

## Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 2

"You look like a vision tonight, Hadley," Zeki drawls in what I assumed he meant to be a seductive tone. It does nothing for me.

"That lipstick on your collar matches the rest of you perfectly," I sneered back, "Disgusting."

"Hadley," my Father hissed behind me.

"That's quite alright, Zachary," Fadel chuckles softly, "It appears the maid accidentally stained his shirt while she was laundering it," he says as an excuse. I rolled my eyes as I watched Zeki strain to see the stain, his chin curled into his neck making him look fat.

"I'm sure he had it on when the maid stained it. In the process of taking it off," I huff out.

My parents both mutter warnings behind me, but I ignore them, not in the mood to deal with the lies Zeki's father tries to feed me. When my eyes flashed at Fadel, his nostrils flared in anger at my disrespectful outburst. He needs to turn his anger on his son who is smirking at me through his lashes right now, begging for me to punch him in his too-straight nose.

"Seems my fiance is the jealous type," Zeki saunters over to me, running his knuckles down the naked flesh of my arm.

"Seems so," I glared, "Guess this will never work out. Maybe we should call the whole thing off."

"Not a chance," he smiles brightly, like I don't find him repulsive, "You are mine, Hadley. Do not worry about the other nonsense," he leans down and whispers in my ear, "Once we are married, you will be my one and only. I promise."

Liar. He doesn't want this marriage either. I know he doesn't. He never shows any interest in me beyond teasing me at these damn meetings. This is just a game for him. I sure as hell will not let my virtue go to a man w\*\*\*e like him. I'm not marrying him. I don't care what our parents say.

Dinner was awkward, as usual. Zeki and I were forced to sit by one another, but he spent most of the time rejecting phone calls and silencing texts,

offering me an apologetic half-smile each time. I don't care how many women call and text him, I will never be one of them.

"I like this dress," he tells me softly. "It brings out so many pretty features you possess." His fingers trace the hem where it meets my thighs.

I smacked his fingers and pushed them off me, "Don't touch me," I muttered to him behind my napkin as I brought it up to my mouth and then set it in my lap to cover my legs.

"I can't wait until our wedding night," he ignores me, leaning in and overwhelming me with a smoldering look on his handsome face. I hate handsome faces because of him. If I ever do fall for someone, it will not be because of their superficial value. Superficial is all that matters to Zeki.

"There won't be a wedding night if I can help it," I told him quietly so our parents didn't overhear.

"You're cute when you fight the inevitable," he tells me, pushing my hair behind my shoulder.

"You're an i\*\*\*t all the time. And pigheaded."

"Mmh," he bites his lips and closes his eyes theatrically, "I love it when you call me pet names."

I huffed, "I got a few more for you if you'd like to hear them."

"By all means," he waves his hand out in front of me, urging me on.

"Pompous, imperious, egotistical, promiscuous, son of a bi-"

"I love it when you talk dirty to me," he moans.

"I'd love for you to be six feet under the dirt right now."

"There's a basement with a fun little room in the back here if that's really where you would love to have me," he tells me suggestively.

"I'd rather f\*\*k a pig."

"There's my pet name again."

I huffed out in frustration, standing to my feet and walking towards the door.

“Hadley? Where are you going?” my father asked me in a stern voice.

“Powder room,” I called back without looking.

I stormed out of the room, stomping through the restaurant and making my way to the bathrooms outside the double door leading to the hotel. I would leave, but I’m sure our fathers have already instructed security to prevent me from doing so, since I usually try to run away mid-meal. We haven’t even made it to the third course yet. There will be seven long, agonizing courses tonight, and I’m dreading each one of them.

In the privacy of the bathroom stall, I pulled my phone from my clutch, scanning over my emails, looking for the one from Miami I had been anticipating all evening.

One of my professors from college called me several weeks ago, setting up a job interview for me at one of her friend’s resorts in Miami Beach, somewhere I have always longed to visit.

Professor Phillips has a sister working as a doctor down there who even offered to house me until I got on my feet, but I need to make sure I get the job first.

Sales and event coordinator. It sounds perfect to me. I guess the resort had a woman lined up to take the sales and event coordinator job, but she got a better job at another facility close by. It was the owner’s daughter-in-law, but Vivian Meyers seemed happy for her daughter-in-law, not the least bit resentful like my father and Zeki’s father would be when they find out I’m leaving.

Nothing. My email inbox is empty when I check it and I groan in frustration. As soon as I get the job offer, I’m using the gift cards and hidden money I’ve slowly accumulated over the last several weeks and buying a one-way plane ticket to Miami to start a new life without having to marry a pig like Zeki.

I touched up the lipstick my mother passed to me as we left the flat, shifting my dress to cover more of my legs, and took a deep breath in preparation to leave the restroom and tough through the rest of dinner.

Exiting, I almost ran straight into a tall man standing outside the bathroom door.

“Excuse me,” I murmur, then scowl when the man turns and I see its Zeki. “What are you doing here?”

He shrugged, “Our fathers sent me after you. I guess they were worried you would run again.”

“Like I could,” I grumbled, walking past him to the doors leading to the restaurant. He stops me before I can go through them, gripping my upper arms firmly, almost to the point it hurts.

“You should quit fighting this, Hadley. It will go so much easier if you give into it. We will be married. There is nothing you can do to stop it. The sooner you accept it, the happier all of us can be.”

I glared up at him, “You want me to accept someone I hate? Who can’t keep his junk in his overpriced pants and can’t get 2 minutes into a meal without women blowing up his phone? Who would accept a man like that?”

“Someone who doesn’t have a choice,” he growls low in his chest, gripping my chin and getting right in my face. “You are mine,” his breath washes over my face, making me cringe, “You always were, and always will be. Accept it, or you will be in a lifetime of pain and suffering.”

He jerks my face away from his, then saunters past me, holding the door open and waving at me sternly to go through.

“Jerk,” I huffed as I stormed past, ignoring him as he blew a kiss at my lame insult.

My phone vibrates in my clutch, and I peek behind me, catching Zeki lingering far behind, making eye contact with the flirty bartender on the other side of the bar and winking at her.

I pull my phone out, checking to see who it is, and a huge smile spreads across my face. It’s the job offer. I can purchase my ticket tonight. I’m out of here.

When we enter the private room again, I take my seat, trying to maintain a poker face. I sit quietly, sipping wine and nibbling at the various dishes brought out to us, one blending into another.

By the time dessert comes, my head is filled with all the possibilities of my future now that I have an escape.

“Remember that gift I mentioned earlier,” Zeki tells me, turning my chair towards him. He didn’t mention a gift, his father did, but I’m too distracted to correct him. I simply nodded to get this over with.

Zeki goes down on one knee, producing a ring box from his jacket pocket, “I think it is about time we make this official and progress towards our goal,” he lifts the lid, revealing a stunning diamond ring. It’s beautiful, but it brings the opposite of excitement to me. Dread fills me at hearing Zeki’s next words, “I have booked the Plaza for next month. My, uh, connection there made me aware of a cancelation and I took it. You will be my wife in less than 6 weeks.”

No asking, no waiting for me to say yes. He is telling me we will be married in less than 6 weeks. No. No, we will not.

I look at my parents, hoping to get some sort of support, but their faces are plastered with enthusiasm like this is the greatest news to them. Heat builds in my eyes, but I keep it there, refusing to cry or feel sorry for myself. I have an out, and I’m going to take it. Miami, here I come, because I will never be this playboy’s bride.