

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 31

Mitch POV

“Why the f**k would you try to poison me with wolfsbane, Suzie?” I sneered, about ready to tear her throat out. What was she trying to do? Was she that pissed I didn’t answer her calls that she wanted to hurt me?

“It’s not... I.... I didn’t know,” she stutters out, lying through her teeth. We’re in a human bar, attracting too much attention as it is or I would have already restrained her for trying to hurt me. This is a huge deal. She’s f****d up so much in the past, she can’t afford to do s**t like this now. Delilah will tear her a*s to shreds.

“You’re lucky we are where we are right now, Susan. You had better think carefully before you answer or I’m calling Delilah now, and you can deal with her wrath. Do not lie to me. Why the hell would you try to poison my drink?”

Her lip quivers, her red eyes filling with tears, “I was.... I....-”

“Don’t you dare f****g lie,” I growled, seeing her straining to make up an answer on the fly.

“I know!” She screams, “I know you found your mate, okay!?! I KNOW!” she screams, ensuring every human in the room was now staring and gaping at us. “YOU DIDN’T SHOW UP TO OUR DAMN DATE YOU A*****E!” she wails, the tears spilling from her eyes.

“What date? I’m not dating you, Suzie, and I have no idea what you’re talking about.” I kinda of remember her saying something about a concert or some s**t, but I don’t ever remember telling her it was a date or I’d go with her. Maybe in my distraction when I was staring at Hadley she said something, but even if she did, that’s no reason to poison me.

I sighed, looking around us. People are scowling at me and giving her sympathetic glances. I probably look like the a*****e here, but she just tried to poison me. I need Parker. This might get out of hand.

I pinch the bridge of my nose, mindlinking my Alpha while Suzie balls her f****g eyes out in front of me.

“Alpha?”

“Mitch?” his voice in the link sounds confused, “What’s up? This is unexpected.”

“I, uh, might have an issue.”

I told him about meeting Suzie and how she tried to poison me and how she was causing a scene. He sounds annoyed, but I think it’s more about dealing with her s**t again than with me. Suzie is not liked in our pack.

“I’ll grab Carlos and we will be there soon.”

“Thanks Alpha.”

Turning my attention back to Suzie, she was whimpering and sobbing, a waitress beside her asking if there was someone she could call for her.

“She’s fine,” I snarled at the waitress, using a little more venom in my voice than I meant to, making her startle with a jerk and narrow her eyes at me.

“Do you need me to call the police?” she asks, making me smirk at the horror-struck expression on Suzie’s face. She was milking this for attention, but if the police are called, and Parker’s or Lady Delilah’s people show up instead of humans, which would be very likely, Suzie’s attempts at getting sympathy would come back to hit her in the face.

Vampires, fairies, werewolves, everyone seemed against her after the incident with Aiden. I am her last real friend, and she is losing that. Our friendship is going up in flames because of her bad decisions right now. I don’t know what is wrong with her, but I’m not entertaining her bullshit or psycho tendencies. I’m not going to feel bad for her for her trying to poison me.

I don’t know how she knows I found my mate, but the fact remains that she knows, and she’s making me seem like a cheating boyfriend when I have always been more than clear I am not going to be anything more than a friend to her.

“Suzie, do you want this woman to call the police, because I happen to think that sounds like a great f*****g idea,” I announce each word, making it clear that no matter how she makes me look, I’m not giving into her s**t right now.

“No, no,” she shakes her head, looking back at the waitress, pleading with her eyes for the woman not to do that. “It’s fine. Don’t call the police.”

The human woman gave her a sympathetic smile. "If he is threatening you, just let me know."

A male bartender walks over with another man I'm guessing is the manager or owner by the way he is dressed, "Is there a problem here, ma'am?" they both look to her for confirmation, openly hostile towards me.

"No, there's not a problem. I'm sorry. I just....I was overreacting. We're fine. Right, Mitch? Right, baby?" She asks me, calling me baby and making me grimace in disgust.

"I am not your baby. I am your f*****g parole officer and I will call the police myself if you don't reign in your f*****g crazy a*s. Your brother is on his way. I suggest you sit your a*s down until he gets here to deal with you."

"What?" She looked terrified, her eyes opened wide in shock. She starts to make a run for the door but I move quickly and block her path.

"Sit your a*s down. If you try to run, I will call the police and request the lady's unit."

Suzie's eyes fill with tears again, but she listens, sitting back down in her seat as I stand over her, the waitress, manager and bartender backing off and mumbling their apologies.

I frequent supernatural owned bars, restaurants and clubs for this very reason. I hate being careful and having to watch my words, but saying I was her parole officer, which I basically am in the blood bank, was the perfect cover and got them to back off.

The waitress comes back a few minutes later with a broom and dustpan, sweeping up the glass shards and then mopping the spill from my poisoned drink while Suzie and I are in some awkward stare off, her looking terrified and me being pissed off.

The manager asks to see my identification and hers, and I begrudgingly give it to him, snarling at her when she refuses until she whimpers down in her seat and pulls her ID out of her wallet.

"Mitchel Meyers? Any relation to Vivian Meyers?" the manager or owner, whatever the f**k he is, asks me.

“She’s my mother,” I told him, crossing my arms, not taking my eyes off the vampire girl in front of me.

The guy nods and hands the IDs, both of them, back to me. “Sorry, sir. You can never be too careful nowadays. We thought this was a lovers’ dispute.”

I glanced at him quickly, turning my eyes right back to Suzie, nodding to his statement. “I understand. She was trying to manipulate the situation. No harm done. We will be out of your hair soon.”

“Do you need us to get you anything while you wait?” he asks.

I shook my head, “We’re good. Thanks.”

When he walks away, Suzie’s tears spill over, “What are you going to do?”

I sighed, shaking my head. “I came here to tell you I found my mate, Suzie. You can’t keep blowing up my phone and going crazy on me. Then, your a*s tried to poison me. Why? Why would you try to disable me like that? What was your goal?”

She looks down at her lap, pulling at the nail polish chipping away on her nail. “I wanted to make your wolf go away so you didn’t feel the bond with someone else. I wanted you to love me again.”

Oh, Suzie. I sighed, pinching the bridge of my nose again, “I never felt that way about you, Suzie. Never. I thought you knew that. You’re not my mate. Even if I didn’t have a bond with my mate, I wouldn’t feel that way towards you.”

“But....” her lip quivers again, “You saved me. You’re all I have.”

I shook my head, “That’s not love. That’s being a decent being, Susan. I didn’t want you to throw your life away for a scumbag.”

I never wanted to lead her on. I felt bad for her, but never wanted to be more than a friend to her. I’m pissed, but I also feel like s**t thinking about all the ways she could have misinterpreted my friendship as something more. There’s not much there, because I always kept that line firmly drawn between us, but there were signs of her becoming too dependent on me now that I’m looking back.

“I love you, though,” she whimpers, just as Parker and Carlos come into the bar, spotting us and making their way over.

“I’m sorry, Suzie, but you were never more than a friend to me. Now, you’re not even that. I can’t have someone toxic in my life who tries to purposefully hurt me.”

She looks shocked to see her brother for the first time in years, but at my final words she looks back at me, her face crumpling into a mask of despair as ugly sobs overtake her.

“I’d rather die than live without you,” she gasped in a broken voice.

My heart plummets at her words, my insides wrenching into a tight knot, the past that always haunted me coming forward and tearing at the seams of my reason.

F**k, no. Not again.

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 32

Hadley POV

Mark and I had an amazing evening out on his big boat, and I’m happy to say that we didn’t see a single shark, though we did see a few dolphins on our way back in. It was a truly magical date.

That is until Mark started singing this song he called ‘Boats and Hoes’, which, after beating him on the chest and giving him the cold shoulder in a huffy fit, he told me was from a movie called Stepbrothers, and not an insult towards me. He told me I had to watch it, because when all three of us went out together, at some point, he and Mitchel were going to be singing the song a lot, just out of habit from their little inside joke.

Mark and I were walking hand in hand in the resort after dropping his car off with the valet. It’s almost time. Time for his father to lift the bindings on his and Mitchel’s magic so they could finally claim me, or whatever it’s called. I want to be claimed. I want to be theirs, more than ever.

Mitchel won me over pretty much from day one, but now, so has Mark. I never thought I would tolerate any man, but here I am wanting nothing more than to belong to two. Two extremely handsome, extremely immature, and extremely

seductive men, who I now know are also extremely caring, extremely sensitive, and extremely in love with me. I'm extremely blessed. Extremely.

"Are you ready, sugar?" Mark asks, tugging on my hand in the elevator, pulling me to him to wrap his arms around me, holding me against him.

"Are you ready?" I smiled, "You and Mitchel are the ones who are going to be gaining superpowers. I'm just a bystander in all this."

"Superpowers?" He lifts a brow.

"What would you call it?"

"Uh, magic?" he chuckles, "Superpowers would be like flying and s**t like that."

"Are you telling me that you won't be able to fly? Man, that might be a deal breaker," I sighed dramatically, shaking my head.

"You were scared of getting on a boat, but you suddenly want to fly?"

I smiled brightly, nodding to him, "Boats make you confined, at the mercy of the seas and whatever is in it. Flying sounds....freeing."

"Hmm, maybe I should learn how to fly then."

"It would be a very attractive quality to have," I giggled.

"I have so many attractive qualities already," he smirks.

"Being humble is not one of them," I laughed, patting his cheek.

The Meyers suite is like a high-class apartment, elegant and vast, all except the giant pentagram outlined in the middle of the cleared out living room with a black sandy substance. The air is thick with the scent of herbs and incense, tickling my nose. Sage is burning at the corners of the pentagram, resting on ivory dishes.

Mitchel is already there, lounging on a chair pushed against the wall. He smiles when he sees us come in, but his smile doesn't reach his eyes, making me anxious for some reason. My heart pangs when he simply looks away from me, not showing much enthusiasm at our, well, my entrance. It's not my pride that hurts, but some part deep inside me, the part that usually buzzes

with electricity when one of them touches me. It feels like rejection. Like he's indifferent to my being here.

Is that normal for mates? Is it a werewolf thing, because I was out on a date with his brother?

"Everything okay, Mitch?" Mark asked, leading me around the pentagram to one of the other chairs available for seating against the wall.

"Fine," he looks up and smiles at him tightly, then turns his attention back to the floor, staring at the smoke rising from one of the sage bundles.

Maybe he's just nervous? That has to be it, right? I bite my lip, chewing the flesh while I study his profile, willing him to look at me and show some kind of emotion. The pain inside me is eating away at my insides, making me feel like I need to throw up.

I was about to ask him if something was wrong when his mom and dad walked into the room. Amanda followed behind, carrying a large basket with a tea towel covering its top.

"Good, you're all here," Micah said, clapping his hands in front of him. Micah Meyers looks a lot like Mark and Mitch. More like Mitch with his longer, rougher appearance and vibe, but his sharper facial features resemble Marks. He's very attractive for an older man, and I was almost gawking at his handsome appearance.

"Hadley, sweatie," Vivian came to sit beside me. "Thank you for coming! You can keep me company."

"Hi Mrs. Meyers. Thank you for allowing me to be here for this," I smiled at her.

"Call me Vivian, dear. You are family, not just an employee. No need to be so formal. After tonight you will be able to officially be my daughter-in-law."

My cheeks heat at what she is insinuating, and my eyes move between Mark and Mitchel. Mark is smirking at me, but when I look at Mitchel, he is grimacing, still staring at the ground.

I involuntarily clutched my stomach watching him, a whimper leaving my lips before I could stop it. It hurts. It physically hurts me to watch him treating me so coldly. Did I do something wrong?

“Are you okay, Hadley?” Vivian asked, Mark dropping to his knees in front of me, cupping my face, then looking at my stomach, searching for the source of the pain. I looked again at Mitchel, his eyes finally meeting mine. There is worry there, but also something else. Something sad and broken, like it’s painful for him to be looking at me right now.

“I, uh, must be feeling a little upset from the boat ride still. Can I use your bathroom?”

“Of course! First door on the left down the hall.”

“Do you need help, sugar?” Mark asked me as I stood on my feet.

I shook my head, “No, thank you. I’ll be right back.”

He rubs his thumbs over my cheeks, “Let me know if you need something. I think we have nausea medicine.”

“I’m fine,” I force a smile, then kiss his hand before dropping it from my face.

I don’t know what is wrong with the other brother, but it hurts too much to sit here and be ignored. That damn mate bond force inside me feels like it is eating its way out of my belly button, and I just want a moment to compose myself, suffering in solitude while I try to reason out what is going on with my other mate.

Mitch POV

A few hours prior.....

“So you poisoned Mitch because he skipped out on a date?” Carlos snarls at his sister in an interrogation room at the warrior center. The same interrogation room I pried the nails from Suzie’s fingers several years ago, the event that started this all. “Are you f*****g insane? Why would you poison someone for a reason like that?”

“That wasn’t why,” Suzie sniffles, her face a mess from all her hysterical crying.

“Then why? Why hurt someone who has always defended you?”

“He’s throwing me away for his mate. I thought,” she sniffles again, sucking snot back up her nose in a very unattractive way, “I thought if I restrained his wolf’s side he wouldn’t feel the mate bond and he would forget about her.”

“Suzie,” Carlos ran a hand down his face, exasperated with his sister.

Her words from earlier have been playing in my head over and over again. “I’d rather die than live without you.”

Was that another way to manipulate me, or was she being serious? Would she seriously kill herself if I chose my mate over her? Would she really do that to me? Am I really going to let her?”

“What!? I have no one, Carlos. f*****g no one, except for him, and he was about to dump me for some mate.”

“Dump you?” Parker asked, “I wasn’t aware you two were an item.”

“We aren’t,” I said darkly, “and we never were. I was never anything more than your friend. I don’t understand where this warped idea came from.”

“YOU! YOU, MITCH!” She screams, “You have been stringing me along for years, and now you want to throw me away? I won’t let you! I won’t let you leave me like everyone else did. I don’t want to be alone.”

“I don’t want to be with you though, Suzie. I never did,” I told her, desperate for her to actually hear me this time as I was explaining all this, “I was okay being your friend and that was it. I never wanted anything more or tried to give you that impression. If I did, I’m sorry, but I never wanted to be with you like that. I still don’t. I want my mate and no one else.”

She hisses, “If you choose her over me, I will make you regret it. I will not live without you. I would rather die.”

Carlos slaps her, making me cringe from the impact as her head snaps to the side. “I’m taking you to Lady Delilah. I don’t trust you to keep out of trouble this time and I’m not going to let you ruin any more lives.”

He drags her out of the room, Suzie, crying and pleading for me to save her the entire way down the hall to the transportation vehicle waiting out front; the one that brought her here.

“Don’t let this get to you, Mitch. I’m sure this isn’t the first time a psycho has latched on to you,” Parker says jokingly. I smiled tightly at him. No, this isn’t my first time dealing with this type of situation, and I know how things turned out the first time. Can I really live with myself if another woman kills herself because of me?

I left the warrior center after signing my statement with the guard on duty, waving bye to Parker in the parking lot.

What am I going to do now? All I ever wanted was my mate, and now that I have her, I ruined it by leading on another woman. I want Hadley, but can I truly be happy with her if Suzie kills herself over me choosing my mate?

Hadley also has my brother, not just me, but Suzie has nobody, just as she said. I was it. I was all she had. Hadley will be okay without me, but Suzie won’t. The question is, can I really live without my mate? Could I really live without Hadley now that I know how absolutely perfect she is for me; for us? Can I really give her up to save someone else?

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 33

Hadley POV

It took me a good 10 minutes to calm my racing heart and ease the stabbing pain in my abdomen. Mark came and checked on me at least 7 times, but Mitchel never came by. Not once.

I dragged myself out of the bathroom after washing my face, the cool water easing the claminess of my neck and hands. Everyone probably thought I was pooping, but I would rather they think that than know how much Mitchel’s cold behavior is hurting my bond with him. Everyone except Mark is so focused on setting up everything for the ritual that they haven’t noticed Mitchel ignoring me.

Mark noticed, though. I could tell by the way his eyes tightened when he looked over at his brother, leading me out of the hallway back to my seat. Mitchel didn’t spare us a glance. He actually got up and moved to stand next to Amanda, asking her if she needed help with anything.

“What happened?” Mark asked me.

“I don’t know,” I whispered, sitting back down in my chair.

Mark clenched his jaw, but didn’t say anything else about the matter. He just sat beside me, rubbing my arms and kissing my face over and over again until his mom came back from where she was standing next to Micah, helping him combine several ingredients in a stoneware cauldron. He needed her blood, and she was gripping a blood-soaked towel as the wound healed quickly due to her werewolf healing.

“Feeling better, Hadley?” Vivian asked me, patting my knee with her non-bleeding hand.

I nodded, offering her a small smile, “Yes, sorry. Nerves.”

“No worries, sweetie. The preparation for this took a few days since Micah needed a lot of power in his bank, but the actual ritual only takes a few minutes to unbind them. Once the bond is broken, you can have both your mates! Lucky you,” she giggles like a young girl, “I’m grateful you’re so accepting of having them both as your mates, Hadley. This is such an important thing for werewolves. The moon goddess who watches over our kind pairs us with the other half of our souls. If you hadn’t accepted them, it would have been like them losing half of themselves. I know they may be rough around the edges, but they are good boys. They will both love you entirely, and I can’t wait for more grandbabies,” she squeals.

My face heats at her words, and my eyes drift to Mitchel again. His back is turned to me as he leans over a table, studying a leather bound book lying open on its surface. His mom is not a quiet person. I know Mitchel heard her, but he was showing no reaction. That pang stabs behind my belly button again. If I’m the other half of his soul, why is he ignoring me? Why is he acting so cold right now?

Mark’s hand pressed against the side of my face, turning my attention toward him. He rests his forehead on mine. “It’s okay, sugar. I’m sure it’s not you. After this is over, we will figure out what’s wrong.”

I closed my eyes, his proximity and his hand resting against my skin relieving some of the pain I was feeling.

He spoke so low that only I heard him. His mom was now gushing about how cute we were being with each other. I blushed at her words, opening my eyes to see Amanda, Micah and Mitchel were looking at us too.

Micah and Amanda are smiling approvingly, but Mitchel looks indifferent once again, looking away when my eyes meet his. The pang comes back, and Mark growls softly, placing his hand over mine on my stomach.

He whispers and coos words of reassurance, and his hand on my stomach does help, but the pain is still faintly there. Mitchel. What the hell is wrong with you?

Mark POV

Mitch has been treating Hadley like s**t since we got here. I don't know what his problem is, but I'm not going to sit back and allow him to hurt our mate like he was. I don't know what the hell happened when he went out to meet that b***h who is practically his stalker, but if he is angry about something that happened with her, he doesn't need to take it out on our mate.

I can practically feel Hadley's pain from his cold behavior. It's hurting their bond, which is in turn hurting mine with her. I know she was hiding in the bathroom, not from an upset stomach like she claimed, but because she was trying to get control of her hurt bond. She is a human. She doesn't have an inner beast helping her to deal with the pain from a strained bond like we do.

Werewolves have a beast inside them that will feel like a tearing beneath the skin, itching to be released to avenge whatever is damaging your connection to your mate. That's why when your mate is intimate with another person, it feels like your wolf is tearing you from the inside out.

When Sabrina was trying to seduce my father while she was pregnant with Hadley, my mom felt it and it was tearing her up on the inside. Even if they weren't having s*x, Sabrina was trying to get my dad to so his power could increase and he could better protect her. Mom felt that in their incomplete bond. Dad confessed to us while he was poking and prodding at us that night after they explained everything about seers and gemini twins, that that was the main reason my mom was so harsh towards Sabrina. Her wolf was driving her to do more than kick her out to defend their bond.

Humans don't have a beast or wolf to help cope with the strains on a bond. She is feeling pain and has no way to deal with it other than suffering. I don't

know what Mitch's deal is, but I'm going to kick his f*****g a*s if he doesn't knock it the f**k off.

Dad motions for me to join him and my brother at the other side of the pentagram. I turn Hadley's face to mine, kissing her nose, cheeks, and then her forehead. "After this is over, we will figure out what's wrong. Don't stress, sugar. It will be okay."

She smiles hesitantly and nods, kissing my cheek.

When I'm around the pentagram, standing next to my brother, I growl at him too low for Amanda and our father to hear. "What the hell is your problem? You're hurting her right now."

He stares down at the ground, "After. I'll talk to her after this is over. Let's get through this first."

What the hell? "Did something happen with that vampire b***h?"

"Later," he growls.

No, not f*****g later. "If you continue to hurt her, I will kick your a*s, you d**k. Look at her. She is in pain because it feels like you're rejecting her."

Mitch looks over to where she is sitting, clutching onto her stomach, bent over in pain as our mom rubs her back, cooing to her and offering her tums and other human medicine to relieve a stomach ache. All of which won't help her if she is feeling pain because of her mate rejecting their bond.

Mitch's eyes soften, and I can see tears building in the corner of his eyes. "I don't deserve her," he mumbles.

"What?" I gasped, "Why? What happened?"

Mitch shook his head, looking down at the ground. Before I can demand an answer from him, dad tells us to kneel in the center of the pentagram, and to be careful not to touch the outline.

I sigh, then comply, tiptoeing my large body through the intricate lines, and Mitch does the same until we are in the center, then we both drop down to kneel in the center, facing one another.

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 34

Hadley POV

I watch as Micah's hands start to glow a brilliant green, Amanda setting the cauldron in them, then backing away to give him space while his hands warm the contents inside, the stone pot glowing and bubbling as it heats.

He starts chanting words I can not understand, most likely Latin from the familiarity of the words. His eyes glow entirely green, his hair lifting from invisible wind blowing it back as magic bleeds out of him.

Amanda goes to the opposite side of the pentagram, raising her hands and chanting along with him. Her hands and eyes glow a vibrant orange, like a dull flame. Micah raises the cauldron in the air at the same time as Amanda raises her hands. The cauldron floats from his hands, and electricity zapped from their extended fingers. Micah's green, Amanda's orange.

The cauldron, now floating directly above Mitchel and Mark, begins to shake violently, pulsing and vibrating as Micah and Amanda pour their power into it.

Mark and Mitchel both tilt their heads back, their eyes starting to glow slightly like their father's and Amanda's, only theirs are blue, like ice. The more the cauldron shakes, the brighter their eyes start to glow, until their pupils are no longer visible in the brilliant blue haze. Their faces are contorted, like they are straining to remain in place as they lift their hands slowly, in perfect coordination, until they are fully outstretched toward the floating cauldron above them.

A green smoke engulfs their entire bodies, drifting up in the air as their father's binding lifts from them, being replaced with a brilliant ice-blue glow.

Finally, the cauldron explodes, the contents racing toward the brother's glowing blue hands, the power filling them as they cry out from the impact. The entire room shudders as a wave of power radiates from them both, pushing out and being sucked back in like a mushroom cloud, making both of them fall from the impact.

Vivian and I are grasping each other's hands, curled into one another from the impact and intensity of their power. It radiates off of them in waves, their bodies continuing to glow blue, even after Micah and Amanda's magic fades and they return to normal.

“It is finished,” Micah stated breathlessly. “You both have the ability to harness limitless power, and share with each other. This will be both a blessing and a curse if you don’t learn to control yourselves. Now that it has been given back to you, you will need a steady flow of magic, but that shouldn’t be an issue now that you have a mate to help with that. A seer at that. You will both be meeting with me every morning for the next several months to learn to use your magic. I’ll give you a few days with your mate, then training begins.”

Mitchel and Mark are groaning in the now destroyed pentagram, rolling around in the gritty substance, bits of the destroyed cauldron lying around them.

“Here,” Micah helped Mark to his feet, gripping his shoulders until he was steady, then helped Mitchel get to his feet. Mark takes a water bottle from Amanda, gulping it down like he was dying of thirst, while Mitchel stares down at his hands, watching the blue glow recede inside him, then opening and closing his fists.

Mitchel looks over at me briefly, his glowing blue eyes fading into their normal stormy gray before he looks away, sending another pang through my abdomen.

Mark walked over to me after throwing the emptied water bottle over his shoulder, Amanda giving him a dirty look, picking it up off the ground, then handing a new water bottle to Mitchel.

Mark grabs hold of my hands, pulls me to my feet as I’m still struggling to manage the pain in my stomach, then grips my face with his large, warm hands. He brought his mouth down on mine so fast, I didn’t see it coming. His lips feel so amazing against mine, the pain inside me is soon forgotten as his mouth claims me, his tongue caressing my seam until I grant it access.

His tongue invades, dancing against my own, making me moan into his mouth. The sparks are so soothing and amazing. I’ve never felt anything like this before. He’s skilled, that much I can tell. The way he sucks my lips, tilts my face and directs it with his hand, his tongue flexing and relaxing against mine sends shivers down my spine, a different sensation building in my belly. A need greater than I felt any time before.

I need him. With the way Mitchel is treating me, I need Mark more than ever. I want him. I want him to claim me and alleviate the pain his brother is causing me, completely chasing it away.

“I’ve wanted to do that for days,” Mark whispers, his hands sliding down to my neck, looking deeply into my eyes. “Honey,” he chuckles, “You taste like you smell. Honey and lavender.”

My lips curved up at his words. I wrap my arms around his waist, resting my cheek on his shoulder as he holds me against him. My eyes met Mitchel’s, his face full of sorrow and longing, confusing me. Why has he been ignoring me all night just to look at me like I’m breaking his heart now?

“You guys are cute,” Vivian gushes, “Go on now. You three have business to take care of. Take tomorrow off, Hadley. The next day too. You will need it,” she chuckles, making me blush.

She shoos us out of the suite out into the hall, leaving the three of us alone in an awkward state. Mark has his arm firmly around my waist, but Mitchel is standing off to the side, looking everywhere but at us.

Mark releases me and walks over to his brother, grabbing the collar of his shirt and shoving him against the wall.

“What the hell is your problem!?”

I’ve been wanting to ask him that all night, but it hurts me to see Mark being aggressive toward his brother, my other mate. I reached for him, setting my hand on his back.

“Let’s all go somewhere else. Don’t do this in the hall outside your parent’s place.”

Mark relaxed slightly, pushing his brother and straightening out his body to lean away from him. He grabs my hand, pulling me to him. “My room. Now. You are going to tell us what is going on. You are f*****g hurting her by acting like a prick and it’s going to stop.”

Mitchel nods, but doesn’t say anything as he walks away, going down the hall on his own, making Mark growl at his cold behavior.

We followed behind until we came to a suite at the end of the hall, Mitchel pulling out a keycard from his wallet and letting himself in. He sits on the armchair in the living area, leaning back and closing his eyes like he was exhausted, and about to do something even more strenuous.

“What the f**k, Mitch? What the hell is your problem? If s**t went badly with Suzie, that doesn’t justify you treating our mate like s**t. Do you know how much pain she has been in all night because of the way you were treating her? Did you even realize she was clutching her stomach the entire time we were there? Do you just not give a f**k?” Mark started beating his brother down with question after question. Who is Suzie? Was he treating me like that because of another woman?

“You’re right,” Mitchel says softly, finally looking up at us, “This isn’t fair to you, Hadley. I’m not....” he stops talking, looking away like he is in pain for a moment. He takes a deep breath, then looks back at me, his eyes hardening, their stormy color solidifying like he has resolved himself to do whatever it was he was about to do.

“I, Mitchel Meyers, son to Vivian and Micah Meyers, reject you, Hadley Hart, as my mate.”

I stumble back as the impact of his words breaks something inside me; deep in that place that has been throbbing and sending me stabbing pains all night. I buckle over, pain radiating through my entire body. It’s like a hole is opening up inside of me. I clutched at my stomach for several minutes, my vision blurring with the pain.

When my vision returns, I see Mark straddling Mitchel, pounding into him, Mitchel not fighting back, taking blow after blow as Mark growls and snarls, cursing at him for what he just did.

I stumbled to my feet, walking over to them, resting my hand on Mark’s shoulder.

“You can reject me, Mitchel. That’s fine. I accept that. Just know, I’m rejecting you too. Don’t appear in front of me again because I’m not playing this game with you. You might need me, I don’t need you, not if you are going to treat my feelings and bond to you like trash. Go to Suzie or whatever her name is, and I hope she was worth it, because you just lost the woman who was supposed to be the other half of your f*****g soul for good.” I don’t know how, but I managed to say all that without crying or buckling over again, but I can’t hold myself upright much longer. I can’t withstand this pain much longer.

I walked toward the door I was hoping led to Mark’s bedroom, and thankfully it was. I close the door before I give into the pain radiating inside me, falling to Mark’s bed and curling in on myself, letting the heat building behind my eyes

overflow, my sobs wracking my entire body until I can hear my heartbeat in my head, my body weighed down with the grief of his rejection.

I don't need him. I don't want him.....but I know deep down that's not true. I do. I thought he loved me. I thought he was the brother I could always depend on; the one who would always love and cherish me. He proved me wrong, and I don't know if I can ever forgive him for that.

Mitch POV

The moment the words left my mouth, I knew I needed to take them back. I knew I needed to reverse the rejection, but before I could say anything, as I watched Hadley bent over, falling to the ground as she was clenching her small body in pain, Mark attacked me, punching me in the face.

He knocked me on my a*s, raining blow after blow, which I gladly accepted. I deserved it. I deserve this pain. I deserve his wrath for hurting our mate. I need to fix it. I need to take it back and do anything I can to fix this. I have to.

I let my fear of Suzie's threat overtake me all night, then watching as Hadley was hurting with my insecurities and internal struggles, debating all night if I should reject her to save Suzie, I made a rash decision, and I wanted nothing more than to take it back. f**k Suzie and her demented thinking. I'm letting her ruin my life and hurt my mate, which I swore I would never let happen. I need to fix this. I have to. I can't lose Hadley. I can't lose my mate now that I have finally found her.

Mark continued to punch my face, and I let him. He's knocking more and more sense in me with each blow.

Then, the blows stop. He stops punching me and Hadley's velvety voice, sounding raw with emotion, cuts through the pain I'm feeling. I can barely see her because of the state of my face and my swollen eyes, but her voice is filled with resolve.

It's too late. I can't fix this. She not only accepted, she said the words. She rejected me too. Maybe not formally like wolves are taught, but it does the job. The fragile tether that was barely holding us together breaks with her words, and I howl, a hole tearing inside me, my beast breaking from the impact of our missing bond. I lost her. I f****d everything up and now it's too late. She said she never wanted to see me again. She thinks I rejected her for Suzie, which I

did, but not for the reason she thinks. I can't fix this. I can't get her back. It's too late. It's too f*****g late.

My body is thrashing from the pain, and it takes me several minutes, hours, days, who f*****g knows to regain my senses enough to tell that I'm being moved. Mark is carrying me, tossing me onto my bed in my room.

"I don't know why you f*****g did it, and I don't give a s**t. You f****d up. You f****d up bad. When you heal, get your a*s out of here. I'm not going to have you hurting her more. You lost her, but she is still mine, and I'll be damned if I allow for you to f**k up her emotions and bond even more than you already did."

"I didn't mean to," I whimper like a kicked mutt. "I love her. I didn't mean to—"

"Didn't mean to break her like you did. f**k you. You said the words, Mitch. You rejected her. Now live with it."

I curl in on myself, tears pouring from my swollen eyes. What did I do? What the f**k did I just do?

I lost the woman that means more to me than anything else in the world. I f*****g lost my mate.

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 35

Hadley POV

My body feels heavy, like it is filled with lead, when I wake up the next morning in Mark's arms. I'm still in his bed, where I passed out crying in pain last night. I don't remember him joining me, but I'm so relieved he's still here. I don't think my body could handle another rejection right now, and I don't want to lose another mate. It feels like a part of me died last night, and Mark's arms wrapped around me right now are what's still holding me together.

My eyes are heavy, swollen from crying. Not just crying. I was ugly crying. Sobbing. I was a freaking mess. My hair feels like it's all knotted, stuck under my cheek, the one I'm currently lying on, and I feel disheveled, wearing the same outfit I was wearing last night.

"Are you awake, sugar?" Mark's husky voice groans sleepily next to my ear, his arms tightening around me.

“Yeah,” I croaked out, coughing to clear my throat, “What time is it?”

“Almost noon.”

I’ve been asleep for a long time. I can feel it in my bladder. I need to get up. When I try to slip out of Mark’s arms to get up, he pulls me tighter against him.

“Where are you going?”

I laughed softly, “Bathroom.”

“Oh,” he sighs, then lets me up. After I relieve myself, I wash my face, and use Mark’s toothbrush to brush my teeth. He had his tongue all over inside my mouth yesterday. I doubt he will mind me using his toothbrush.

My eyes are swollen and slightly blood-shot, but don’t look nearly as bad as they feel. My purple irises look a little dull, not as vibrant purple as they usually are, and my hair is a giant knot on the side of my head. I dug around inside Mark’s vanity drawers and eventually found a brush. I work the knots out of my hair, swirl it into a knot then fasten it with a hair tie I had on my wrist.

I wish I had extra clothes. My current ones feel gross and wrinkly. Maybe Mark has some sweats I can borrow.

When I came back out of the bathroom to the bedroom, Mark was sitting up in bed on the phone. “Room 709. Yes. Okay, thanks.”

“Who’s that?” I asked, going around the bed to his side.

“Room service. They’re sending up some lunch and coffee. I only have beer and cheezits here,” he tells me, making me laugh. “How are you feeling?” he asks after looking me over. I know he is asking about the whole rejection thing with Mitchel, but I don’t want to go there right now. I can’t. I don’t want to cry again or feel the pain that I felt last night.

“Wrinkly and gross. Do you have any clothes I can borrow?”

“Yeah, uh, let me see,” he slides out of bed, opening his drawers until he finds some sweats and a fitted tank top. “Wear this for now and I’ll be right back.”

“Where are you going?” I asked, taking the clothes from his hands.

“Mom’s. She will have something you can borrow for later.”

“What’s later?” I asked. I really just want to stay here all day and mope around in bed with him. I like the way it felt being in his arms.

He smirks, then kisses me, “It’s a surprise.”

The surprise turned out to be a trip to the beach. His mom loaned me a bikini which was far too revealing for a woman of her age, and a cover-up dress and sandals. The bottoms were practically a thong and were riding up my butt, making me feel self-conscious. Mark loved it, but also didn’t like the idea of anyone else seeing me in them. He stopped at a surf shop on the way to the beach and bought me some swim shorts to wear over the bottoms, making me feel much more comfortable.

He didn’t ask me again about Mitchel, and I didn’t bring him up. We were in a silent agreement to not mention what happened last night, which I was very thankful for. I don’t want to dwell on it. It hurts too much to even think about. Mitchel didn’t want me because of that Suzie girl.

I remembered who Suzie was now. She was the woman Mitch said he saved from getting in big trouble 7 years ago. He said that they were still friends, but I guess he meant they were more than friends. That’s who he was with last night while Mark and I were on our date. Mark went out with me and Mitchel was out with Suzie.

I guess he couldn’t give her up and decided to give me up instead. Good for him. I’m not going to hold him back. If he wants someone else, I don’t care what mystical bond we might have shared, he can have her. If I’m not worthy enough to him for him to leave her for me, then that’s his choice. He made his choice, and it wasn’t me.

Even if he didn’t choose me, I still hope that he finds his happiness. I still have enough of my feelings for him to want that for him, even if it’s not with me, I want him to be happy.

Mark pulls his car into a parking space, coming around to my side and opening my door, holding his hand out for me to grip and support myself as I climb out.

“Your surprise is a beach trip?” I asked him, adjusting my sunglasses to peak at him over the lenses.

He smirks, "Kind of. I thought I would take you flying today."

"Flying?" I repeated, looking around the beach. That's when I see a couple of jet skis on the beach, and I see a boat with a small blue platform a short distance out. "Parasailing?" I ask, a big smile spreading on my face.

He chuckles softly, "That depends on if you're too scared to get on the boat to go out there. There may be sharks."

"Good thing I got a big bad wolf to protect me," I'm practically jumping on my feet, I'm so excited.

The ride out was a little scary, but Mark talked the guy who owned the company into letting him drive me out with him on one jet ski, and his partner could ride on the other with him, taking our jet ski back when we got to the boat. I hugged Mark tightly, as tight as I could while wearing the lifevest as we rode out. The parasail had a double seat, allowing us to sit side-by-side while it was up in the air.

It was as exhilarating as I thought it would be. I really felt like I was flying while up in the air, and I wasn't scared at all with Mark there with me. We were up for almost an hour. I would have stayed all day in the air if I could, but I was getting wind-chapped and sunburned. Mark teasingly promised to lather me up with lotion when we got back to the resort. I just might let him.

"Did you have fun?" Mark asked, kissing my hand as he drove me to Amanda's house to pick up my belongings. I nodded, smiling fondly back at him.

He asked me to move into the resort with him while we were walking along the beach after our parasailing adventure. When I hesitated, he quickly let me know that Mitchel was moving to their pack house for werewolves and I wouldn't have to see him again until I was ready.

I want to be with Mark. I have come to trust him, and today, especially, he has really shown how much he cares for me. I feel loved, and I feel like I'm really starting to love him. Not just because of the mate bond, but because he feels like a part of me; a part of my soul.

When we got to Amanda's, he helped me to pack all my things into my bags, carrying them out to the car for me while I thanked Amanda for letting me stay with her as long as she has.

My nerves are eating away at me on the drive back. I've been thinking about it since we left the resort after eating lunch, and now I'm more sure than ever. I don't want to be without Mark. I couldn't after what happened last night with Mitchel. I want him to claim me tonight. I want to be tied to him permanently.

Once we get back to the resort, I'm going to ask Mark to mark and mate me.