

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 21

“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.”

Okay, now I know this is all insane. They’re insane. I need to leave. I can’t stay here and listen to this for another second. These two are obviously crazy. None of this can be real. His teeth thing is probably just a stunt for that weird blood club he said he owned. Bloodlust? He obviously has some rich man’s kink.

I get up to leave, then start backing towards the elevator, keeping my eyes trained on Vincent and Simone in case they really go insane and try to attack me. Vincent sighed, setting his glass down gently on the table beside him.

When I was about 5 feet from the elevator, an intense breeze ruffled my hair, making me flinch involuntarily. Vincent is no longer in his chair. I snapped my head around searching for where he went.

“Here, Hadley,” his icy breath fans on my neck, making me turn around and jump back with a yelp.

“How did you?....”

“I’m a vampire, my dear. I wasn’t lying to you and I’m not insane. I’m also not going to hurt you. Vampires in Miami do not feed directly from humans. Our leader will not allow it. Well, unless they are our sires, but only our leader and I have sires. Simone is my sire, and I am her mate. I can feed off her if I want, but I prefer to get my blood at the blood bank most of the time.”

“Blood bank?” Isn’t that where Mitch works? He works for vampires? Do they feed on him? Why does the thought of others touching him in that way make me so angry?

“Our coven owns many of the hospitals in the city. The blood donations fuel them and our own blood bank for vampires.”

“That’s where Mitchel works?” I asked, backing away from him.

He nods.

“Hadley, we aren’t trying to scare you. We’re trying to help you. I know this is a lot to take in and its best you prepare yourself now, because Mitch and Mark are your mates and they will want to claim you soon. You will want to claim them as well. I know you already feel the bond with them,” Simone tells me, beckoning me with her hand to come sit beside her on the couch.

I choose to sit on the ottoman furthest from her instead, and flinch when I see her face drop at my reluctance to join her.

I gulp down my fear, sigh, and get back up to sit by her on the couch. I keep a couple feet between us to be safe, but her face perks up.

“We’re friends now, Hadley. I don’t want to not tell you something this important and you become mad at me later because I didn’t prepare you. I want you to be fully informed now, because as much as I love Mitch and Mark, they can be idiots. They might not explain everything fully or in a way you can understand them. And plus, if you freak out like this with them, it could hurt Mark and Mitch and then hurt you to see them suffering. Let me tell you everything you need to know to be ready for when they confront you.”

“What if I don’t want them to confront me? What if I don’t want to be their mate?” Even as I say it, the words don’t feel right coming out. They don’t sit right in my gut. It hurts my heart to think about not being with them. Both of them. I’m crazy too.

“That’s your choice, but the mate bond isn’t easy to fight,” Vincent tells me, “I am not human, like you, but I am not a wolf either. I couldn’t resist it. I was actually in love with another girl, and Simone’s best friend, but the mate bond was so strong that the attraction I felt for Carli instantly faded to nothing and all I could think about was Simone. She was everything to me before I even knew why.”

“Geez, this Carli person again? Does she have, like, a diamond-studded v****a or s**t gold? Why did so many of you guys like her?” I almost growled in a possessive sneer. Mitch said he was once in love with her too. I don’t even want to meet her after hearing about all these guys fawning over her at some point or another in their lives. And she’s Mark’s boss too? Did Mark have a thing for her too? I don’t even know Mark, but why does that upset me?

Both Vincent and Simone laugh at my outburst.

“No, she was just the strongest female in the pack. Most of our warriors wished she was their mate. You would laugh if you heard who her actual mate turned out to be,” Simone giggles, “And as for Vincent, the w***e took his virginity, way before I met him. It used to bother me, but Vincent is very good at letting me know that I’m the real winner and have nothing to be jealous of,” she sends him a sweet smile as he takes his seat and picks up his drink once again. He blows her a kiss, and I resist the urge to fawn over them. Even if they are freaks, they’re really cute.

“Anyway, the point is that you won’t be able to fight the mate bond for long. You will end up wanting them sooner or later. After watching you today, I think it will be much sooner rather than later. You can’t tell me that the thought of not being with them doesn’t cause you pain,” she c***s her head to the side and quirked a brow at me.

I gnaw on my lip, unable to answer her, because I know she’s right. It’s really the only explanation as to why I feel all the things I feel towards them. They are everything I should dislike in men, but for some reason I’ve felt drawn to Mitchel from the start, and Mark’s sorrow on his face when he looked at me at the restaurant made me feel like my heart was literally breaking.

“Let me explain everything to you about our world; about the werewolf world, so when they confess to you and explain what they are, you are prepared.”

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Safarah POV

“Is there still no lead on her yet?! You still have no f*****g idea where your daughter is?!” Fadel roars from behind his insanely large, mahogany desk, making me flinch in the seat across from him, Zachary at my side.

“No. None. I tracked her plane to Ohio, and then it appears she took a bus to Chicago, but after that there is no trace of her. It’s like she disappeared into thin air outside of the Sears Tower.”

That makes me grin slightly, keeping my eyes downcast. Hadley always wanted to see the Sears Tower. She always wanted to travel and see the world, but Fadel was always too scared she would be like her mother, my sister, and run away once she got a taste of freedom.

Not that Sabrina ever had any freedom. She was property in the eyes of this man. Something to be used to grow his empire, and then carry on the seer line so his son could ascend after him.

That is not the way these things are done in a coven. That is not tradition, but Fadel didn't want his family to lose the source of greater power once he got it, so he is trying to create a dynasty to pass down to his bloodline alone.

Usually, the next head is selected through trials, to test a witch's will and ability. Fadel did away with that the second Micah left. He didn't want his reign to ever be in jeopardy, and he knew his incompetent, entitled son would never make it through the trials. Zeki didn't even start showing he had magic abilities until he was almost an adult. There are witches here who have been using magic since they could walk and harness it from the world around them.

"If she's not here, how can I become the next head? Father, you need to find her," Zeki whined, sitting on a short bookshelf behind his father's desk.

"We will find her, Zek. It is just going to take longer than we anticipated," Fadel pats his son's knee.

"Why weren't you two watching her better? How did she get away in the first place?"

"The camera's and motion sensors weren't set that night. They malfunctioned for some reason," Zachary tells Fadel.

I knew how, but I wasn't going to speak up. I would never tell. I keep my eyes trained on the ground, clamping my teeth to keep my poker face so as to not give anything away.

I thought it was a miracle when Alisha Phillips turned out to be one of Hadley's professors. It was my task to take her to and from school to ensure she stayed in line. When Alisha saw me, and then saw Hadley, she knew. She knew that Hadley was Sabrina's daughter.

I am allowed more freedom than Hadley, but my moves and actions were still very much monitored. It took quite a while to reveal to Alisha that Hadley needed help. She needed saving so she didn't face the same fate as my sister.

The night Hadley escaped, Alisha used a master key I had given her to slip into the building, using her magic to tamper with the security controls.

I had to suffer that night, using myself to distract Zachary and his two security personnel, allowing them to siphon from me in the sick ways they did so Hadley could make her escape. I kept my tears at bay and gritted through it, knowing I was saving her by doing something I had been forced to endure plenty of times before.

It was worth it. Hadley was saved, and Micah could protect her. He was the strongest one among them in centuries. His leaving for a werewolf mate devastated the coven. Everyone but Micah and Zachary were sad to see him go. Micah was a good and fair man. He would keep Hadley safe, if for no other reason than to make up to Sabrina for abandoning her to this horrible life. Micah was like our brother, and I could understand why he didn't want to marry her. He wasn't interested in increasing his power. He found someone he loved more than Sabrina and our coven and chose her over us.

I spent years being mad at him for it, but now I can't feel anything but gratitude since he is saving my Hadley.

"You said you found her phone when we spoke earlier, did you not?" Zachary asked Fadel, making my eyes snap up. Alisha told Hadley to destroy her phone if she didn't want us to find her. How did they find it?

"It was tracked to the waste transfer station, but the actual phone was too smashed to retrieve anything helpful on it. I sent it to Tim in IT to recover what he could. The SIM was still in one piece."

Could they find anything on her phone to find out where she was at? I didn't even know where she was at. I didn't want to know in case they started suspecting me.

Zachary and Fadel are engrossed in their discussion and aren't paying attention to me, but I didn't notice until it was too late that Zeki had been watching my reaction to hearing them talk about Hadley's phone being found.

"Safarah," he drawls, pushing himself off his father's bookshelf, "You wouldn't happen to know anything about how my fiance escaped, would you? You would tell us if you knew something, correct?"

Zachary and Fadel both turned their attention toward me, making me shrink back in my chair.

“No, of course not,” I shook my head in denial, casting my eyes down on the ground.

“She couldn’t have helped her if that’s what you are getting at, Zeki. She was with me and my men for most of the night,” he says, as if it was completely normal for a husband to pass his wife around to fuel his men’s magic.

I guess in our world, it is the norm now. Fadel and Zachary made it the norm. That is why the women in the coven had all left. Alisha was the only one to remain in the city, since she was strong enough to hold her own against the men. The rest of the women moved away. Those born without magic, like me, were left to suffer at the hands of this scum to fuel their own egos.

It’s sick. I didn’t want that for Hadley.

“She seemed very intrigued when you mentioned finding my fiance’s phone, father. She looked almost worried.”

“I was just worried about my daughter,” I murmured, “I want her to come home,” I lied.

Fadel studies me for a long time, but I keep my eyes downcast, maintaining a submissive aura to not raise any more of their suspicions.

“If I do find out that you had something to do with this, Safarah, or that you helped her leave this city, you will be facing the same wrath as your late sister. Do you understand? If you confess now, the punishment will not be so fatal.”

Lies. He would kill me no matter what. Even if he doesn’t, I’m still not telling him anything. I owe that to my niece, who I love like my own daughter. Who I have raised like my own daughter. In my sister’s place, she is my daughter. I love her that fiercely.

“I know nothing, Fadel. Like Zachary said, I was preoccupied that evening. I couldn’t have helped her if I wanted to.”

He continues to stare at me, working his fist into a ball like he is resisting the urge to hurt me anyway, but he soon relaxes.

“I will trust your words because you have never crossed us before, but keep my threat in mind. If you learn anything, you will tell us. My son’s future depends on that girl coming home.”

“Yes, Fadel,” I bowed my head submissively, though I know I am being anything but submissive in my drive to protect the last person on this earth I love.

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 23

Mitch POV

It was a long f*****g night. Loooong f*****g night. After the talk with dad, he and Amanda started prodding and probing me and Mark, taking measurements, doing weird s**t with our auras, taking samples of our blood. Matt, the bastard, ended up staying the night just to witness and enjoy our displeasure from the constant torment.

2 days. Dad said the materials needed to perform the unbonding ceremony so we have access to our magic again will be ready in 2 days. 2 days and we could claim our mate, after, of course, breaking the news to her about what we are. One of the things needed, Matt and I are on our way to retrieve now.

“So, I imagine Lady Delilah’s court being just one giant orgy between her and all her sires all the time. Is that really what it’s like? With red leather couches, no windows and black walls?” Matt asks, making me laugh.

“Not at all. It’s like a high-class ballroom with lots of light and Victorian furnishings. Lady Delilah is a little anal about her court. It’s clean and proper. I think the orgies happen somewhere else,” I joked.

“She really has orgies?” Matt asks in surprise.

“I don’t know, you dork. She’s my f*****g boss. I don’t ask and she doesn’t tell me about that shit.”

I did see Carli’s mom, Luna Mary, in there one time, though, and it thoroughly creeped me the f**k out. She was lying across Delilah’s lap like a f*****g dog while Delilah combed her taloned fingers through her hair.

Luna Mary is a sire to Lady Delilah too, and because of that, she needs Delilah’s blood to stay sane. Lady Delilah sends it to her mixed with wine, but

sometimes the sire bond is too strong and Mary feels compelled to go to her master, seeking out her presence and comfort. Lady Delilah would soothe her, but never touch her inappropriately. She calls for Alpha Jared to retrieve her after the sire bond is sated and sends her home unscathed.

“Will she help us?” Matt asks, as if mine and Mark’s predicament somehow pertains to him as well. “Isn’t it a big deal for her to give us her blood?”

I shrugged, “She gives it to Luna Mary. Lady Delilah is a good person, well, vampire. I’m sure if she knows why she is giving it to us she will help.” She scares the s**t out of me, but I know her intentions are always good. Her life is far too long to make intentional enemies.

When we reach the posh ballroom, her sires stationed at the doors nod to me, familiar with my comings and goings, but they look at my brother apprehensively.

Unlike Mark and I who look similar, being born identical, Matt came from a separate egg and looks nothing like me. He looks more like my mom, whereas Mark and I take after our father.

The sires don’t say anything as we make our way through the doors, so I figure we are alright. They would have stopped us if we weren’t.

“Wow, it is fancy in here,” Matt gushes, looking around, “It looks like she used the same designer as Vincent. Do vampires all have the same taste?”

I shrug, “How would I know?”

“You do work for them,” he pushes my shoulder.

“At the blood bank. I don’t really spend a lot of one-on-one time with them, besides Suzie, and that’s not really by choice.”

“How is Suzie? Carlos doesn’t speak about her.”

“That’s because he doesn’t talk to her anymore,” I mutter, exasperated that I’m the only one that she seems to cling onto now that she has no one else. I have a mate now. That changes things. I don’t want Hadley to be uncomfortable because of Suzie when Hadley learns what I am and that she’s our mate.

“She talks to you, though?”

“She doesn’t have anyone else.”

Matt thought for a few seconds, “What would Hadley think about Suzie? Even human mates can be possessive. Your mate might not like another woman clinging onto you all the time.”

“f**k, I don’t know, man. I’m too worried about what she thinks about me right now to think about how she will react to Suzie. Mark and I might overwhelm her enough as it is. I’ll think about the Suzie s**t when I don’t have to worry about my mate rejecting me.”

“You think she will reject you?”

“I f*****g hope not, but she doesn’t even know about our world. I don’t know how she’s going to handle it.”

“Hmm, well, she won’t know how to reject you then.”

He’s right. There’s a positive to her not knowing about werewolves. She won’t know how to reject us.

We walk up to the reception desk, telling Leslie, the receptionist, that we’re here to see Lady Delilah.

Leslie is used to me flirting with her, and gives me a dirty look when I ask in a professional tone for once.

“She can see you now,” she snaps in a snarky voice after picking up a phone call.

I offered a small smile and nod of thanks before walking past the desk and down the hall.

“That girl did not like you,” Matt says in amusement.

“She did. Vampires have good hearing. She probably heard us talking about my mate.”

“Ah,” Matt chuckles, “breaking hearts everywhere I see. f**k. Poor Hadley. You and Mark are making her public enemy number one in Miami to every unmarried woman.”

“Even some that are married, in Mark’s case,” I grimace, thinking about the time he slept with the mayor’s wife during the mayor’s annual fundraiser he held in the resort a few years ago. The mayor never found out, but that cougar still tries to take another bite out of him every time she visits the resort.

“Again, poor Hadley. You guys aren’t going to be easy to be mates with.”

Don’t I know it. I’ve gotten better over the years, really only going wild when Mark is with me. Mark was getting new a*s daily for a while. I’m glad we’re werewolves or I’d have to worry about STDs. I hear 1 in 3 humans nowadays has herpes. Statistically, if we were human, we would have them.

Our f*****g dad could have given us a heads up that our s*x drive was so high because of the witch DNA in us. I thought we were just extra horny wolves. It explains a lot, but still makes me feel like a douchebag. Poor Hadley is right. She deserves so much more than us.

Mark and I will have to spend the rest of our lives worshiping her in every way to make up for being not worthy of such a gift. She is a gift. A pure, amazing gift from the moon goddess. She is ours. It will work out or the moon goddess wouldn’t have given her to us.

“Ready to face Lady Delilah, man? She can kick your a*s with a flick of her wrist, so keep that in mind.”

“Psh,” Matt purses his lips with humor, “Speak for yourself. I’m the f*****g Gamma, dude. A vampire can’t scare me.”

I smirk at his smug words, “Remember that time Vincent laid your a*s out, along with half the other warriors in a matter of seconds, when he thought you were talking about Simone’s a*s in her shorts?”

Matt cringed, “Yeah.” He wasn’t talking about her a*s with the other guys, but trying to make them stop and just got caught in the crossfire.

“He’s a second generation. Lady Delilah is pure. She is powerful beyond our understanding and can have you dancing like a monkey before slitting your own throat with a single look. Quit being arrogant and show her respect. You can’t brag about being Gamma if you’re dead.”

Matt gulps nervously before putting on a brave face, “Fine. I got it. Lead the way. Let’s get this over with so you can go claim your mate.”

I smile when hearing those words. I can't wait to claim Hadley.

I was so lost in my thoughts about what being with Hadley would be like I didn't notice the figure watching us from the end of the hall, glaring at us with her thin eyebrows drawn down, having heard our whole conversation.

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 24

Hadley POV

"Tootles!" Simone calls from the open window of her husband's Jaguar I-Pace, "Let's do this again soon! We can invite Carli over to talk more about her diamond-studded nethers," she giggles. Vincent's arm snakes around her waist, pulling her back in as she is leaning too far out.

"Let's not!" I yelled, thoroughly exhausted from my informative sleepover with the monsters. I feel like I had just left the Adam's family. It took Simone morphing into some wolf in the middle of their living room for me to finally fully believe what they were telling me.

Freaks. She's a fun freak, but still insane. After seeing her as a giant dog in her living room, that is how I'm picturing her now with her head stuck out Vincent's window. Like a yappy dog with its head out the window.

After the initial shock and freakout from learning all this craziness, Simone and I really did have fun. She painted our faces with this sticky black face mask, then we both laughed hysterically trying to pull it off. It dried on like a second skin. The stuff should come with a warning label and a last will and testament package from a local lawyer.

Vincent went to bed after he knew I was done with my freak out, and Simone and I crashed on her stylish but very uncomfortable couch. I think she was too drunk to notice and I was too exhausted to go back to the guest room she showed me earlier.

They had to go pick up their daughter, who I learned is a vampire and werewolf hybrid. Vincent was talking about taking his princess out for brunch while Simone worked. Very sweet, but still freaky as hell thinking about their daughter as a hybrid monster.

I have work today, and Simone loaded me an outfit for the day. A fitted work dress in ivory with gold accents and stitching. She tried to trade me shoes, but

I like mine and I know if she borrowed them I would never see them again. She was fawning over them too much.

Coming into the resort, I was early, so I decided to stop at the cafe and get a latte. Walking in, I was startled when I saw Mark nursing a cup by the open plane window. I thought about turning around, too scared to confront him yet knowing what he and his brother are and what they were to me, but the look on his face twisted my heart.

He looks so worn out and depressed, like the weight of the entire world is on his shoulders.

I walked a deep, steady breath, then walked towards his table. When I'm about halfway there, his head turns and his eyes meet mine. My heart involuntarily skips a beat and my breath hitches. He stills, like he can't believe I'm there before him.

"Hadley," he breathed out, bringing me back to my senses.

I offered him a small smile, walking right up to him. "Mind if I have a seat?"

He freezes for a split second, then stumbles out of his chair, making it fall backward with a loud clang, cursing under his breath, and walking around me and the small table to pull the other chair out for me.

"You didn't have to do that. I was just wanting to know if I could join you. I didn't mean to fluster you or make you get up," I told him softly, averting my gaze to hide my heated cheeks.

"No, no. I mean, I don't mind," he stammers, holding the chair, waiting for me to sit.

I nodded and smiled at him, sitting down. He pushes the chair in for me slightly, and I can see that his hands are slightly shaking.

"I, uh, didn't expect to see you here," he tells me nervously, righting his chair and sitting back down.

"I work here," I looked up at him through my lashes, a teasing smirk spreading on my face.

"Right," he rubs his jaw and laughs awkwardly.

“I didn’t expect to see you here,” I told him cheekily, making him smile.

“I do live here,” he smirks.

“Right,” I nodded dramatically, then giggled.

His smile stretches as I laugh, pulling at something inside me. I guess it’s the bond, the thing Simone and Vincent spent 30 minutes explaining to me last night. The mate bond. That’s right; I’m his and Mitchel’s mate.

“Can I, uh, get you anything?” he asks, pointing to the barista.

I gnaw on my lip, “I was coming in to get a latte.”

“A latte,” he jumps back up, making his chair fall again. “s**t,” he mutters under his breath, picking it up.

I nod, trying to repress my giggles and doing a bad job of it. I like him much more like this, all flustered and nervous than I did when I first saw him. He’s adorable.

“A latte. Right. What kind?”

“I like the cinnamon dolce latte with almond milk and a touch of honey,” I asked shamelessly, excited about seeing him flustered over remembering all of my order. He mouths it over and over again, walking up to the counter and saying the order, starting with “almond milk and a touch of honey, cinnamon dolce latte,” him speaking up in the middle of chanting it.

The barista gives him a goofy look, then looks over at me and waves, knowing the order is for me. I order the same thing every time I come in here.

“Want to add her almond biscotti with it? She gets it with her latte every time,” Sean asks him.

Mark nodded, giving him a grateful smile before paying.

While Mark is waiting at the counter for Sean to make my drink, I study him. He looked tired, his eyes red-rimmed and shadows beneath them. His hair isn’t in it’s usual neat style and he is wearing the same clothes that he wore last night. Did he not go home last night? When I left with Simone, did he really fight with his brother?

Did he go home with a girl?

Vincent and Simone both said that he wouldn't be able to. Mitch and Mark wouldn't be able to sleep with someone else without me feeling it. I would feel an intense pain in my chest, the bond tearing up inside of me from the infidelity.

Doubt still fills me, though. Why else would he be so tired and wearing the same clothes he was wearing yesterday?

When he got my drink and biscotti, he walked back to the table, his steps faltering and his face dropping when he saw the look on my face.

"What....what's wrong?"

He sets the latte and food in front of me, then takes his seat.

"You're wearing the same clothes you were wearing last night," I told him in a leveled voice.

He looks down at his outfit, brows drawn down as he thinks about what I said, then worry and anxiety replace his confusion.

"No, no. I didn't.... I mean....I was at my parents' all night. I walked down with my brothers and wanted coffee before going back up and getting some sleep. You can ask mom. I was with my family all night. You have to believe me, Hadley. I wouldn't...."

My face softens and guilt fills me to see him freak out. I reached across the table, gripping his hand in mine to help rein back in his wayward emotions. Those weird electric currents I feel with Mitchel I feel with Mark too. He looks down at where my hand is touching his, then turns his hand over to hold mine.

He takes a deep, calming breath, my touch soothing him, just like Simone said it would.

"Simone wasn't kidding. This mate bond stuff is so freaky," I said under my breath.

Mark startled, looking up with surprise shooting across his face.

"You know?"

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I bit down on my lip and nodded.

“How?”

“Simone,” I shrugged sheepishly, “She talks a lot more when she’s drunk.”

“She does,” Mark nodded, worrying over his coffee cup in his large, rough hands.

His hands are like the rest of him; rough and rugged. He may have the same features as Mitchel, but his face is a little sharper. His hair is much shorter, and slightly darker. He doesn’t have tattoos all over him the way his brother does, but I do see a few randomly all over his arms.

He may look similar, but he is very different from his brother.

“So, did Simone also tell you what the mate bond meant?” Mark asked hesitantly.

I looked around the little coffee shop to see if anyone was listening, then leaned across the table closer to Mark, making him lean closer to me.

“You mean that you and your brother are werewolves?”

He sits back quickly in surprise, “Did she tell you everything?”

“Lord, I hope so. I don’t think I could handle any more freaky information right now. And if you ever do the mighty morphing wolf thing, give me a fair warning first. I almost peed myself when Simone randomly did it in the middle of her living room.”

Mark chuckles at that, “Fair enough. So did she tell you that you’re Mitch’s mate too?”

I bit my lip and nodded slowly, “She did.”

“Are you okay with that?” he asks me nervously.

I sit back in my chair, opening the package the biscotti is in, opening the lid to my latte and dipping the cookie inside. I take a bite, using the time to think about my answer.

I honestly am not sure if I'm okay with it, but I also know in some deep part of me that being mates with both of them is how life is supposed to be. They are a part of me and I am a part of them, even before I knew what that meant. It feels like fate brought us together for a reason.

"I don't know, but I know it hurts to see either of you upset. I know without the freaky mate bond, I probably wouldn't feel the way I do about you both that I do now."

Mark grimaces at my words. Crap.

"Sorry. That came out harsher than I meant for it to. I meant, I just didn't want a handsome, experienced, man. I really didn't want any man after the fiance from hell I left back in New York. Now I have not one, but two of the sexiest men I have ever seen in my life, that I have been warned away from repeatedly by everyone including their own mother," I smirk when he flinches, "and I just found out they're in some mystic, all consuming bond with me, and I'm some weird witch energizer and you're both werewolves, and also witches. It's a lot."

I take another bite of the biscotti, looking out at the ocean as I get my thoughts back in order.

"You're not, uh, going to reject us are you?" Mark asked me nervously.

"Reject you?" I asked, not sure what he was talking about. Simone and Vincent made it sound like being with them was inevitable. How can I reject them?

"Nevermind," he says quickly, looking into his coffee quickly, then back up at me, "I really want to be with you, Hadley. I know Mitchel does too. If you can't accept us, it would devastate both of us. I've been thinking about how we first met over and over again and all I can think about is how much I messed this up. I don't think I could survive life without you now. I know you probably don't believe me, but you're my mate. My everything. My whole world now revolves around you."

I want to swoon at his words. They're not like the cheesy lines he put on that stupid card. They were heartfelt and true.

I reached my hand across the table, offering it to him, "Let's start over from the beginning. Hi. I'm Hadley Hart. I'm your mother's new event coordinator and your mate," I smiled softly at him.

A crooked smile graces his face. "Hi Hadley Hart. I'm Markus Meyers, werewolf and witch hybrid, and love of your life." He grimaces slightly before smiling sheepishly, "Well, one of them."

I giggled at his elated face.

After finishing my coffee, Mark walks me to my office, asking me questions about myself the whole way.

Jenny is working at the front today, and gives us an old look as we walk by. I wave at her, and she waves back, but I can tell she is wary of me being with Mark. Just a few days ago, she was upset Mark didn't know her name and I told her he wasn't worth her time of day. Now I'm walking casually back to my office with him as he walks dangerously close to me, head bent down as he intently stares at me with adoration in his eyes.

I can't bring myself to put more space between us. It makes him so happy being close to me, and honestly, it makes me happy too.

Mark drops me off in my office, leaning against the door frame, "Can I take you to lunch today?"

I smiled warmly at him, "Sure, but," I gnawed on my lip, thinking about his mom. Vincent said that she knew, and she was encouraging me to go out to lunch with Mitchel yesterday. It just feels kind of wrong to be going to lunch with one brother one day, and the other the next. I'm worried about what my new boss will think of me now.

"But what?" Mark looked worried as he looked at me.

"Will your mom be upset with me?" I asked him, my voice barely above a whisper, not wanting everyone else in the office to hear me.

He looks at me confused, "Why would she be?"

I shrug, “It just feels kind of, I don’t know, unethical to go to lunch two days in a row with each of the boss’s sons.”

Mark laughed at me, “Oh, honey, if she was worried about something like that she would be banning us from the resort. We’ve gone through so many-....”

Mark’s voice cuts off when he notices the look on my face. I’m not amused.

“Gone through so many what?”

“Uhh,” he shifts nervously on his feet, “I, uh, well....Mitch did it. I was just saying, like, hypothetically. If mom got mad at, I mean....shit. I didn’t mean to say it like that. I was just...”

His stammering has a slow smirk breaking across my face. A giggle breaks out of me involuntarily, I clamp my hand over my mouth to try to keep it held in.

Mark noticed my amusement, stopping and dropping his face into his hands. “You’re going to keep me on my f*****g toes, Hadley. Goddess, I got to quit putting my foot in my mouth.”

“Yeah, you do. But it’s okay,” I told him, taking a step toward him and grabbing one of his hands. “I like you much better like this, honest and stammering, than the ladies man I saw the other day.”

Mark grips my hand in his, then brings it up to his lips, not in a sleazy way, but as if he is cherishing the feel of my hand in his.

“So, lunch?” he asks as he drops our hands back down between us, squeezing mine as his thumb gently rubs against my skin, making those bursts of electricity dance all over.

“Okay,” I told him softly, “Let’s do lunch.”