’s wrong?” Simone waves me over to her, and after a few seconds of hesitation, I force my feet to carry me the rest of the way to the table.

My phone dropped to my side, and I could hear Matt yelling at me at the other end. Vincent, with his freaky f*****g hearing, can probably make out what’s being said as he stares down at it, then looks up to me in surprise. He leans in and whispers something in his mate’s ear that makes her gasp, then turns back to me with her jaw dropped.

“Don’t tell me....Mark, is she?” her voice flints through my head through the mind link.

I nod, not taking my eyes off Hadley and Mitch, who are both looking at me in confusion, Hadley leaning slightly into him like my presence is making her uncomfortable. It tears me up seeing her trust him when she doesn’t trust me.

Simone grips my hand, and I can finally, through much effort, drag my eyes down to hers and away from my mate’s.

“She’s your mate?” Simone asks.

“Yeah,” I managed to respond.

“Oh, honey. Don’t do anything rash. Mitch is her mate too.”

My eyes widened in surprise, then snapped back up to Mitch. He is scrutinizing my demeanor, and places his arm around the back of Hadley’s chair, almost possessively, and the look in his eyes is almost telling me to back off. When his bare arm brushes against her shoulder, instead of flinching away and avoiding his touch like she did to me, she leans into it, looking back at him with concern before turning her eyes to me with apprehension once again.

“Mark, I don’t know what’s wrong, but you should sit down. You look like you’re about to faint, you’re so pale,” Trevor tells me, getting up and pulling out an empty chair beside him for me between him and Vincent.

I eyed the chair, then looked back at my brother, “Mitch, we need to talk.”

Hadley POV

I love Simone. She is so easy to love and Ralph was right. Vincent adores her. It’s been fun watching them all evening. . They are like a single unit the way they work and move together. Vincent fawned over her like she was the most precious gift in the world and Simone looked at Vincent like he was her entire world.

We came here after a tasting at Vincent’s new restaurant to have a few drinks at the bar, but it was unbelievably packed, so Vincent had a table arranged for us on the restaurant’s patio instead.

We were laughing and joking with one another, each of them sharing stories from growing up here. Mostly at Mitchel’s expense. Simone was currently telling me a long story about how Mitchel kept being inappropriate to girls at school when they wore skirts, so their friend Carli forced him to wear dresses to school the entire week.

She even had pictures still on her phone to show me. He didn’t even look upset in the pictures. He was cheesing with that adorable boyish smile, posing for the camera in feminine ways.

“It wasn’t that bad. I free balled it the entire week. The breeze was nice,” he smirked.

“You were the hot commodity that week, for sure,” Trevor laughed, “Coach Brock made you keep the dresses on during P.E. too.”

“You wore them to gym class?” I whispered in disbelief, giggling uncontrollably, “Did you still participate?”

“Oh yeah. Stretching was the best. I wore a micro dress on the last day, Carli saying some s**t about me not treating it like a punishment enough. Coach Brock about had a heart attack when I bent over to stretch and my entire package popped out.”

I couldn't control how badly I was laughing at that point. My head was resting on Mitchel's shoulder while I tried to get the fit to stop.

"You two are so cute together," Simone says, making me blush.

I like Mitchel. I shouldn't. I know I shouldn't, but there's something about him that just calls to something inside me. The more time I spent with him today, the stronger this feeling became.

We start giggling about getting him in a dress now. He's totally fine with it, even offering to switch outfits with Simone, who is wearing a very elegant pink shift dress. With his bulky muscles and her slender frame, I doubt he could get his thigh in it, let alone wear it.

"Quit trying to get in my wife's clothes, Mitch," Vincent half-heartedly scolded him, making us all laugh.

"Mark?" Trevor called out, drawing our attention to the busy sidewalk. "Hey! What are you doing here? Come join us!"

This is the first time I've seen him since that time in the lobby when he tried to come onto me after hitting on Jenny. I try to ignore his presence, but there is something about the way he is looking at me that makes me feel unsettled. It's like he's in pain, and I'm the one who caused it. I try to keep my focus away from him, but my eyes keep getting drawn back to the turmoil on his face.

Pain started beating in my chest, observing the pain in his eyes. Why is he looking at me like I just broke his heart? Is it because of the flowers?

The others are talking to him, but their words are drowned out by the drumming in my own ears. I have to fight the urge to get up and go to him, comforting him and chasing away whatever is causing his sorrow.

What the hell is wrong with me?

I wanted nothing to do with this man. I have his note in my purse still, ready to show his mom to get her to keep him away from me. Why does that sound almost painful now? I don't even know him. Just the bad stuff I've been hearing from everyone since I first saw him.

But I also heard a lot of bad things about Mitchel. Mitchel even told me bad things about himself and I've just grown to like him more and more throughout

the day. Maybe I just need to get to know Mark too? Why does that thought make my heart skip a beat?

“Mitch, we need to talk,” he says, staring at his brother.

The pain in his face turned to rage when he looked at his brother.

Why do I feel this deep-rooted need to stop them from talking and comfort both of them at the same time? This is so confusing. What should I do?

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Simone POV

Vincent could hear what Matt was yelling on the phone to Mark as Mark dropped his arm. The look on his face, like his world was being crushed and going up in flames as he watched Hadley, confirmed what Vincent had heard.

He’s her mate too.

That sounds incredibly hot to me, but I can feel through the bond that it’s making Vincent feel anxious for some reason. He didn’t tell me why it makes him anxious, and I’m not going to ask. If he wanted me to know, he would tell me. I trust that.

Getting to know Hadley, I knew she would be perfect as Mitch’s mate. She is firm, strong willed, has a backbone that would rival Carli’s, and Mitch has been so perfectly behaved all afternoon with her near. I can totally see how the moon goddess would give her Mark and Mitch. She could handle them both like a pro.

I don’t know if Mark and Mitch could handle each other, though.

“Mitch, we need to talk.”

“No you don’t,” I said without really thinking, earning me a weird look from Mark.

“What’s going on?” Hadley asks. Mark’s face softens at her voice, and so does Mitch’s. If I didn’t think they were about to rip each other apart, I would think it looked cute. The urge to go ‘awwww’ is strong within me.

“It’s nothing, my dear. Brotherly feud,” Vincent smiles reassuringly at her, taking control of the situation, as always. Goddess how I love this man. “I’m sure they need to hash a few things out in private. Why don’t Trevor and Carlos here give you a ride home?”

Hadley looks between the brothers, eyes full of worry. I know she’s human, and from what Vivian told Vincent and me, she isn’t the type to fall for the playboy type, but the bond must be overriding all of that. There is a tenderness framing her face as she observes both of them. I can tell she doesn’t really want to go until she knows they are alright.

“We should probably get home anyway. My sister is babysitting for us and has a class early in the morning,” Trevor says, standing to his feet and grabbing Carlo’s blazer from the back of his chair before helping him into it.

“If it’s out of your way, I don’t mind waiting here. I could get a cab or-”

“No,” Mitch and Mark say at the same time, not liking the idea of their mate in a cab with an unknown male driving. You hear things on the news all the time about tourists getting taken advantage of in situations like that. Hadley is used to New York, where I’m sure it’s safer to take a taxi when you need one. Hearing them both speak up at the same time makes me giggle despite myself.

“I’ll come too,” I smiled at Hadley, helping the boys out, “We can have a girl’s night at my place! Sleepover! I have so much sangria back at our condo. You don’t mind, right honey?” I turned to look at my husband.

“Of course not. You girls have fun. I need to take care of a few things here,” he looked between Mark and Mitch, “and I’ll probably be out late anyway. It would be a great favor to me, Hadley, if you could entertain my wife for me tonight.”

Hadley smiles hesitantly and nods.

I gave Vincent a not-so quick kiss, then stood up excitedly, pulling Hadley from her chair. “This is going to be so fun! I got a new karaoke machine I’ve been dying to use.”

Hadley looked back at both of the brothers, biting her lip tensely, concern still etched on her face.

“Oh, don’t worry about them. They’re brothers and best friends. They’ll be fine.”

Vincent POV

When Micah called me, telling me what Hadley was, I was already fearful for her with just one of the Meyers brothers being her mate. With both of them, this could become lethal for her. She might survive one brother while he was still bound, but she wouldn’t survive them both. Not with them not being able to absorb what mating her would do.

The brothers and I watch as Trevor and Carlos escort our women to their car, Trevor opening the back door for them while Carlos helps them in. A soft growl leaves both brothers as Hadley grips Carlos’s hand, stepping into the SUV. I chuckle softly. Werewolf men are so possessive.

I’m not much better, but Trevor and Carlos are harmless. They’re mates themselves for heaven’s sake. I guess with Hadley not being marked, it’s understandable. They don’t have that reassurance yet.

Neither of the brothers move until they see the SUV pull away, then they go back to glaring at each other.

“You both need to take a seat and talk this out. If you start ripping into each other here, we will have a bigger issue than you both sharing a mate,” I tell them.

Mitch’s eyes go wide as he realizes what his brother’s problem is.

“She’s your mate too?”

Mark nodded. “How long have you known?”

Mitch sat back down in his seat, “3 days.”

The answer seemed to displease Mark for some reason.

“Have you been with her the last three days then? Is that why I haven’t seen you? Have you both....?”

“Mated?” Mitch finished his thought, making Mark grimace, “No. I gave her a ride home a few nights ago after she went out drinking with Ralph and a few

others. I didn't see her again until today at lunch. Mom asked me to take her around Miami, then we ended up with Sim, Vincent, Carlos and Trev."

Mark plops down next to me in the chair my love was occupying. He sighs deeply. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"I haven't seen you. You've been preoccupied you fucker. Every time I tried to get together with you, you were busy."

Mark rubs the back of his neck, "You're right. I met her 3 days ago too and she hated me. f*****g laid me on my a*s when I tried to approach her. I've been stressing out about how to get her to like me and accept me."

"You could have told me too, then," Mitch narrowed his eyes at his brother, "What did you do to her to make her lay you out?"

Mark threw his head back, looking up at the sky and running his hands over his face. The stress radiating off him is thick.

I reached out, placing my hand on his shoulder, helping to calm his erupting anxieties.

"I didn't know. I had no idea my mate was there watching and I was flirting with that front desk chick she's friends with. When Hadley's scent hit me, I went from teasing that girl, to approaching Hadley like a f*****g scumbag. She ended up kneeing me in the face."

I can't help but laugh. Hadley was going to be perfect for these immature playboys. She was already straightening them right up. Mark is wearing a mask of regret, and Mitch has been a complete gentleman all day, surprising all of us.

"Does your dad know you are mated to Hadley too?" I asked Mark.

"Yeah. They told me to stay away from her for now. Kinda pisses me off since mom f*****g shoved Hadley at Mitch. She helped him out and they told me to wait."

"If it makes you feel any better, she regretted it soon after. She called me to prevent Mitch and Hadley from being alone together."

Both brothers looked at me in confusion.

“Why?”

Before I can answer, Matt comes running down the sidewalk, sighing in relief when he sees that his brothers aren't killing one another.

“Thank the goddess,” he breathes deeply, “I didn't want to disturb Parker because you two caused a scene in front of humans.” Matt takes the almost full beer in front of Mitch, chugs it down, and then plops onto the chair beside him. “So, what the f**k is going on?”

“Looks like your brothers are mated to the same woman. For the rest, I think you three should go and speak with your parents. They will be able to explain more than I can.”

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Mark POV

Vincent pays the bill while us brothers stand around awkwardly, trying to figure out what to do next. I never thought I would be sharing a mate with my brother. I've shared girls in bed with him before, but a mate is different. Hadley is, just...everything. I don't want to treat her like a rando we picked up in a club for the night. I want to cherish her and worship her. I hope Mitch feels the same way.

“How insane is this?” Matt huffed comically in disbelief.

“Lilly's probably going to be so jealous. She only gets one of us, and Hadley gets two,” Mitch smirks at him.

“f**k you,” Matt cursed half-heartedly.

“This isn't something to joke about,” I glared at Mitch. I'm still pissed that our parents would allow Mitch to get closer to her while they told me to stay away. It's confusing as f**k and it pisses me off more to know that whatever their deal is, Vincent seems to know about it when we didn't.

“Calm down. Jeez,” Mitch shakes his head at me. Goddess, I just want to knock his f*****g lights out right now.

“Don't tell me to calm down, a*****e. I have been worrying my a*s off the last few days trying to figure out how to get her to accept me, and it's coming so

easily to you. Like always, mom helped you out, and I got s**t on. f*****g titty baby.”

“Guys, chill,” Matt tells us.

“Don’t tell me to f*****g chill. This s**t is messed up!” I yelled.

“It’s not my fault that you pissed her off by being a horndog. Quit taking it out on me,” Mitch sneers.

“I wasn’t being a horndog, you f**k! I was just messing around and she saw it at the worst possible time. Don’t act like you’re any better. Does she know what you’re like? Does she know this same f*****g place we’re standing is where you pick up girls multiple times a week?”

“She knows enough,” Mitch shrugs, “I didn’t lie to her. I told her how much of an a*****e I was. She’s our f*****g mate, dude. She is fated for us. She’ll be able to handle our pasts, you just have to be honest with her and not try to scam her into liking you.”

“Everything okay?” Vincent asks as he re-joins us.

“Peachy,” I sneered, glaring at my brother.

“Hmm, okay. Well, your parents are waiting for us. Let’s walk back to the resort before you cause more of a scene in my restaurant and I lose my temper.”

All three of us brothers cringe, knowing what that would mean. Vincent’s a scary mother fucker when he wants to be.

The atmosphere is thick in our parent’s suite. I’m surprised to see that Amanda Phillips is even here with them. They all three seem entirely exhausted and stressed to the max.

“What’s going on?” Mitch asks, looking between our parents nervously.

“Have a seat, boys,” my dad orders us, but none of us move. Vincent has gone to stand beside Amanda, but the three of us are still hesitating in the foyer. “I won’t ask you again,” dad sneers.

There's a green glow around him, his magic surging forward, ready to suppress and break us if we step a toe out of line. Whatever is going on, he's pissed, or highly stressed. Whichever it is, none of us want to cross him.

Matt takes the armchair furthest from him, leaving the couch across from dad's glower the only place for Mitch and I.

"Honey, calm down," mom rubs his back, trying to help sooth him. The glow slightly recedes, but it's still framing his eyes and hands.

"Sorry. It's been a long day. I never expected my sons to both share a seer mate. Trying to make the preparations with just Amanda and me to break the bonds I placed on you both is maddening enough as it is."

"Bonds?" Matt furrows his brows at our dad. "What bonds?"

Dad sighs heavily, "The bonds holding back their ability to absorb magic."

Mitch and I looked at each other in confusion.

"What are you talking about?"

"We don't have magic abilities," I said.

"No, you don't because I sealed them. You both started showing abilities far too young and I had to. Now that you both share the same seer as a mate, I have to reverse it or you could end up killing her."

Horror fills me. How could we not having access to magic we never knew we had, kill our mate? What the hell is a seer?

"Dad, you're not making any sense," Matt is just as confused as us.

Dad leans his head back, cracking his neck before looking between Mitch and me.

"Do you boys know what a seer is?"

We shake our heads.

"Do you know how a witch draws their magic, increasing their power?"

That we did know. Dad told us when we were younger.

“They take from the elements, sacrifice, stealing vitality, and creating chaos, lots of other scary shit.”

He nods, “Normally, witches can only draw magic from our world. The safest way is by stealing vitality through feeding on emotions and channeling the strong ones, drawing from that, like Amanda does, or through physical contact, like s*x.”

We both cringe. Yes, we know that all too well. That’s why we moved out of our parent’s suite at a young age into our own rooms in the hotel. Mom and dad f****d constantly when they were together.

“A seer is a being that’s half human, half fae royalty. They have the ability to draw magic from the fairy realm, channeling far greater power than is possible in our own world by our own meager means. Since they are inherently human, they can’t use the magic they channel, but a witch can take it from them. They are essentially a limitless magic bank.”

“So that means Hadley is-” Mitch began to ask.

“Descended from fae royalty? Yes. I knew her mother. She was a direct descendant from the Northern Fairy King. He once fell in love with a human, brought her to his court, then, while she was pregnant with his child, one of his wives cast her out of the kingdom and sold her to a coven of witches because of jealousy. Hadley is the great-great granddaughter of the Northern Fairy King.”

“That’s why her eyes are that vibrant purple? Because she is descended from fae royalty?”

Dad nods. “She’s a seer,” Dad says through clenched teeth, “An important one. Amanda and I worked hard to help escape with your mother’s help.”

“What is she running from? What are you and mom hiding her from?” Mitch asks desperately.

Mom starts tearing up a bit, and dad hugs her, kissing her temple, telling her it was okay. She gets up and walks off toward their bedroom. Whatever dad was about to tell us, I could see that it filled mom with a lot of guilt, making me nervous.

Dad leans forward on the loveseat, resting his elbows on his knees.

“She thinks she’s running from a forced engagement. She doesn’t know it, but she’s running from my old coven. The one I left to be with your mother. I was set to be the next head, but then I chose your mother over the right to ascend. The head of the coven I left in the north was granted exclusive rights to draw magic from the seer. Hadley’s mother was supposed to be my wife, but I loved her like a sister. I didn’t want to marry her. Finding your mother changed everything for me. I found something more important to me than gaining power.

“When you boys were very young, Hadley’s mother ran away and found me. She was heavily pregnant, and was scared for her unborn child. The one who took my place when I left was not a kind man. He was already married, so instead of divorcing and taking her for his wife, he kept her as a mistress. When he needed a new seer for his son, he allowed his right-hand man to impregnate her, creating Hadley.

“Your mother tried to let me help her, but she and Sabrina didn’t get along. Sabrina thought the only way to save her baby was for me to accept her as a second wife or mistress so she could help me grow my power. She grew up in that type of lifestyle and didn’t see anything wrong with it. Your mother overheard her trying to convince me and kicked her out. She told me if I chose to help her, I could, but I would be leaving her and you three behind. She was willing to use the pack and Alpha Jared to keep me away if I left Miami, and even said she would take a chosen mate since she was still unmarked.

“I would never put anyone before your mom. Sabrina left and I never knew what became of her. That was until Amanda’s sister in New York told us about Hadley. Hadley was the child Sabrina was carrying. She also found out that Hadley was being raised by Sabrina’s half sister, Safarah. Zachary, Hadley’s father, took Safarah as a wife to keep her in line. Sabrina was nowhere to be found, most likely killed by Fadel for running away. Fadel had a nasty temper and let it get the best of him at times. Amanda and her sister worked hard to get Hadley here where we could keep her safe for Sabrina’s sake.

“I have a feeling Sabrina died trying to save her daughter from the life she was forced to live, and we had to save Hadley for her. Your mother had the idea of bringing her to the hotel where we could keep her safe in our own sanctuary. We had no idea that she would be your mate. With you being Gemini twins, it makes it more dangerous for her to be your mate.”

Wow. That was a lot to process.

“What are Gemini twins?” Mitch asks.

“You are both Gemini twins. Matt was more wolf than witch, probably because together you absorbed whatever magic he possessed in the womb. Gemini twins are male witch twins. You are capable of greater magical abilities because you can channel magic between each other, making you twice as strong. Being hybrids, both strong wolves and witches, I had to suppress your witch side to keep you hidden from the darker covens and demons who would like nothing more than to use you two to do horrible things.”

“So, we do have magic?” I asked, confused.

Dad sighs, “Yes and no. You are like empty vessels right now. That’s why you are both so...promiscuous. Your body craves power, and it chooses to seek it out through s*x. That’s why your mother and I have never held you back in that aspect. The vitality you absorb during the act goes right back into the original vessel, since I’ve suppressed you both. I’ll have to lift the blocks placed on you, though, if Hadley is your mate. It will hurt her if you channel magic from her through the fairy realm, and it all goes crashing back into her when you are through.”

“So until you remove the bond on them, mating Hadley could kill her?” Matt asks.

“Unfortunately, yes. I’m sorry, sons. I thought I would be saving you both from the harshness of the world of witches. I didn’t know I would be preventing you from being with your mate instead. I will fix this, but it will take a few days. Until then, please don’t be intimate with your mate. Keep her safe.”

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 19

Hadley POV

Simone is belting out the song Call me Maybe on this super fancy karaoke machine. Strobe lights are going, a smoke machine came out of nowhere, filling the room with a hazy glow, and some burly man named Stephan is standing in the entrance by the elevator acting like this is all completely normal as he guards the door.

When I asked Simone why she needed a guy like Stephan, she explained that she was kidnapped once and ever since, if Vincent can’t be with her, one of

his security team men is. She said she even uses the security team Mark works for when Stephan isn't available.

Mark is the one frequently sent to be her bodyguard when Stephan isn't available. She said Mitch would even fill in too. She said something about her brother who had to move away, being best friends with Mark and Mitch's brother, Matt. I wanted to ask more about Mark and Mitchel, but was hesitant to. Now, she's so excited about singing and getting drunk that I can't bring Mark or Mitchel up naturally.

Seriously, this girl can drink. She's so much more fun to drink with than Jenny, and can handle her alcohol way better. We've gone through two bottles of wine and random shots of whatever she lands her hands on first, and neither one of us are even tipsy.

"Stephan, come sing this duet with me!" Simone yells out to her bodyguard, who just shakes his head with a smirk. "Come on you party pooper!"

"Last time I did karaoke with you, you recorded it and played it at the annual Christmas party."

"And you impressed all the ladies with your rendition of What Does the Fox Say," she giggled.

"Well, duh. I've got the voice of an angel. It was the dancing alone in the video like an i***t that I wasn't okay with."

"I won't make you dance along," she smiled tauntingly at him.

"Lies. No ma'am. You and your friend can sing by yourselves," he tells her before he returns to standing stiffly against the wall.

"You're no fun," she pouts, then plops down on the couch beside me. "I'm out of breath."

"I would be too," I laughed at her, handing her some water.

"It's a workout being so much fun," she beams at me, "So tell me about you, Hadley. I feel like we spent the whole evening telling you about us. I want to hear about you. What was your life like in New York?"

I shrug, “Nothing special. I had a protective family and didn’t really do much outside of what I was told to do.”

“So how did you end up here?” she furrows her brows.

I bit my lips nervously, “Well, I kind of ran away. I’m an adult, so not really running away in that sense, but I was tired of being under my father’s thumb, so when I had a college professor recommend me for this job here, I jumped at the chance to take it.”

“Wow. So you came here without your parents knowing?”

I nodded, “Yeah. My father was trying to force me to marry this man that I hate. I didn’t want them to be able to find me.”

“Oooh, how scandalous. Who was the man? Why did you hate him? I need to know these things, Hadley. This is juicier than I thought it would be.”

I laughed nervously at her enthusiasm. “Zeki, the man they were trying to make me marry, was my father’s business partner’s son. Complete a*****e. He was everything I hated in a man. Arrogant, egotistical, rude, complete playboy....I couldn’t marry him. I fought it for the past several years using school as an excuse, then I said I wanted to go back to get my master’s degree. I faked every illness possible. I faked a positive mono test for almost a year.

“Right before I came here, he and his father announced that I was marrying him in just a few weeks. They had already taken care of everything and I didn’t have a choice in the matter. When I begged my parents not to make me go through with it, my dad said I didn’t have a choice. He didn’t care about anything I had to say. He would have dragged me down the aisle kicking and screaming if he had to.

“I already had this job offer, and I’d been hoarding money for months to make an escape, so I snuck out, bought a plane ticket to a random city to throw them off my trail, then took several different buses and trains to get here.”

“That’s, like, mission impossible stuff,” Simone giggled, eyes wide as she was completely enthralled in my story. “That’s crazy! Wow. Well, I’m glad you got out of there. Now you can live here being my friend and getting back at that bastard, Zizi, by living happily ever after with two sexy studs,” she giggles, wiggling her eyebrows. I almost laugh at the way she messed up Zeki’s name.

“What are you talking about,” I brought my hands up to my cheeks to hide the heat building in them.

“Don’t act like you don’t know. I was with you and Mitch all afternoon. You like him, and he is so infatuated with you. Then, along came Mark, and when he got all mopey popey, you were practically dying to jump up and comfort the big goof.”

I sputtered, “I, uh, I was not.”

“Lies! You will have both those boys worshiping at your gorgeously adorned feet,” she stops, starting at my shoes, “Seriously. Where did you get those shoes?”

I laugh as she forces my foot into her lap and starts examining my shoe.

It feels good to have a friend like this. I didn’t have any real friends in New York. My life was too controlled. Laughing with a friend is something I’ve been craving for a long time.

“Hey, so, didn’t you tell me to stay away from the Meyers brothers? Why does it sound like you’re going back on that now?”

She shrugs, but smiles knowingly, “That was before I learned what you are to them. Now, I’m cheering you on. Man, you are one lucky lady. Having both those stallions servicing you whenever you want is going to be bliss for you,” she rested her chin on her palms and sighed, “I’d love to have two Vincents. Double the everything,” she sighs again, “I’d never be able to walk again. And I wouldn’t have to. I’d have one of him to carry me everywhere I went.”

“Is that what you really want, my love?” Vincent’s voice croons from behind us, making me startle and Simone giggle.

“Maybe?” she beckons him over with the curl of her finger, “Why? If it was, would you find a way to get me two of you?”

“I would do anything for you. You know that,” he smiled, bending down to kiss her lips tenderly, making me blush as I intruded on their intimate greeting. He ran his hands down her face, his thumb running along her jaw, making her shiver before straightening up and smirking down at her.

“Stephan, I’ll be home for the evening. You can head home. Thank you for coming on such short notice tonight.”

“No problem, boss. See you tomorrow.” Stephan headed down the elevator.

Vincent goes to the kitchen, reaching into the cabinet above the built-in microwave and pulling down a bottle of amber liquid. Pouring himself a glass, he came back to join us.

“Are you ladies having fun?” He picks up the remote to the strobe lights, clicks them off, then presses the off button on the fog machine.

“We are! Stephan wouldn’t play with us though,” Simone pouts.

“I’m sorry, love. I can put ‘follow my wife’s every command and whim’ in his job description if you want.”

“I would have so much fun abusing that power,” she laughs deviously, making me laugh with her as Vincent smiles.

One thing Simone said earlier is still replaying in the back of my head.

“Simone, what did you mean when you said before you knew what I am to Mark and Mitch?”

Vincent stops smiling and furrows his eyebrows at his wife, like she told me something she wasn’t supposed to.

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“She is going to find out, Vince. Why not just tell her now? I could help prepare her for what’s to come,” Simone tilts her face curiously at her husband.

“It’s not our place to tell her, sweetie. And there are other circumstances that should be dealt with first.”

“Like what?” she furrowed her brows, “Don’t they just have to break it to her and hope she believes them? It would be easier for her if we softened her into it.”

Vincent sighed, combing his fingers through his hair.

“What the hell are you two talking about?” I glared between them, not liking being talked about like I wasn’t here. They were starting to freak me out.

“Vincent takes a long swig of his drink, resting it on his knee. “Hadley, how much do you know about the supernatural world?”

“Supernatural world?” What the hell? “What are you talking about? Like voodoo and zombies and stuff like that?”

Vincent chuckles with light humor, “Let’s start with witches. What do you know about witches?”

I shrug, “That they have warts or lightning bolts on their heads.”

“They don’t. I assure you,” he chuckles, “At least not any that I have met.”

“Witches are real? Is that what you’re trying to tell me?”

“We know witches?” Simone asked before Vincent could answer me.

“Yes, my love. It’s not my secret to tell, but since you think it’s best for Hadley to know the truth tonight, I’m letting the proverbial cat out of the bag. We know witches. We know them quite well.”

Vincent’s eyes clouded over slightly, freaking me out.

“But they’re werewolves? How can they be witches? Are you sure?”

“What the hell!” I yelled above Simone’s many questions. She must get chatty when she drinks. She was more poised earlier today. “Witches and werewolves? Are you both crazy?”

“And vampires,” Vincent smiles at me, then fangs slowly protrude from his canines, making me yelp in surprise.

“You’re both vampires?” I asked in terror.

“Oh no. I’m a werewolf. A pretty one, but I hardly get to shift anymore. I don’t like the dirt and I can’t really go for runs through the city streets.”

“If you want to, my love, I can make it happen for you,” Vincent smiled lovingly at her.

“Aww, that’s so sweet, but I’m okay for now, baby.”

“Okay, I’m leaving,” I start to stand up, but Simone reaches out, grabbing my hands and pulling me back down .

“Hadley, you need to hear us out before you leave. This has to do with you. If you’re going to be a part of this world, then-”

“She’s already a part of this world,” Vincent cut her off. “Hadley, was your father’s name Zachary and your aunt, I mean, Mother’s name Safarah?”

I brought my hand up to my mouth in surprise, “How do you know that? Can vampires read minds? Is this like Edward Cullen?”

Something about that makes Simone burst out in a fit of giggles. Vincent laughed dryly, like he had heard that joke a thousand times.

“I can’t read your mind, Hadley. I just know about your parents. They’re witches. Well, Zachary is one, along with Fadel Demir and his son. There is an entire coven Fadel is over and I’m sure you know most of the members personally. The woman you know as your mother isn’t a witch, but she’s related to the founding members.”

What is he talking about? If my parents were witches, I think I would know. Wait....”When you say the woman I know as my mother, do you mean she isn’t my mother?”

A sad smile graces his lips, “She is your aunt. Your mother was a friend of Micah’s, your mates’ father. She was what you are, my dear. She was a seer.

“We don’t know what happened to Sabrina, your real mom, but Sakarah has been raising you in her place. Zachary is your real father, though, if that makes you feel any better.”

It doesn’t. It actually makes it so much worse. The one person in my family I actually miss is not who I think she is, and my father doesn’t seem to care about his daughter’s happiness.

“My dad’s a witch and I’m a seer? What is a seer?”

“A seer is a hybrid of sorts. You are descended from fae royalty and can help energize a witch with power from the fairy realm.”

This is all too much. If he didn't do the teeth thing, I would think he was entirely insane. Maybe he is? Maybe I'm drunk for the first time ever?

"Now, this is where Mark and Mitch come in. Like me, they're werewolves. The security team that Mark works for is actually not a security team. It's our pack's warrior center. Matt is the pack's Gamma. He and our Luna, Carli, are overseers to all our warriors. Carli is mated to Parker, our Alpha. He is like the leader of our entire pack. His word is law to my kind."

"And he even has influence over me as Simone's mate," Vincent chides in.

"You guys keep saying mates this, mates that. What is a mate?"

"Oh," Simone gasped softly like she had forgotten, "That's the important part. A mate is like a soul mate on steroids. Our moon goddess assigns us to be with our perfect pairing, called our mate. When you find your mate, you mark and mate them. It's like marriage, but unbreakable. You can't divorce your mate. They are yours for life."

Vincent nods, unbuttons the top few buttons of his shirt, then pulls his collar open so I can see a faint, silvered scar on his neck.

"I am Simone's mate. We aren't just married. We are marked and mated as well."

"And sired," Simone giggled at him.

"Another time, my love. Let me explain what is going on with her first. I'll let you tell her about everything else later."

"Yay! Another sleepover," she squeals softly, making her mate chuckle. I'm not sure I want another sleepover if it's going to be like this every time. I haven't decided if they're crazy yet, or if I am.

"I can sense your unease, Hadley. That is a freaky Edward Cullen trick I have," Vincent says.

"I think that was more of a Jasper thing, though," Simone tilts her head at him, making him roll his eyes.

"Love the Twilight references," I mutter, "So, a mate is a soulmate you are stuck with the rest of your life?"

Simone hums. “Hmm, well, you know how the wolves in that movie had someone they would imprint on and that was their person for life? It’s the same concept. It’s all consuming. You would die for your mate. They become your everything.”

“Like me and my Simone.”

That explains their freakishly great relationship.

“So what does that have to do with me?”

“Well,” Simone bites her lip, looking at Vincent to answer.

“You are a mate, Hadley. Mark and Mitch, since they share the same DNA, they have the same mate, and it’s you. You are their mate, my dear. You are a seer and their mate, and Mitch and Mark are not just wolves, but wolf and witch hybrids.”