

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 26

Mitch POV

“That went well,” Matt said as we walked back toward his SUV.

I clutched the glass vial of Lady Delilah’s blood in my hand. She knew. She knew what me and Mark were and she knew why we wanted her blood. She was more than happy to give it to us.

“She seemed amused with you,” I smirked at him, “She probably heard your whole ‘I’m a Gamma, hear me roar’ testosterone speech outside her doors.”

“Hey, I could probably put up a fair fight with her if I had to.”

“Like you can with Vincent?” I chuckled lightly.

Matt has to head back to the pack, so he drops me off at the front of the resort, waves good-bye and then leaves. f*****g golden boy he is, he doesn’t seem tired at all even though he was up all night with us.

I think Mark was the worst out of the three of us. That’s why we left him here at the hotel. He already spent days stressed out about Hadley not liking him, and then all the s**t we had to do last night with our dad. He looked like a f*****g zombie this morning.

I want to go check on Hadley to see if she got to work okay, and how last night was with her sleepover at Simone and Vincent’s. I hope and pray the two didn’t spend the night talking bad about me and Mark and freaking her out. Vincent probably wouldn’t, but Simone is all ‘gals before pals’ and might give Hadley a few warnings about us.

I decided to drop the blood off with my dad first so I’m not lugging it around the resort.

Knocking on their suite door, I wait a few seconds to see if my mom would mind links me to go away before I pull out my keycard and enter. By the sounds and smells, they aren’t f*****g, thank the goddess. Horn dog old people. They screw more than any parents should.

I walked back to the bedroom, hearing my father's soft snoring coming from the master. I tiptoed back out to the main living area and walked towards the kitchen.

At the blood bank we keep the blood in the fridge, so I'm betting Lady Delilah's blood needs to be kept the same way.

Setting it in the butter drawer inside the fridge door, I closed the lid and then closed the fridge to find my father standing on the other side. I jumped back in surprise as he yawned. He pushes past my shocked body and opens the fridge back up to grab an iced coffee, eyeing the blood vial in the door.

"You got it?"

"Yeah," I murmured, still grasping my hand over my heart, "She seemed to know what we were coming for."

"Well, yeah. She gave her blood for the first time too."

"Wait, she helped you guys put the binding on us?"

Dad nodded.

"Is that why she wanted to keep me close and always told me I was special?"

Dad shrugs, "She was probably talking about special ed." He smirks, making me growl.

"That's offensive."

"Well, your breath right now is offensive," he tells me, shutting the fridge door and walking around the kitchen island to sit down on the couch with a dramatic plop. I cup my hand over my mouth and breath into it, getting a good whiff of my coffee breath. I haven't brushed my teeth in 24 hours now and I suddenly feel gritty rubbing my tongue along the back of them. Gross.

I go to their guest bathroom, take an extra toothbrush from the drawer and brush my teeth before washing my face and combing my hair back with my fingers. There. All better.

Dad is sprawled out with his arms splayed on the back of the couch. He was wearing nothing but boxer briefs and a silk robe he left untied, looking like a middle-aged gigilo.

“Why don’t you wear clothes?” I asked, grimacing at his appearance.

“Why? They’ll be coming off as soon as I get your mom up here,” he wiggles his eyebrows and chuckles when I groan in disgust.

“Y’all are too old to be f*****g like teenagers still, dad! And why would you say that to your son?”

“To warn you?”

“Yeah, I’m leaving. Bye dad.”

“Wait,” he calls out, making me turn around, “Tomorrow night. Amanda and I will be ready for you and your brother to get your magic back tomorrow night. Be here.”

Nervousness hits me, so I merely nod at him, then leave. I never expected to be able to use magic. Learning that Mark and I have this great ability on top of being werewolves is still a shock. We have to do this to claim our mate, though.

I wanted a nap, but then on the way down the elevator I started thinking about Hadley again. I’ll just take a quick peek at her beautiful violet eyes before coming back up to get some sleep.

As I’m walking up to the front desk, I hear Jenny talking with Rachel behind the counter, thinking they’re speaking low enough for no one else to hear.

“So you think that Hadley told you all that so she could have Mark for herself?” Rachel asked her.

“She acted all feminist and empowered by being single too. She’s a fraud. I fell for her whole, ‘we don’t need to waste our time on men like that’ speech. I bought her a stinking drink, Rache. I thought she was being sincere, but I guess she was just playing me to make herself look better.”

“That b***h,” Rachel sneered a little too loudly.

“Is there a problem here, ladies?” I asked, startling them both.

“No, no. Just working,” Rachel stammers, pretending to type on her computer. I can see she has it open on Facebook though.

"It sounded like you did have a problem, though," I glared between them.

"We don't. We were just talking. Personal stuff."

"Personal stuff about a certain event coordinator?" I asked, making them both flinch.

"Watch your mouths. I don't give a s**t if you trash talk everyone else because you just make yourselves look bad, but I won't tolerate you talking s**t about Hadley. My mother won't either."

"What's going on?" Mark spoke up, coming out from the office hallway.

"Seems these two have an issue with our event coordinator, Mark."

Mark's eyes narrowed at the two of them, a deep growl coming from his chest. The two women flinch back at the sound.

"You're talking bad about our woman?" Mark asked them. I sighed, shaking my head at his choice of words as their eyes widened in shock. But he's right. She is our woman, and she wasn't going to be made to feel uncomfortable at work. She will be living here with us the rest of our lives. It's our job to make sure that her life is as easy and comfortable as possible.

"We weren't. We didn't even know," Jenny mutters nervously.

"Now you f*****g do. If you don't keep my f*****g girl's name out of your damn mouth I will-"

Mark's words are cut off when I hear a soft smack, then a whimper from Mark.

I looked over at him and Hadley was standing behind him, just having hit him on the back of the head.

"Your girl would like to speak with you two in her office. AFTER you apologize to Jenny and Rachel for doing nothing wrong."

"They were talking bad about you," I started to whine.

"SO!? I would be two if two wild animals were walking around the resort claiming I'm their woman and threatening everyone who talked about me. Free speech, guys. They have the right to their own opinions and you don't get to snap and growl at them for that. My office. Both of you. NOW."

Hadley POV

I cross my arms, staring at the two brothers sitting on the couch in my office. I'm trying not to let it show that I liked them defending me the way they did, but it's hard. Pride is beating in my chest and I want to giggle at the guilty expressions on their faces.

"Do you guys know what you did wrong?" I scolded them like I would a child.

"No," they said at the same time, Mitch crossing his arms across his chest, Mark kneading his hands nervously in his lap.

I can't help it. I end up laughing at their childish reactions. They're adorable. Their faces snap to mine at the sound of my giggles, confusion and hesitant smiles spread on their features.

"Is something funny?" Mitch lifts an eyebrow at me.

"You two are. Geez," I sighed, sitting on the edge of my desk. "You can't go all scary werewolf on each person that talks bad about me in the resort."

Mitch startles to hear me say werewolf.

"How did you?..."

"Simone," Mark answered for me.

"Ah," Mitch nodded, fully understanding what his brother meant by 'Simone'.

"Yes, Simone told me everything. Mate," I smirked at him.

A broad smile spread on his face, "And you're okay with it?"

I shrugged, not willing to give him an answer.

"Ah, come one. You can't leave me hanging," Mitch pushes off the couch, walking over and setting his hands on my shoulders. The tingly feeling is stronger today. It makes me shiver slightly, and he smirks.

"If you both can't reign in the whole possessive, she's mine, don't mess with her b.s. then I'll make you wait forever to find out," I told him.

“They were both being mouthy cunts. It’s not our fault.” His whiny voice coming from his bulking body makes me chuckle.

“It’s your fault for the way you reacted. Honestly, I loved hearing you guys defend me, but this is my place of work. You can’t pull the ‘I’m a scary werewolf and my mommy owns this hotel’ card every time someone mistreats me. You need to handle it professionally or you’re going to make it really hard for me to work here. They have the right to think whatever they want about me. If they’re not saying it to a customer, it’s not an issue. I want to be able to keep working peacefully without everyone walking on eggshells around me.”

“If you’re our mate, you don’t have to work, Hadley. Just one of us makes enough to support you. You have two of us,” Mark tells me, coming to stand by his brother. I feel so tiny next to both of them. Lord, I’m going to have my hands full if I give in to this, and I already know I’m going to. The confusing feelings from yesterday, now that I know what they mean, are growing stronger and stronger. The intensity of the bond with both of them standing so near makes my entire body buzz with an unfamiliar desire.

Yeah, I’m going to have my hands full.

“I like working. I like my job. And I like finally having independence. I never had it before and you are not going to talk me into quitting my job that I happen to love.”

“But...,” Mitch juts out his bottom lip, pouting with puppy dog eyes.

“No. I’m not quitting. How about you both quit and let me support you?” They both make a face at that, then tilt their faces as they let the idea sink in, look at each other, then smile.

“If we both quit, we could come work at the hotel too,” Mitch grins.

“We could be with you 24/7,” Mark purrs, reaching for my hand.

“We could be your personal guard dogs.”

“Think mom will approve?”

“If I give her the puppy dog eyes she will,” Mitch smirks.

“We should totally quit,” Mark’s eyes sparkled.

“She could be like our sugar mama.”

“That would be totally hot.”

“I agree.”

I rub my temples and sigh, exasperated with their train of thought.

“If you guys don’t want my foot shoved up where the sun doesn’t shine, get out of my office. Apologize to the girls on the way out. Geez, louise. I’m not quitting and neither are you. Now, go away. Both of you will be back down here at noon to take me to lunch. I want lamb kabobs and tzatziki sauce. Figure out how to make it happen,” I commanded them, pushing against their rock-hard chests, trying to push them out of my office. I’m not indulging their little ‘what-if’ game right now. I have a wedding to plan, and two fundraisers to work on.

Why are they built like brick walls? I can’t get them to budge at all.

“Greek food it is,” Mitch says softly, bending down to kiss my cheek.

“We’ll apologize to the t**t waffles. Just for you,” Mark husks, pecking my other cheek.

Their lips against my skin make the tingles so much stronger. I have to fight myself from buckling over, feeling the sensation between my legs as an involuntary moan leaves my mouth. Crap.

They know what their touch did to me. They smirk at each other, before both of them lean in at the same time, laying a kiss on each side of my neck, making me moan as my eyes roll to the back of my head. Their lips are barely touching me, but the feeling sends tingles through my skin, right down to my core, making my walls tighten and my thighs press close together.

“Get out! Get out! Get out!” I yelled when I regained my composure, horrified and embarrassed about how I reacted to their kisses.

My hands make contact with their shoulders, chests, backs and arms as I slap at them like a maniac, screeching for them to leave my office.

“See you at lunch, sugar mama,” Mitch smiles crookedly at me, ducking out my door as my notepad flies toward his face.

“Don’t miss us too much,” Mark chuckles, blocking my computer mouse from hitting his face with his arm.

Infuriating. They are both so infuriating. I growl, stomping my foot when I take in the mess I made trying to get rid of them. Groaning, I bent over, and started to pick everything up and put it back where it went, cursing the brothers the entire time.

Suzie POV

He never showed up to the date he had agreed to go on with me. I spent all night yesterday freaking out, not able to get a hold of him. His phone kept rejecting my calls, and I knew he wasn’t working. I checked. I spent all night looking for him everywhere he usually visits when he’s off. The clubs, the bars, and the tourists hot-spots him and his brother frequently visit to find whores and take them back to their hotel rooms. He wasn’t anywhere.

Going to Lady Delilah’s court this morning for my usual parole appointment, I never expected to see him there with his brother, the one that I don’t totally hate. Mark is a jerk, calling me clingy and pathetic, but Matt at least tries to hide his distaste for me.

I was planning on confronting Mitch, whining and yelling at him like I usually do to get my way, but then I heard what his brother was saying from across the room, sitting in the corner while they didn’t notice me.

Mitch found his mate. His f*****g mate.

Where does that leave me?

He can’t do this to me. I’ve given him so many years of my life. I won’t let him toss me aside like he does his regular sluts.

He doesn’t see me as a slut. I know he doesn’t. I’m different from them. He cares about me more than them. He saved my life. He didn’t have to, but he saved me, sacrificing himself to my leader’s workforce so my life would be spared.

He did that for me.

He doesn't defile me like he does the other women around him because he cares for me more. He loves me. He has to love me. Why else would he save me and cherish me the way he does?

A mate will take all of that away from me.

I can't let her take him away from me.

I need to find her. I need to find out who she is and get rid of her. Then, Mitch will love me again. He can only love me.

I'm not going to let him go.

Hadley POV

The infuriating brothers showed up at 11:45, pestering me until I agreed to leave for lunch early. Mitchel went as far as getting his mother to come over and tell me I could leave early. She was thoroughly amused when I started yelling and beating on them with my fly swatter for disturbing her about something so childish.

I was already upset at having to clean up my office after their little, 'let's tease the human with our weird mystical bond' game. They were doing the same thing to get me to leave early and I had had enough.

Now, we're on our way to some fancy Greek restaurant, and I'm sitting in the backseat ignoring both of them, still fuming about their immaturity.

"This place has really great stuffed grape leaves and tomato fritters," Mark tells me, trying to get me to talk to him.

"They have a decent wine list too," Mitch adds.

"I am not drinking. I have work I need to get back to," I tell them, thrusting my chin up in the air.

"Ah, but mom said you didn't have to come back. She said to take the afternoon off," Mitch pouts at me.

"If you guys are going to be like this, I'm going to refuse to see you during the work day. I have a feeling your mother would be more than willing to ban you both from stepping foot back in the offices."

Mitchel's pouty face and Mark's sad eyes tugged at that festering mate bond in me, urging me to comfort them even though in my head all I wanted was to do the opposite. I tighten my arms across my chest, forcing them to stay in place so I don't reach out to them.

"So, are there any questions you have about the whole werewolf thing?" Mitch asks. "Or about the mate bond?"

I had a lot of questions. Too many questions. Simone did a good job answering most of them, but I started freaking out with each new bit of information and it got tiring after a while. The whole 'marking' thing seems barbaric. When I told Simone that, Vincent started snickering for some reason.

"Why doesn't your mom have one of those bite marks on her neck?"

"Dad's a human," Mark explains, "Well, a witch, but still a human. He can't mark her."

"Did she mark him?" I asked. It seems unfair that she can claim him that way, but he can't do the same to her.

"No. He didn't want her to for some reason. Something about how her DNA would change his."

"Mom had a hard time conceiving because they were in no way marked. She had to get outside help," Mitch added to what his brother said.

"So, if I want to have kids I have to let you both mark me?" That seems unfair. If I can't mark them, I don't want them to mark me.

"Well, you would have a hard time getting pregnant. It's how the moon goddess prevents us from mating with other races that aren't our mates. Our secret would easily get out if we were to accidentally knock up humans all the time. We have higher s*x drives because of the beast in us, and most werewolves choose not to sleep around within the pack because we don't want to ruin things for our future mates. Our friends Carli and Parker had a s**t time figuring out their weird mate bond situation because of that."

I sigh. This Carli girl again. Simone said something about her mate bond last night too. I don't want Mitch to keep talking about her, but I'm also very curious now.

“Why?”

“Well,” Mitch looks at his brother with a smirk, “Carli is mated to her step-brother, who also happens to be our Alpha.”

My eyes bug out of my head. “Her step-brother? How did that happen?”

“Parker’s dad knocked some she-wolf up before becoming Alpha. Because of him being alpha, and Parker being a boy, he had to take Parker’s mom as his mate. At his inauguration ceremony, Carli’s mom, Mary, was the event coordinator at the resort at that time. She planned the event and Alpha Jared, Parker’s dad, discovered that Mary was his fated mate. Because he had already taken a chosen mate, he had to reject her.

“A few years later, Mary started dating the pack’s Gamma, Thomas Childes, and they were even serious enough to talk about becoming chosen mates. Mary got pregnant with Carli at that time, and then when Parker’s mother died, Alpha Jared came back to claim Mary before Tommy could,” Mark explains.

“Since she was already pregnant, she decided to pretend the baby was Alpha Jared’s and not Tommy’s, but Carli is very much Gamma Tommy’s daughter. They are a carbon copy of each other. Mary and Jared treated her like s**t too. Pissed us and everyone else off. Carli and Parker grew up thinking they were half-siblings. When Parker turned 18 and could find his mate, he discovered it was Carli.

“They were really close, Parker really being the only family she had to depend on, but when he found out, he shunned her. He thought something was wrong with him for being mates with his sister. Our mate bond is absolute. It’s like gravity, pulling you to that person. He ended up leaving her for four years because he was scared he would hurt her. It was a major fuckfest for both of them.”

“Why was he scared he would hurt her?” I asked.

“The bond pushes us to mark and mate. Carli is 4 years younger than Parker. She was 14 when he found out they were mates.”

“Oh,” is all I can say. How scary would it be to think you were mated to your own sister? “They’re mates now, though. Right? How did he come to accept her?”

Mark smiled mischievously. "Us. Well, Matt. Our mom knew they weren't blood related. Most of the pack knew Tommy and Mary dated, and thought Carli was Tommy's. Parker went back home because he couldn't fight the bond any more and Matt told him what our mom had always told us. That they were step-siblings, not half-siblings like he thought. He won her over but she gave him a hell of a time. It was fun to watch."

Mitch laughs at his brother's words.

"So, do you both feel that way towards me?" I asked hesitantly. "Do you both feel the need to mark and mate me?"

"Oh yeah," they say at the same time. Hearing that should have offended me, but instead I felt this burning desire for it. I want them to claim me. I want them to be mine and mine alone.

"Why haven't you, then?"

"First, you're human, and you knew nothing about our world," Mitch said.

"And you didn't seem to want anything to do with me," Mark added.

"Then there's the whole binding on our magic. If we are intimate with you and accidentally siphon more magic than your body can handle, it could hurt you. You being a seer and us being witch/wolf hybrids with our magic bound is forcing us to wait until our father can unbind us."

The whole seer thing is still crazy to me. The fact that I'm descended from fairy royalty seems almost impossible. That explains my eyes.

That also explains why my mom, who I guess is really my aunt, would tell me I was special, with divine eyes or royal eyes. These eyes and the genes they come from are the reason I was being forced to marry Zeki.

I thought Mark, and maybe even Mitch were a lot like Zeki, selfish playboys, but they are nothing like that a*****e. They may be immature, but they have not forced anything on me. If this mate bond is as strong as everyone claims, it should be almost impossible for them to resist doing those things with me; mating and marking. They are holding back for my sake. They are putting me before their own needs and desires.

They may be driving me crazy, but they are still putting me first.

“We’re here,” Mark calls out as he pulls into a parking spot.

Mitch opens my door for me, then I surprise him by linking my fingers through his hand after he helps me out. His elation was radiating off him. Coming around the car, Mark’s face turns to jealousy seeing my hand in his brothers. I giggle lightly, then wrap my arm around his waist, smiling up at his surprise before he snakes his arm around my shoulders, hugging me to him.

“Let’s go eat.”

The next evening....

My lips curl up into a smile as Mark picks me up at Amanda’s house. I stood at the door, admiring the clean-cut man jogging up the steps to take my hand and help me back down the 5 steps. He’s been exceptionally sweet since yesterday, trying his hardest to make up for the bad first impression.

Mitch agreed to let Mark take me out alone tonight, saying he had something he needed to take care of before tonight. Tonight is the night their father removes the binding on their magic. I’m nervous. After the binding is gone, they will be able to be intimate with me without the risk of killing me.

I’m a virgin, and never even had a boyfriend. No first kiss. No getting to any bases with a man. Except for the few times Zeki forced me to hold his hand or put his arm around me when we had to make appearances for our parents, I have never had any experience with men.

Mark and Mitch have TONS of experience. More than I would like to even think about. I am so worried I will be a disappointment. I awkwardly asked them if I had to worry about STDs or anything like that and they both reassured me that werewolves aren’t susceptible to most human medical conditions, STDs being one of them. I hate that I had to ask, but if I didn’t, it would have nagged at me and I would be hesitant to do anything with them.

“You look beautiful,” Mark tells me, kissing my cheek when I reach the bottom step.

“You look pretty good yourself,” I told him, looking him up and down. “So, where are we going?”

A boyish grin spread on his face. “It’s a surprise.”

I squinted at him, narrowing my eyes but returning his enthusiastic smile.

The entire drive is maybe 5 minutes of easy conversation, Mark caressing my hand, arm, and kissing my knuckles on occasion. The electrical currents I now know are from the mate bond are making my skin vibrate and tingle. Their touch is becoming an addiction. I crave the tingles when they're not around, and just want their hands on me in some way when they are.

We pull into a marina and nervousness hits me. I've never been on a boat like these ones before. I've taken the ferry, but that's not really the same as being out in open water with sharks and who knows what else beneath you.

"What's wrong?" Mark asks, taking in my hesitation as he helps me out of his car.

"Are we going out on the water?" I gulped nervously

"That was the plan," he smiled sheepishly, tilting his chin towards a larger boat under the shaded part of the dock.

"I'm in heels," I squealed, motioning down to my shoes. How am I going to stand on a swaying boat in the middle of the ocean?

"You will be fine. I promise," he chuckles lightly, "Unless you're too scared. You can admit it if you are. I won't judge you."

"I'm not scared," I jutted my chin out defiantly, even though the words out of my mouth were a lie.

Mark held his hands up, "It's okay. No judgment. If you can't do it, we can just go to Five Guys and eat burgers, then take a boring walk around the park. Wouldn't want to scare you." I know he's just teasing me, but it works. I sighed, gripped his hand and dragged him with me towards the boat.

Mark chuckles huskily, his throaty laugh doing things to the inside of me, amplifying the butterflies in my belly from the nerves of getting on this damn boat I know is taking me out to my death.

Stepping on board, Mark leads me across the tanning deck, into the cabin, and I gasp in surprise at the sight before me.

Mitch POV

Things have been going great the past 24 hours. Hadley even allowed us to take her to dinner last night. She is getting a lot more comfortable with us, letting us hold her hands, hug her, pulling her in to cuddle against us. The only time she gets a little upset is when we start kissing her cheeks too much. She gets embarrassed since the bond is triggering her arousal from the contact.

Tonight can't come soon enough. Dad and Amanda finally have everything they need to lift the bindings on our magic. I don't even care about getting the magic. I'm just happy Mark and I can claim our mate. It's torture being around your willing mate and not being able to do anything more than a kiss on the cheek. I want to kiss every inch of her gorgeous body, then watch as my brother worships her body. I want so badly to see the way her body reacts to both of us pleasuring her at the same time. She is ours, and after tonight we can finally show her what that truly means.

She's currently out to dinner with Mark after getting off work. He wanted her alone for a little bit since I had her alone the first time I took her out to lunch. Lady Delilah told me to take a leave of absence from work until I could get my personal affairs sorted out. My position will remain for me to take whenever I'm ready to go back.

Now, I'm on my way to take care of the last thing that has been worrying me since finding my mate.

Suzie.

She has been blowing up my phone the last few days, sending me crazy texts, and voicemails of her crying. It's excessive, even for her, and I need to put a stop to it now. I can't entertain the clingy attitude of hers now that I have my mate. It's like her addictive tendencies have latched onto me, and I didn't notice until it was too late.

She has never called me this much or freaked out this much in the past when I didn't answer or text her back. She would just wait to see me in person at the blood bank and b***h at me there. I don't know what happened over the last few days, but it needed to stop. I wasn't going to let Suzie ruin Hadley's feelings towards me. I can just imagine the way Hadley would react to Suzie blowing up my phone. Hadley wouldn't tolerate it, so I'm not going to either.

I'm not going to let anyone upset my mate.

I let Suzie pick the meeting place. Some casual bar in Midtown. As I pull up, parking in the small lot next to the place, I notice her junk car is already there, parked in the back. I decide to park away from it, just in case. If this ends poorly and she starts freaking out like I think she will, I don't want to have to walk awkwardly back to the cars beside her.

I park my Tesla right under a security camera, praying she won't go psycho and hurt my car when she gets mad at me.

It's still early, so the bar isn't busy. There is a sign flashing saying 'happy hour', but I don't plan on drinking tonight. I want to get this over with, get home, then prepare for tonight. I want to be ready to claim my mate with my brother as soon as this is all over.

Suzie waved me over to the table she claimed in the corner of the bar. She has two drinks already in front of her, offering one to me with a smile as I get closer.

"Hey. I went ahead and ordered for us." She is grinning, and seems overly cheerful for some reason. I was expecting her anger and whining, not for her to buy me a drink. I looked into the cloudy orange drink she placed in my hands. It looks like a screwdriver. I never get screwdrivers. I don't like sweet alcohol.

I sniff it, and it smells off. The smell of it almost burns my nose, like breathing in toxic fumes. Looking at Suzie, her smile seemed to falter for a second, then she looked offended, her defensiveness flaring.

"Oh my gawd, do you really think I would do something to your drink?" she snips, wrinkling her face in disgust. She said it not me. I wasn't sure, but her defensiveness speaks volumes.

I dip my pinky in the drink, instantly hissing as my skin makes contact with the liquid. Her face turns into a mask of fear as I toss the glass to the side and it shatters in pieces, the splatter of the laced liquid searing the side of my leg.

"Why the f**k would you try to poison me with wolfsbane, Suzie?"

Mark POV

I spent the better half of the morning after my brother and I walked Hadley to work, working on getting my parent's yacht ready for this date tonight. Mitch

had time alone with Hadley already, so now it was my turn. It didn't take much convincing to get him to give into this for me. He said he had s**t to take care of anyway. I know he has been meaning to deal with that pain in the a*s, Suzie, and wanted to get it taken care of before our father lifts the bond placed on our magic tonight.

I'm so excited about this date. I covered the whole cabin with white roses and stocks of lavender, the sweet fragrances mixing in the air and enhancing Hadley's scent just like I knew they would. I have a chef in the kitchen, courtesy of Vincent, and soft music playing over the speakers.

"This is beautiful," Hadley croons, looking around at all the flowers, "You didn't leave any cringy notes on those flowers, did you?" She smirks at me.

I chuckle, my cheeks showing my embarrassment. I grip her waist and rest my face on her shoulder to hide my discomposure. "No, no notes."

"I still have your last one in my purse if you want to sneak it into one of these really fast," she teases me, making me groan.

"Just throw it away," I muttered.

She giggles, instantly alleviating my embarrassment, "Nope. I'm saving it forever."

"Why?" I laughed, resting my head on hers.

"So we can show our kids what not to do one day?" The way her voice lifts at the end, like she was unsure if I wanted to have kids with her or not, is adorable.

"You can show all 10 of them," I smirk, making her hit me in the chest playfully. I want nothing more than to see Hadley growing round with our child.

Mitch and I share the same DNA. All our kids with Hadley will be both of ours. It may be weird for humans to have a polygamous relationship, but it is quite common for twins or even triplets in our supernatural world. The beast inside us is an animal and has animalistic traits when it comes to mating. If you have the same DNA as your twin or triplet, chances are you are going to share a mate as well. If you Google polygamous, the first definition actually says it's the animalistic trait of having more than one mate. Mitch and I work better

when we share, and now that we have Hadley, we know why. Sharing kids will not be a problem for us.

We sat and got settled at the table. The captain I hired for the evening started up the engine and took us out into open water, not too far from the shoreline. After we were steady and anchored, I poured both of us glasses of wine and signaled the staff to bring over the appetizers.

Hadley being accepting and open with me is like a dream come true. She is laughing and joking with me, her smile lighting up my entire world.

“Are you nervous for tonight?” she asks me, taking a bite of her risotto.

I shrug, “I’m not really nervous. Ready for it to be over. I’m excited about what comes after, though,” I told her.

“What comes after? The magic?” Oh, there will be magic, alright. Magic in the bedroom.

I shook my head, smirking over my wine glass. “The mating.”

Her face falls momentarily, “You mean having s*x?” she asks nervously.

“Well,” I bit my lip. I would be lying if I told her no, and I don’t want to lie to her right now, “Eventually, but I’d be happy if I could just kiss you without the risk of hurting you.”

She nods, looking down at her lap, then back up at me through her lashes, “Are you going to do the biting thing to me?”

She looks almost scared as she asks, “I want to. I want us to have kids with you, and don’t want you to have to go through all the s**t my mom did. Getting eggs harvested and us cumming in a cup over and over again isn’t ideal.”

She still looks uneasy about it.

“It doesn’t hurt, Hadley. If anything, it feels amazing. That’s what I heard anyway. Marking you will give all of us a euphoric feeling.”

She nods, worrying and knotting her hands, “But I won’t be able to mark you?”

Oh. That's what's bothering her. "Not unless we turn you, but I'm not sure I'm willing to risk that. It hurts like hell to transform, and if your body can't handle the mutation, it could kill you."

"Oh," was all she said. I know it's not very fair. The bond is probably driving her to claim us too. I'll have to talk with Mitch and see if there is anything we can do for her in place of marking us. I know Laura had Simon's kiss mark tattooed on her neck. Maybe we could do something like that for Hadley.

The lull in our conversation created by talking about mating and marking eased, and we started talking about our jobs and how much Hadley likes hers. Her family didn't give her the freedom to work before. She liked her opinions being respected and having a voice. Mom loves her, which surprised me considering what happened between Hadley's mother and mine. I know mom is trying to right the wrongs of her past.

No, Sabrina never should have tried to get dad to accept her. Werewolves are possessive and it never would have worked without a bond in place. She didn't have to throw her out, but I understand why she did. I couldn't tolerate sharing Hadley with anyone other than Mitch. Just the thought makes me homicidal. Mom thought after she threw Sabrina out, that she could go into hiding or find someone like Amanda to help. She didn't expect Sabrina to be killed. Neither did my father.

Seers are so valuable to covens that mom and dad never thought Fadel would kill Sabrina if he found her.

I'm not necessarily excited about getting magic, but I like the fact I will have another way to protect my mate if her past finds her. Me and my brother are her future. We won't let anything jeopardize that. Having magic means we will just have more ways to defend and protect our mate.

We finish dinner, then as the sun sets, I pull Hadley out to the deck to watch, holding her tight in my arms as we sway softly to the music.

"This was a great night, Mark. Thank you."

I smiled, "Thank you! I didn't think I was going to be able to get you on this boat for a minute there."

"You weren't going to get me on the boat for a minute there," she laughed, "Have you seen The Shallows? What about Jaws?"

I chuckled softly, "I haven't seen either of those."

"What?! You live by the ocean. You have to watch them! How are you going to be prepared for a shark attack?"

I lean back and grin at her, showing my teeth, then let my canines slip.

"Oh. Yeah, you might be fine," she giggles.

"Did you think I was going to let a shark eat you?" I teased her.

"I didn't think you would let one eat me, but I don't expect a shark to ask your permission either if I fell off the boat."

I tsked my tongue at her, "So you think I'd let you fall in?"

"I don't know," she says, exasperated, "I wasn't thinking of anything but the sharks."

"Aww, and the only thing I can think about is you," I ran my nose down her neck, making her shiver.

"Mmh," is all she manages to say.

"I would never let a shark or anything else hurt you, sugar. Nothing. You never have to worry about anything when you are with me."

"Somehow, I think you are more dangerous than a shark," she smirks at me.

"Oh, I am," I chuckle, "To anything that tries to harm my sugar mama."

"That is not going to be a nickname for me," She c***s her eyebrow at me in challenge, "Ever."

"How about just sugar?" I asked, running my nose down her neck again, inhaling her sweet honey and lavender scent.

"As long as 'mama' never comes after it," she says in a breathy moan.

"Deal."

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 27

Hadley POV

I cross my arms, staring at the two brothers sitting on the couch in my office. I'm trying not to let it show that I liked them defending me the way they did, but it's hard. Pride is beating in my chest and I want to giggle at the guilty expressions on their faces.

"Do you guys know what you did wrong?" I scolded them like I would a child.

"No," they said at the same time, Mitch crossing his arms across his chest, Mark kneading his hands nervously in his lap.

I can't help it. I end up laughing at their childish reactions. They're adorable. Their faces snap to mine at the sound of my giggles, confusion and hesitant smiles spread on their features.

"Is something funny?" Mitch lifts an eyebrow at me.

"You two are. Geez," I sighed, sitting on the edge of my desk. "You can't go all scary werewolf on each person that talks bad about me in the resort."

Mitch startles to hear me say werewolf.

"How did you?..."

"Simone," Mark answered for me.

"Ah," Mitch nodded, fully understanding what his brother meant by 'Simone'.

"Yes, Simone told me everything. Mate," I smirked at him.

A broad smile spread on his face, "And you're okay with it?"

I shrugged, not willing to give him an answer.

"Ah, come one. You can't leave me hanging," Mitch pushes off the couch, walking over and setting his hands on my shoulders. The tingly feeling is stronger today. It makes me shiver slightly, and he smirks.

"If you both can't reign in the whole possessive, she's mine, don't mess with her b.s. then I'll make you wait forever to find out," I told him.

“They were both being mouthy cunts. It’s not our fault.” His whiny voice coming from his bulking body makes me chuckle.

“It’s your fault for the way you reacted. Honestly, I loved hearing you guys defend me, but this is my place of work. You can’t pull the ‘I’m a scary werewolf and my mommy owns this hotel’ card every time someone mistreats me. You need to handle it professionally or you’re going to make it really hard for me to work here. They have the right to think whatever they want about me. If they’re not saying it to a customer, it’s not an issue. I want to be able to keep working peacefully without everyone walking on eggshells around me.”

“If you’re our mate, you don’t have to work, Hadley. Just one of us makes enough to support you. You have two of us,” Mark tells me, coming to stand by his brother. I feel so tiny next to both of them. Lord, I’m going to have my hands full if I give in to this, and I already know I’m going to. The confusing feelings from yesterday, now that I know what they mean, are growing stronger and stronger. The intensity of the bond with both of them standing so near makes my entire body buzz with an unfamiliar desire.

Yeah, I’m going to have my hands full.

“I like working. I like my job. And I like finally having independence. I never had it before and you are not going to talk me into quitting my job that I happen to love.”

“But...,” Mitch juts out his bottom lip, pouting with puppy dog eyes.

“No. I’m not quitting. How about you both quit and let me support you?” They both make a face at that, then tilt their faces as they let the idea sink in, look at each other, then smile.

“If we both quit, we could come work at the hotel too,” Mitch grins.

“We could be with you 24/7,” Mark purrs, reaching for my hand.

“We could be your personal guard dogs.”

“Think mom will approve?”

“If I give her the puppy dog eyes she will,” Mitch smirks.

“We should totally quit,” Mark’s eyes sparkled.

“She could be like our sugar mama.”

“That would be totally hot.”

“I agree.”

I rub my temples and sigh, exasperated with their train of thought.

“If you guys don’t want my foot shoved up where the sun doesn’t shine, get out of my office. Apologize to the girls on the way out. Geez, louise. I’m not quitting and neither are you. Now, go away. Both of you will be back down here at noon to take me to lunch. I want lamb kabobs and tzatziki sauce. Figure out how to make it happen,” I commanded them, pushing against their rock-hard chests, trying to push them out of my office. I’m not indulging their little ‘what-if’ game right now. I have a wedding to plan, and two fundraisers to work on.

Why are they built like brick walls? I can’t get them to budge at all.

“Greek food it is,” Mitch says softly, bending down to kiss my cheek.

“We’ll apologize to the t**t waffles. Just for you,” Mark husks, pecking my other cheek.

Their lips against my skin make the tingles so much stronger. I have to fight myself from buckling over, feeling the sensation between my legs as an involuntary moan leaves my mouth. Crap.

They know what their touch did to me. They smirk at each other, before both of them lean in at the same time, laying a kiss on each side of my neck, making me moan as my eyes roll to the back of my head. Their lips are barely touching me, but the feeling sends tingles through my skin, right down to my core, making my walls tighten and my thighs press close together.

“Get out! Get out! Get out!” I yelled when I regained my composure, horrified and embarrassed about how I reacted to their kisses.

My hands make contact with their shoulders, chests, backs and arms as I slap at them like a maniac, screeching for them to leave my office.

“See you at lunch, sugar mama,” Mitch smiles crookedly at me, ducking out my door as my notepad flies toward his face.

“Don’t miss us too much,” Mark chuckles, blocking my computer mouse from hitting his face with his arm.

Infuriating. They are both so infuriating. I growl, stomping my foot when I take in the mess I made trying to get rid of them. Groaning, I bent over, and started to pick everything up and put it back where it went, cursing the brothers the entire time.

Suzie POV

He never showed up to the date he had agreed to go on with me. I spent all night yesterday freaking out, not able to get a hold of him. His phone kept rejecting my calls, and I knew he wasn’t working. I checked. I spent all night looking for him everywhere he usually visits when he’s off. The clubs, the bars, and the tourists hot-spots him and his brother frequently visit to find whores and take them back to their hotel rooms. He wasn’t anywhere.

Going to Lady Delilah’s court this morning for my usual parole appointment, I never expected to see him there with his brother, the one that I don’t totally hate. Mark is a jerk, calling me clingy and pathetic, but Matt at least tries to hide his distaste for me.

I was planning on confronting Mitch, whining and yelling at him like I usually do to get my way, but then I heard what his brother was saying from across the room, sitting in the corner while they didn’t notice me.

Mitch found his mate. His f*****g mate.

Where does that leave me?

He can’t do this to me. I’ve given him so many years of my life. I won’t let him toss me aside like he does his regular sluts.

He doesn’t see me as a slut. I know he doesn’t. I’m different from them. He cares about me more than them. He saved my life. He didn’t have to, but he saved me, sacrificing himself to my leader’s workforce so my life would be spared.

He did that for me.

He doesn't defile me like he does the other women around him because he cares for me more. He loves me. He has to love me. Why else would he save me and cherish me the way he does?

A mate will take all of that away from me.

I can't let her take him away from me.

I need to find her. I need to find out who she is and get rid of her. Then, Mitch will love me again. He can only love me.

I'm not going to let him go.

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 28

Hadley POV

The infuriating brothers showed up at 11:45, pestering me until I agreed to leave for lunch early. Mitchel went as far as getting his mother to come over and tell me I could leave early. She was thoroughly amused when I started yelling and beating on them with my fly swatter for disturbing her about something so childish.

I was already upset at having to clean up my office after their little, 'let's tease the human with our weird mystical bond' game. They were doing the same thing to get me to leave early and I had had enough.

Now, we're on our way to some fancy Greek restaurant, and I'm sitting in the backseat ignoring both of them, still fuming about their immaturity.

"This place has really great stuffed grape leaves and tomato fritters," Mark tells me, trying to get me to talk to him.

"They have a decent wine list too," Mitch adds.

"I am not drinking. I have work I need to get back to," I tell them, thrusting my chin up in the air.

"Ah, but mom said you didn't have to come back. She said to take the afternoon off," Mitch pouts at me.

“If you guys are going to be like this, I’m going to refuse to see you during the work day. I have a feeling your mother would be more than willing to ban you both from stepping foot back in the offices.”

Mitchel’s pouty face and Mark’s sad eyes tugged at that festering mate bond in me, urging me to comfort them even though in my head all I wanted was to do the opposite. I tighten my arms across my chest, forcing them to stay in place so I don’t reach out to them.

“So, are there any questions you have about the whole werewolf thing?” Mitch asks. “Or about the mate bond?”

I had a lot of questions. Too many questions. Simone did a good job answering most of them, but I started freaking out with each new bit of information and it got tiring after a while. The whole ‘marking’ thing seems barbaric. When I told Simone that, Vincent started snickering for some reason.

“Why doesn’t your mom have one of those bite marks on her neck?”

“Dad’s a human,” Mark explains, “Well, a witch, but still a human. He can’t mark her.”

“Did she mark him?” I asked. It seems unfair that she can claim him that way, but he can’t do the same to her.

“No. He didn’t want her to for some reason. Something about how her DNA would change his.”

“Mom had a hard time conceiving because they were in no way marked. She had to get outside help,” Mitch added to what his brother said.

“So, if I want to have kids I have to let you both mark me?” That seems unfair. If I can’t mark them, I don’t want them to mark me.

“Well, you would have a hard time getting pregnant. It’s how the moon goddess prevents us from mating with other races that aren’t our mates. Our secret would easily get out if we were to accidentally knock up humans all the time. We have higher s*x drives because of the beast in us, and most werewolves choose not to sleep around within the pack because we don’t want to ruin things for our future mates. Our friends Carli and Parker had a s**t time figuring out their weird mate bond situation because of that.”

I sigh. This Carli girl again. Simone said something about her mate bond last night too. I don't want Mitch to keep talking about her, but I'm also very curious now.

"Why?"

"Well," Mitch looks at his brother with a smirk, "Carli is mated to her step-brother, who also happens to be our Alpha."

My eyes bug out of my head. "Her step-brother? How did that happen?"

"Parker's dad knocked some she-wolf up before becoming Alpha. Because of him being alpha, and Parker being a boy, he had to take Parker's mom as his mate. At his inauguration ceremony, Carli's mom, Mary, was the event coordinator at the resort at that time. She planned the event and Alpha Jared, Parker's dad, discovered that Mary was his fated mate. Because he had already taken a chosen mate, he had to reject her.

"A few years later, Mary started dating the pack's Gamma, Thomas Childes, and they were even serious enough to talk about becoming chosen mates. Mary got pregnant with Carli at that time, and then when Parker's mother died, Alpha Jared came back to claim Mary before Tommy could," Mark explains.

"Since she was already pregnant, she decided to pretend the baby was Alpha Jared's and not Tommy's, but Carli is very much Gamma Tommy's daughter. They are a carbon copy of each other. Mary and Jared treated her like s**t too. Pissed us and everyone else off. Carli and Parker grew up thinking they were half-siblings. When Parker turned 18 and could find his mate, he discovered it was Carli.

"They were really close, Parker really being the only family she had to depend on, but when he found out, he shunned her. He thought something was wrong with him for being mates with his sister. Our mate bond is absolute. It's like gravity, pulling you to that person. He ended up leaving her for four years because he was scared he would hurt her. It was a major fuckfest for both of them."

"Why was he scared he would hurt her?" I asked.

"The bond pushes us to mark and mate. Carli is 4 years younger than Parker. She was 14 when he found out they were mates."

“Oh,” is all I can say. How scary would it be to think you were mated to your own sister? “They’re mates now, though. Right? How did he come to accept her?”

Mark smiled mischievously. “Us. Well, Matt. Our mom knew they weren’t blood related. Most of the pack knew Tommy and Mary dated, and thought Carli was Tommy’s. Parker went back home because he couldn’t fight the bond any more and Matt told him what our mom had always told us. That they were step-siblings, not half-siblings like he thought. He won her over but she gave him a hell of a time. It was fun to watch.”

Mitch laughs at his brother’s words.

“So, do you both feel that way towards me?” I asked hesitantly. “Do you both feel the need to mark and mate me?”

“Oh yeah,” they say at the same time. Hearing that should have offended me, but instead I felt this burning desire for it. I want them to claim me. I want them to be mine and mine alone.

“Why haven’t you, then?”

“First, you’re human, and you knew nothing about our world,” Mitch said.

“And you didn’t seem to want anything to do with me,” Mark added.

“Then there’s the whole binding on our magic. If we are intimate with you and accidentally siphon more magic than your body can handle, it could hurt you. You being a seer and us being witch/wolf hybrids with our magic bound is forcing us to wait until our father can unbind us.”

The whole seer thing is still crazy to me. The fact that I’m descended from fairy royalty seems almost impossible. That explains my eyes.

That also explains why my mom, who I guess is really my aunt, would tell me I was special, with divine eyes or royal eyes. These eyes and the genes they come from are the reason I was being forced to marry Zeki.

I thought Mark, and maybe even Mitch were a lot like Zeki, selfish playboys, but they are nothing like that a*****e. They may be immature, but they have not forced anything on me. If this mate bond is as strong as everyone claims, it should be almost impossible for them to resist doing those things with me;

mating and marking. They are holding back for my sake. They are putting me before their own needs and desires.

They may be driving me crazy, but they are still putting me first.

“We’re here,” Mark calls out as he pulls into a parking spot.

Mitch opens my door for me, then I surprise him by linking my fingers through his hand after he helps me out. His elation was radiating off him. Coming around the car, Mark’s face turns to jealousy seeing my hand in his brothers. I giggle lightly, then wrap my arm around his waist, smiling up at his surprise before he snakes his arm around my shoulders, hugging me to him.

“Let’s go eat.”

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 29

The next evening....

My lips curl up into a smile as Mark picks me up at Amanda’s house. I stood at the door, admiring the clean-cut man jogging up the steps to take my hand and help me back down the 5 steps. He’s been exceptionally sweet since yesterday, trying his hardest to make up for the bad first impression.

Mitch agreed to let Mark take me out alone tonight, saying he had something he needed to take care of before tonight. Tonight is the night their father removes the binding on their magic. I’m nervous. After the binding is gone, they will be able to be intimate with me without the risk of killing me.

I’m a virgin, and never even had a boyfriend. No first kiss. No getting to any bases with a man. Except for the few times Zeki forced me to hold his hand or put his arm around me when we had to make appearances for our parents, I have never had any experience with men.

Mark and Mitch have TONS of experience. More than I would like to even think about. I am so worried I will be a disappointment. I awkwardly asked them if I had to worry about STDs or anything like that and they both reassured me that werewolves aren’t susceptible to most human medical conditions, STDs being one of them. I hate that I had to ask, but if I didn’t, it would have nagged at me and I would be hesitant to do anything with them.

“You look beautiful,” Mark tells me, kissing my cheek when I reach the bottom step.

“You look pretty good yourself,” I told him, looking him up and down. “So, where are we going?”

A boyish grin spread on his face. “It’s a surprise.”

I squinted at him, narrowing my eyes but returning his enthusiastic smile.

The entire drive is maybe 5 minutes of easy conversation, Mark caressing my hand, arm, and kissing my knuckles on occasion. The electrical currents I now know are from the mate bond are making my skin vibrate and tingle. Their touch is becoming an addiction. I crave the tingles when they’re not around, and just want their hands on me in some way when they are.

We pull into a marina and nervousness hits me. I’ve never been on a boat like these ones before. I’ve taken the ferry, but that’s not really the same as being out in open water with sharks and who knows what else beneath you.

“What’s wrong?” Mark asks, taking in my hesitation as he helps me out of his car.

“Are we going out on the water?” I gulped nervously

“That was the plan,” he smiled sheepishly, tilting his chin towards a larger boat under the shaded part of the dock.

“I’m in heels,” I squealed, motioning down to my shoes. How am I going to stand on a swaying boat in the middle of the ocean?

“You will be fine. I promise,” he chuckles lightly, “Unless you’re too scared. You can admit it if you are. I won’t judge you.”

“I’m not scared,” I jutted my chin out defiantly, even though the words out of my mouth were a lie.

Mark held his hands up, “It’s okay. No judgment. If you can’t do it, we can just go to Five Guys and eat burgers, then take a boring walk around the park. Wouldn’t want to scare you.” I know he’s just teasing me, but it works. I sighed, gripped his hand and dragged him with me towards the boat.

Mark chuckles huskily, his throaty laugh doing things to the inside of me, amplifying the butterflies in my belly from the nerves of getting on this damn boat I know is taking me out to my death.

Stepping on board, Mark leads me across the tanning deck, into the cabin, and I gasp in surprise at the sight before me.

Mitch POV

Things have been going great the past 24 hours. Hadley even allowed us to take her to dinner last night. She is getting a lot more comfortable with us, letting us hold her hands, hug her, pulling her in to cuddle against us. The only time she gets a little upset is when we start kissing her cheeks too much. She gets embarrassed since the bond is triggering her arousal from the contact.

Tonight can't come soon enough. Dad and Amanda finally have everything they need to lift the bindings on our magic. I don't even care about getting the magic. I'm just happy Mark and I can claim our mate. It's torture being around your willing mate and not being able to do anything more than a kiss on the cheek. I want to kiss every inch of her gorgeous body, then watch as my brother worships her body. I want so badly to see the way her body reacts to both of us pleasuring her at the same time. She is ours, and after tonight we can finally show her what that truly means.

She's currently out to dinner with Mark after getting off work. He wanted her alone for a little bit since I had her alone the first time I took her out to lunch. Lady Delilah told me to take a leave of absence from work until I could get my personal affairs sorted out. My position will remain for me to take whenever I'm ready to go back.

Now, I'm on my way to take care of the last thing that has been worrying me since finding my mate.

Suzie.

She has been blowing up my phone the last few days, sending me crazy texts, and voicemails of her crying. It's excessive, even for her, and I need to put a stop to it now. I can't entertain the clingy attitude of hers now that I have my mate. It's like her addictive tendencies have latched onto me, and I didn't notice until it was too late.

She has never called me this much or freaked out this much in the past when I didn't answer or text her back. She would just wait to see me in person at the blood bank and b***h at me there. I don't know what happened over the last few days, but it needed to stop. I wasn't going to let Suzie ruin Hadley's feelings towards me. I can just imagine the way Hadley would react to Suzie blowing up my phone. Hadley wouldn't tolerate it, so I'm not going to either.

I'm not going to let anyone upset my mate.

I let Suzie pick the meeting place. Some casual bar in Midtown. As I pull up, parking in the small lot next to the place, I notice her junk car is already there, parked in the back. I decide to park away from it, just in case. If this ends poorly and she starts freaking out like I think she will, I don't want to have to walk awkwardly back to the cars beside her.

I park my Tesla right under a security camera, praying she won't go psycho and hurt my car when she gets mad at me.

It's still early, so the bar isn't busy. There is a sign flashing saying 'happy hour', but I don't plan on drinking tonight. I want to get this over with, get home, then prepare for tonight. I want to be ready to claim my mate with my brother as soon as this is all over.

Suzie waved me over to the table she claimed in the corner of the bar. She has two drinks already in front of her, offering one to me with a smile as I get closer.

"Hey. I went ahead and ordered for us." She is grinning, and seems overly cheerful for some reason. I was expecting her anger and whining, not for her to buy me a drink. I looked into the cloudy orange drink she placed in my hands. It looks like a screwdriver. I never get screwdrivers. I don't like sweet alcohol.

I sniff it, and it smells off. The smell of it almost burns my nose, like breathing in toxic fumes. Looking at Suzie, her smile seemed to falter for a second, then she looked offended, her defensiveness flaring.

"Oh my gawd, do you really think I would do something to your drink?" she snips, wrinkling her face in disgust. She said it not me. I wasn't sure, but her defensiveness speaks volumes.

I dip my pinky in the drink, instantly hissing as my skin makes contact with the liquid. Her face turns into a mask of fear as I toss the glass to the side and it shatters in pieces, the splatter of the laced liquid searing the side of my leg.

“Why the f**k would you try to poison me with wolfsbane, Suzie?”

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 30

Mark POV

I spent the better half of the morning after my brother and I walked Hadley to work, working on getting my parent’s yacht ready for this date tonight. Mitch had time alone with Hadley already, so now it was my turn. It didn’t take much convincing to get him to give into this for me. He said he had s**t to take care of anyway. I know he has been meaning to deal with that pain in the a*s, Suzie, and wanted to get it taken care of before our father lifts the bond placed on our magic tonight.

I’m so excited about this date. I covered the whole cabin with white roses and stocks of lavender, the sweet fragrances mixing in the air and enhancing Hadley’s scent just like I knew they would. I have a chef in the kitchen, courtesy of Vincent, and soft music playing over the speakers.

“This is beautiful,” Hadley croons, looking around at all the flowers, “You didn’t leave any cringy notes on those flowers, did you?” She smirks at me.

I chuckle, my cheeks showing my embarrassment. I grip her waist and rest my face on her shoulder to hide my discomposure. “No, no notes.”

“I still have your last one in my purse if you want to sneak it into one of these really fast,” she teases me, making me groan.

“Just throw it away,” I muttered.

She giggles, instantly alleviating my embarrassment, “Nope. I’m saving it forever.”

“Why?” I laughed, resting my head on hers.

“So we can show our kids what not to do one day?” The way her voice lifts at the end, like she was unsure if I wanted to have kids with her or not, is adorable.

“You can show all 10 of them,” I smirk, making her hit me in the chest playfully. I want nothing more than to see Hadley growing round with our child.

Mitch and I share the same DNA. All our kids with Hadley will be both of ours. It may be weird for humans to have a polygamous relationship, but it is quite common for twins or even triplets in our supernatural world. The beast inside us is an animal and has animalistic traits when it comes to mating. If you have the same DNA as your twin or triplet, chances are you are going to share a mate as well. If you Google polygamous, the first definition actually says it's the animalistic trait of having more than one mate. Mitch and I work better when we share, and now that we have Hadley, we know why. Sharing kids will not be a problem for us.

We sat and got settled at the table. The captain I hired for the evening started up the engine and took us out into open water, not too far from the shoreline. After we were steady and anchored, I poured both of us glasses of wine and signaled the staff to bring over the appetizers.

Hadley being accepting and open with me is like a dream come true. She is laughing and joking with me, her smile lighting up my entire world.

“Are you nervous for tonight?” she asks me, taking a bite of her risotto.

I shrug, “I'm not really nervous. Ready for it to be over. I'm excited about what comes after, though,” I told her.

“What comes after? The magic?” Oh, there will be magic, alright. Magic in the bedroom.

I shook my head, smirking over my wine glass. “The mating.”

Her face falls momentarily, “You mean having s*x?” she asks nervously.

“Well,” I bit my lip. I would be lying if I told her no, and I don't want to lie to her right now, “Eventually, but I'd be happy if I could just kiss you without the risk of hurting you.”

She nods, looking down at her lap, then back up at me through her lashes, “Are you going to do the biting thing to me?”

She looks almost scared as she asks, "I want to. I want us to have kids with you, and don't want you to have to go through all the s**t my mom did. Getting eggs harvested and us cumming in a cup over and over again isn't ideal."

She still looks uneasy about it.

"It doesn't hurt, Hadley. If anything, it feels amazing. That's what I heard anyway. Marking you will give all of us a euphoric feeling."

She nods, worrying and knotting her hands, "But I won't be able to mark you?"

Oh. That's what's bothering her. "Not unless we turn you, but I'm not sure I'm willing to risk that. It hurts like hell to transform, and if your body can't handle the mutation, it could kill you."

"Oh," was all she said. I know it's not very fair. The bond is probably driving her to claim us too. I'll have to talk with Mitch and see if there is anything we can do for her in place of marking us. I know Laura had Simon's kiss mark tattooed on her neck. Maybe we could do something like that for Hadley.

The lull in our conversation created by talking about mating and marking eased, and we started talking about our jobs and how much Hadley likes hers. Her family didn't give her the freedom to work before. She liked her opinions being respected and having a voice. Mom loves her, which surprised me considering what happened between Hadley's mother and mine. I know mom is trying to right the wrongs of her past.

No, Sabrina never should have tried to get dad to accept her. Werewolves are possessive and it never would have worked without a bond in place. She didn't have to throw her out, but I understand why she did. I couldn't tolerate sharing Hadley with anyone other than Mitch. Just the thought makes me homicidal. Mom thought after she threw Sabrina out, that she could go into hiding or find someone like Amanda to help. She didn't expect Sabrina to be killed. Neither did my father.

Seers are so valuable to covens that mom and dad never thought Fadel would kill Sabrina if he found her.

I'm not necessarily excited about getting magic, but I like the fact I will have another way to protect my mate if her past finds her. Me and my brother are her future. We won't let anything jeopardize that. Having magic means we will just have more ways to defend and protect our mate.

We finish dinner, then as the sun sets, I pull Hadley out to the deck to watch, holding her tight in my arms as we sway softly to the music.

“This was a great night, Mark. Thank you.”

I smiled, “Thank you! I didn’t think I was going to be able to get you on this boat for a minute there.”

“You weren’t going to get me on the boat for a minute there,” she laughed, “Have you seen The Shallows? What about Jaws?”

I chuckled softly, “I haven’t seen either of those.”

“What?! You live by the ocean. You have to watch them! How are you going to be prepared for a shark attack?”

I lean back and grin at her, showing my teeth, then let my canines slip.

“Oh. Yeah, you might be fine,” she giggles.

“Did you think I was going to let a shark eat you?” I teased her.

“I didn’t think you would let one eat me, but I don’t expect a shark to ask your permission either if I fell off the boat.”

I tsked my tongue at her, “So you think I’d let you fall in?”

“I don’t know,” she says, exasperated, “I wasn’t thinking of anything but the sharks.”

“Aww, and the only thing I can think about is you,” I ran my nose down her neck, making her shiver.

“Mmh,” is all she manages to say.

“I would never let a shark or anything else hurt you, sugar. Nothing. You never have to worry about anything when you are with me.”

“Somehow, I think you are more dangerous than a shark,” she smirks at me.

“Oh, I am,” I chuckle, “To anything that tries to harm my sugar mama.”

“That is not going to be a nickname for me,” She c***s her eyebrow at me in challenge, “Ever.”

“How about just sugar?” I asked, running my nose down her neck again, inhaling her sweet honey and lavender scent.

“As long as ‘mama’ never comes after it,” she says in a breathy moan.

“Deal.”