

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 36

Mitch POV

I f****d up. I f****d everything up. I let my past influence my future and hurt my mate. I rejected her without truly contemplating the consequences until it was too late. She said she never wanted to see me again. She rejected me too. It's too late. I f****d everything up, and it's too late to fix it.

It took me nearly 24 hours to fully heal from the damage my brother did to my face. 24 hours of being in agony over my broken bond with my mate. The bond I broke. Now, I'm numb with the reality of the situation I put myself in. I can't live without my mate. I couldn't survive without Hadley. It will kill me if I try. I can't spend the rest of my life watching my brother live a happy life with her, and I'm forever without the greatest gift I so stupidly threw away.

I love her. I love her so much. I have to fix this.

Groaning, I pull my sorry a*s out of bed, my muscles locked and aching from the spasms and exertion of the broken mate bond. Not just sore from the mate bond breaking, but the buzzing and flexing of the magic that now resides in me. The constant pulsing in my muscles makes them sore and throb with unfamiliar power.

There is something more there. Some undercurrent of energy beneath all my other senses, almost like the pull of the mate bond, only instead of pulling me to Hadley, I feel it connecting me to my brother. I can feel the energy flowing between us, flaring inside me, intensifying, then flowing back to him in an endless loop.

Laying dormant while my body healed and the agony wracked my heart and soul made the new energy of magic inside me settle awkwardly in my muscles. I flex my entire body, trying to rid it of the pins and needles sensation the settled magical power is giving me.

It's just after sunset. I've been in bed for an entire day. I should feel hungry, thirsty, and so many other things, but all I feel is a heart-wrenching numbness as I mechanically move around my suite, pissing, showering, brushing my teeth, and getting dressed. I don't bother looking in the mirror. I don't want to see the bastard staring back at me.

I'm holding on to my numbness, because I know the second I give in to my agony again, my beast inside me will go postal. I will turn f*****g carnal with rage and I have no one to blame but myself. Well, I can think of one other person....

After getting dressed and downing a full glass of bourbon, I made my way down to the lobby, one goal in mind.

Stepping out into the balmy night air, I take a deep breath, steadying my nerves for what I'm about to do. I don't wait for the valet to bring me my Tesla. I've been drinking, and my muscles are still buzzing and pulsing, which makes me feel like I would be a hazard behind the wheel right now.

A row of taxis is usually lined up down the street for club hoppers and bar patrons so they don't drink and drink. It's still early in the night, but to my luck, there are a few lined against the curb already.

I slipped into the one at the front of the line, giving him the address to Lady Delilah's court. There is only one way to fix this. I need to be rid of Suzie for good. No remorse. No third, fourth chances. She needs to be cut out of my life, then I need to beg on my f*****g knees for Hadley to hear me out; for her to forgive me.

Delilah's court comes alive this time of night. Civilized vampires do not need to hide from the sun, but they are more comfortable in the twilight, and that's when Lady Delilah's court is at its busiest.

I tossed a couple of twenties at the driver, nodded to the sires guarding the entrance to the court, and entered through the double doors. I'm a man on a mission. The receptionist, a different one, thank the goddess, calls back to see if Delilah is available to talk to me, then waves me on my way.

I was here just a few days ago with Matt, and everything seemed to be going well. I was excited about my future with my mate. Just two days later, everything was f****d.

I knocked on the door, waiting to hear Delilah's usual greeting to come in. To my surprise, Carlos is the one who opens the door, just as surprised to see me as I am to see him.

"What are you doing here?" he asks. He had tears in his eyes.

Lady Delilah, with one of her female sires, is sitting at a table at the side of the room, papers neatly lying across from them. Delilah looks at me in question, tilts her head like she's studying my aura, reading my thoughts, whatever vampire voodoo she does to assess a person, then understanding and sympathy settle on her regal features.

"I need to speak to the lady," I told Carlos, "What are you doing here? Are you okay?"

He nods, "Yeah. Sorry, I thought you were Trevor when her receptionist called and said a wolf was here to see her. He's on his way to meet me here."

"What's going on?"

Carlos looks up at the ceiling, his glassy eyes spilling over before he shuts them tightly, cutting off the flow of tears. "It's time. She's too much of a risk to our kind. All of us. We are going over her last will and testament, then I'm fully releasing her to Lady Delilah's justice."

My eyes widened in surprise. I came here to ask Lady Delilah for that very thing, but I'm surprised her brother agreed to it. "Wha-....How....?" I have trouble forming words, asking why he's doing this himself.

"She bit me," Carlos told me, pulling at the sleeve of his dress shirt to show me the ugly bite mark, "She bit me, and consumed my blood during the process, screaming like a mad woman. She will turn rogue now. Our lineage isn't strong enough to fight off the infection for long. She lunged for Trevor and I blocked her. If I hadn't, she would have poisoned my mate with her venom. When she bit into me instead, she latched on and drank my blood. She ended her own life when she made that choice. I won't have my sister hurt anyone else."

I gripped his shoulder, "I'm sorry you had to let go of her like this."

"Me too," he took a shuddering breath.

Delilah was watching our conversation, wisdom and understanding in her youthful, but ancient eyes.

"While you wait for your mate, Carlos, allow me to escort Mitch to say his final goodbyes to your sister. He deserves closure as well. You have said your good-byes. Now it is his turn."

Carlos nodded, wiping the tears from his eyes.

Lady Delilah has me follow her out of a door in the back of the room that leads down to the basement where she holds her prisoners. Her male sires are standing guard every few feet. This is where the worst of the worst of her kind are kept. I see a few cells besides Suzie's are occupied by rogue vampires, and another that appears to have a siren, also known as a mermaid but in their land-dwelling form. Vampires and sirens are similar in the way they can manipulate emotions and their need to feed on vitality through blood. They are fairies, but bound to the sea by an ancient curse. I wonder what the mermaid did to end up down here.

"She fed on a vampiric child at the cove the young people often visit." Lady Delilah answers my unspoken question. "The child was only 15. She drained him to the point he almost died. Queen Aisling had the fae guards hand her over to me. We are awaiting the young boy's parents to make a decision on what they wish to have done with her.

"You have seen what mercy given without repentance can turn into. When someone is inherently evil or their soul is corrupt, oftentimes they are too lost to save. Death can be a greater mercy than a second, or even third chance at life. It is no one's fault but the person who made the bad choice. Every choice you make has a consequence, and beings like her oftentimes don't understand that or know how to grow from the consequences of their actions."

I know what she is indirectly trying to tell me. Suzie is inherently evil. To her core. There is no saving her now. She will have to face the consequences of her actions. She never grew or learned from them the last time. Now that she is infected and going rogue, there is no other path for her to take but death.

"Why did you allow me to stop you from killing her 7 years ago?" I asked.

"My child, I did that for your sake, not hers. I could see the demons plaguing you. If I killed her then, it would hurt you more than anyone else. You, young one, have grown and learned from your mistakes. Now, you will have to implement what you learned."

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 37

Suzie is in the last cell in the basement, hiding in the shadows away from the fluorescent lighting in the hallway. Her hair seemed to be falling out in clumps.

Her balding head is clutched in her hands as she rocks her body back and forth in a tight ball, muttering nonsense to herself.

She doesn't look up at our approach, but she does stop rocking, a hiss leaves her as she clutches her head more tightly.

"Susan, I believe you owe this man some closure. Come," Lady Delilah commanded her, forcing Suzie to look up and comply. She is pledged to the Lady still. She can not go against her order.

When Suzie's haunted red eyes landed on me, a sickening smile spread on her pale, almost translucent face. I can see the infected veins beginning to protrude under her flesh, making her look demented.

"You came! You came. I knew you would. You came to save me. You always save me. I knew it. They said no, but I knew. I knew you would save me. You love me, so you always save me."

Suzie's voice sounds raw and gravelly, like she was hoarse from screaming and crying too much, which I'm sure is the case. A rogue vampire doesn't have healing abilities like a healthy vampire. She probably can't recover from the fit she threw when being put down here.

I growl at her as she presses herself against the silver bars. She ignores the sizzle of her burning flesh at the contact as she reaches for me. I'm just out of reach. I don't want her to touch me. If she does, I'll end up killing her myself.

"I came to condemn you, not save you, you demented b***h. I allowed you to f**k up my life enough. I'm not going to save you. I want you gone. You may have said you were going to kill yourself if I wasn't with you, and nothing would please me more than you not breathing any longer."

"YOU'RE LYING!" she screams, "YOU LOVE ME! YOU HAVE TO! YOU HAVE TO SAVE ME! YOU'RE JUST," she takes a shuddering breath, "You're just confused because of your mate. If it weren't for her-"

"I rejected my mate because of you. I rejected the one person I loved above anything else because I thought I didn't deserve someone like her with you haunting me, and with my dirty past. I rejected Hadley, and I still hate you," I sneered.

“You rejected her?” Suzie asks, then throws her head back, laughing like a madwoman, “You rejected her for me? You do love me. See. You rejected her for me. To be with me.”

She is seriously crazy. Absolutely insane. “I rejected her because of a lapse of judgment, thinking you would kill yourself if I didn’t. I still love her without the mate bond, and I still hate you.”

She looks at me confused for a moment, “Kill myself? Why would I kill myself? I can’t be with you if I kill myself.”

“You said you wouldn’t live without me. That you would rather die,” I growled. She’s so crazy she can’t even remember her own words, or listen to what I’m saying. It’s going in one f*****g ear then back out the other. “You basically said if I was with her that you would kill yourself. Because of that, I rejected my mate, not wanting your blood on my hands too. Now, I want nothing more than to rip you apart, piece by piece.”

Suzie’s haunted eyes stare at me, blinking awkwardly as she thinks about my words. Then, she started laughing once again, like a damn hyena in the wild. The sound hurts my ears as I resist the urge to cringe and cover them.

“I was never going to kill myself. That would be silly. I can’t be with you if I’m dead. I was going to kill her. But you rejected her for me. You rejected your mate for me. You do love me. You love me. You rejected her. You rejected her,” she starts mumbling and muttering over and over again, her insanity consuming her.

“If you wish to be the one to kill her, Mitchel, you may. Make it quick for her brother’s sake, but she can die at your hands if that is what it will take for you to find peace.”

I flex my hands at my side, thinking about what I really want. What I need.

I needed to be the one to kill her. I saved her 7 years ago, it’s only fitting that it’s by my hands she dies. I took responsibility for her, and this will fulfill the last of my obligations. She needs to die by my hands. That is the only way to soothe my beast. This is how I start making amends to my mate who I hurt deeply because of this madwoman.

My magic settled in my muscles was starting to buzz with my resolve. It flows through me like a live wire; a current of power begging to be released. My hands started to heat, glowing an icy blue.

The power is pulsing in my veins, flowing into my brain, whispering to me somehow, telling me what I need to do. It shows me how to do what I want to do; rip the heart from Suzie's body without touching her, without her blood actually touching my skin. I want to make her heart explode in her chest, blasting it to a million pieces internally, so Carlos has a whole body to bury later, and not her torn into pieces.

The power is whispering, telling me how to do that. It's telling me how to direct it and move it, what words to say to expel it from my body into hers to wreak its havoc.

I place my hands together, creating a ball of blue energy, growing as I mutter the words the whispers are telling me to repeat. Suzie stops laughing, staring at the ball of energy in my hands with horror-filled eyes. She goes to speak, but before she can, I release it. I released the ball, pushing it towards her, the icy blue orbs colliding with her chest, making her fall with the impact.

My magic expelled can still be felt in my veins. I feel it collide with her heart, expanding at its center, solidifying to cause her heart to explode inside her chest. I feel it the moment her life leaves her, because her vitality is siphoned back into my power, fueling my magic and making me stronger.

I killed her. I used my magic and I killed her. Suzie is dead. I took responsibility for her until the end. I saved her 7 years ago, and now I'm the one that redeemed her sins with her own life. Her life is over, and I will use her vitality to protect my mate. My mate who I wronged. I will right that wrong, and never let anything come between me and Hadley again.

"Thank you, my lady," I told Delilah, panting as my magic and power returned to me, settling in my core; in my bones and muscles.

"You are very welcome, young one. Thank you for not making a mess," she smirks. "Now go apologize and explain things to your mate."

I nodded, about to turn to walk out, when she stopped me.

"Oh, and Mitchel?"

I looked back at her.

“You’re fired,” she smirks, “I believe it’s time for you to devote yourself to your family and loved ones. If you are ever in need, though, I will always be here to aid you and your family in any way I can. Thank you for your devotion over the last 7 years. I’ll be sure to leave you with a rewarding severance package.”

I bowed my head, smiling for the first time since before the s**t happened with Suzie at the bar yesterday. “Thank you, my lady.”

“You are very welcome.”

Now, it’s time for me to get back my mate.

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 38

Hadley POV

Mark is helping unpack all my belongings into the dresser in his bedroom. He just took out all his stuff from it, even though I told him he didn’t have to. He stuffed all his pants, socks and underwear into the chest of drawers on the other side of the room and hung up all his shirts in the closet.

The man has way more clothes than me. I don’t know how all our stuff is going to fit.

“I’ll talk to mom about getting a bigger suite,” Mark reassures me as I eye the rest of my belongings still in my bags and the limited space left in the closet.

“I can just stay with Amanda until then if this is too much of a hassle.”

“What? No, you’re staying here,” he tells me firmly, “It’s not a hassle. We can stop unpacking and I’ll talk to her about moving in the morning. I got you here with me, I want you to stay.”

I smile shyly at him. He has been so sweet all day. I had my reservations at first, but now I’m positive that Mark is a vital part of me. He doesn’t just need me, I need him. I’m half of his soul, and he’s a third of mine. There is still that missing piece though....

Mark did a good job keeping my mind off Mitchel all day, but it still hurts. That part of me that shattered last night when he rejected me is still throbbing softly in my core, like a vital part of my internal anatomy is missing.

Whenever there was a moment to think, my mind would wander to Mitchel. Where was he? What was he doing? Who was he with?.....Did he regret it? Does he miss me right now, just like I am undeniably missing him?

I miss him. I miss having that connection with him. I hope whoever that Suzie girl is, she realizes how lucky she is to have him in her life. He chose her over me, and now I'll have to live with that, and try my hardest to be happy for him. Even if we are no longer connected by the mate bond, we will still be family after Mark claims me.

I still hadn't told Mark that I was ready. When we first got back to the resort, he ordered us room service for dinner, then we started on the task of unpacking and finding a place for all my stuff. I want to tell him, but the timing hasn't felt right. It's like something is holding me back, but I don't know what.

"I think this is as good as it's going to be for now, sugar. It won't be for long. I'll move our stuff tomorrow to a bigger suite since you insist on going back to work."

I giggled at his sullen, pouty face, "I told you, I have to work. I don't mind living with you, but I don't want to be dependent on you."

"I know," he sighs, then looks up at me through his lashes and smirks, "You're my sugar mama."

"Okay, stop," I laughed, not wanting to do this whole spiel with him again.

"Stop what?" he smirks, strutting toward me.

"You need to quit adding the mama to it, or I'm not letting you call me any nicknames at all."

"You can call me daddy if you want."

"You are not my daddy," I giggled. "That's cringy. I hate when girls call guys daddy."

"Me too, actually," he shudders, "Girls with daddy issues aren't my thing."

“Oh really,” I lifted my brow, “What is your thing, then?”

He smiles sheepishly, “You. You’re my thing. My one and only thing.”

“Mmhmm,” I crossed my arms, narrowing my eyes at him.

“I’m serious,” he rubs his hands down my arms, resting his forehead on mine.

I’m about to continue giving him a hard time, but someone starts knocking on the door. Mark sighs, kisses my forehead, then heads out to answer it. I go back to my bag on the bed, zipping it so I can put it away when growling startles me, making me drop the bag back down on the bed.

“What the f**k are you doing here?” Mark snarls. I rushed out of the bedroom to see what the problem was. Mark sounds homicidal right now.

Mitchel was standing in the doorway, looking solemn and ragged. His hair is a mess, standing up at weird angles, and his eyes are bloodshot and red-rimmed, much like mine looked this morning. Seeing him like this breaks my heart, but I no longer feel that pull towards him. He ruined that. Now, it’s just sympathy I’m feeling, not his sorrow from my connection to him. That’s no longer there.

“I need to talk with Hadley,” he stated in a broken voice.

“The f**k you do! I told you to leave the resort, Mitch. You ruined your own f*****g bond, you’re not going to ruin mine.”

“I don’t want to ruin anything for either one of you. I just want to apologize and explain,” Mitchel begged his brother.

“Explain what?” I asked, drawing both of their attention to me. Mitchel’s eyes widened, shame coating his every feature. The storm in his gray eyes was raging with emotions. “Explain why you threw me away for another girl? I don’t want to hear excuses. You made your choice, Mitchel.”

“I didn’t choose another girl over you!” Mitchel practically yells, “I didn’t. I thought I didn’t deserve to be with you, Hadley. I didn’t reject you for anyone else. I couldn’t. I could never love anyone more than I love you.”

His words hurt to hear, and I don’t know if I truly believe him. “What about Suzie? Did you not reject me because of her? To be with her?”

Mark is blocking most of Mitchel's and my view of each other, standing between the two of us. Mitchel tries to come around his brother to approach me, but Mark pushes him back, growling at him.

I sighed, walking over and grabbing Mark's hand, pulling him toward me so Mitchel could enter the suite. Everyone staying on this floor doesn't need to listen to us arguing like this.

"Come in before guests start poking their heads out to see what's happening," I tell him, keeping hold of Mark's hand so he behaves while his brother comes in, hesitating before he takes a seat on the couch.

I closed the door, then let Mark lead me to the armchair. He sits, pulling me into his lap, burying his nose against my nape, into my hair, inhaling deeply over and over again like he is trying to calm himself.

Mitchel is watching us, longing written all over his face. He used to feel like the brother I was closest with, but now things are different. I've come to fully accept Mark, and Mitch and I share nothing but a broken bond. I can still feel the throbbing in my belly. I miss it. I miss the feeling of the bond and the pull I had towards him, but he hurt me by rejecting me. I don't ever want to feel that pain again.

"You wanted to talk, so talk," I told him firmly. His face falls at my harshness, and I feel a pang of guilt, but not enough to soften my words or apologize.

He runs his hand through his messy hair, musing and messing it up even more. "I met Suzie yesterday, but not for the reason you think," he starts by saying, shrinking slightly as my eyes tighten at the mention of her name. "I promise. I went there to tell her to back off. I never messed with her. I only tried to help her and be her friend because she had no one else.

"When I met her, she tried to poison me. She mixed wolfsbane with my drink. We fought pretty badly, made a big scene, and her brother and our alpha ended up having to come down to arrest her. She yelled at me that she would rather die than be without me, and because of what happened in my past, it triggered me. It triggered me f*****g bad."

Mitch closes his eyes, resting his head in his hands while he tries to collect himself. Mark has his arms wrapped tightly around me, or else I would likely go to him right now. He looks so utterly and completely broken.

"I thought she meant she was going to kill herself. I thought that she was going to end her own life because of me. I was so f****d up. I hate her, but didn't want to be the reason someone else killed themselves. I didn't know what to do. All I could think about was you, and how I was probably going to end up driving you into depression too. I didn't think I was good for you, and you would be better with just Mark. You deserve more than a guy that still has crazy women stalking him, threatening me with their life, and I didn't think I could be the man you needed me to be if she did end up killing herself. She had no one but me, and that guilt would have eaten away at me."

"Then why are you here now?" Mark asked in a hard voice, "If you are so worried about Suzie, why come here and say all this now?"

"She's dead," Mitchel says, making me gasp. I covered my mouth with my hand, stunned that what Mitchel feared most came true and he had to deal with it on his own.

"She killed herself?" Mark asks, gripping me tighter, like he is trying to protect and comfort me. Mitchel is the one that needs to be comforted right now, not me. I want to go to him, but Mark is holding me back.

"I killed her," Mitchel said, making both Mark and myself freeze, staring at him like he had just grown a third head. "I couldn't take it. Life without you isn't a life at all. I went to Lady Delilah to ask her to rid me of Suzie for good so she could no longer threaten me or anyone I loved, but it turned out she was already on death row. She fed off her brother when he was defending his mate from her attack, and she was already halfway rogue. Delilah let me kill her after she confessed she was never going to kill herself. Her goal was to kill you, Hadley. I had to kill her."

"Oh, Mitchel," I can't imagine what he has been through. I can't imagine having to kill someone you once protected to protect someone else. He may not have loved Suzie, but he cared for her for 7 years. He killed her to protect me.

It doesn't change the fact that he rejected me though. "You still rejected me, Mitchel. It hurt. That was the most excruciating pain I have ever experienced in my life."

"I know, Hadley. I know. Words could never express how sorry I am. I wanted to take it back the second I did it, but then you accepted and I lost all reason. I don't deserve your forgiveness, but if you give me a second chance, I'll spend

the rest of my life making up for f*****g things up so badly. I just want you back, Hadley. I want our bond back.”

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 39

Mark POV

“I want our bond back.”

Mitch’s words resonate inside me. Just a few days ago, I was desperate to win favor with our mate. He may have rejected her, but with his past trauma, I can understand why the i***t did what he did. He can be irrational when triggered, and I can see why the confrontation with Suzie would trigger him.

It’s entirely up to Hadley, but I hope she gives him another chance. I can feel in her that she wants to. She still cares for him. She tried to hide it, but I could tell throughout the day that her thoughts were drifting off, thinking about him.

Mitch and I will always share a connection. I can feel it through the magic that now resides in me. Mitch and I are connected in a way that is much like the mate bond. I can feel the current of power flowing between us. If I focus on the sensation, I can almost control it, giving him more energy, or taking energy from him to fuel the magic resting inside my core.

I thought I felt a pull from him earlier, and then a wave of more power. I guess I did really feel it after hearing what happened to him tonight and what he did. He was taking it from me to kill that b***h. Good. That’s what our magic is for. To defend and protect our mate.

The kisses I shared with Hadley all day increased my magic, like dad said it would, but I didn’t realize how much of a rush it would be each and every time. The magic that I felt running through me after the bonds were broken doesn’t compare to the magical rush I get every time my lips meet hers. When we finally do mate, and truly become one, I can only imagine how intense it will be.

Mitch doesn’t know the feel of her lips yet, and I do. I’ve had Hadley to myself for the last 24 hours. If she is willing, I think it’s time to share her with her other mate.

“Sugar, I know you still want him. You’ve been doing a good job hiding it and denying it, but I can tell you miss his bond too. He’s part of your soul, just like

you are half of ours. You don't have to forgive him right away. I know how badly it hurt you, but I do think you should at least consider letting him mark you so you can repair the bond."

Mitch seemed surprised for a second, and tears started to fill his eyes. "Thank you," he mind linked me, then turned his attention back to Hadley, who was chewing her bottom lip, thinking deeply about what to do.

"I do miss the bond," she admits, "but it hurt, Mitchel. It still hurts. It's like a piece of me broke away inside, the shards of the impact still stabbing in the center of my belly. I don't want to go through that pain again. I can't."

"You won't, Hadley. You won't. I promise. I will do whatever I have to to get you to forgive me and to repair the damage I caused. I just want the opportunity to be your mate again."

Her teeth graze over that bottom lip, and I want nothing more than to bite it myself. The way Mitch is watching the movement of her mouth, I can tell he wants to as well. Their bond may be broken, but that doesn't make her any less enticing.

"Does marking me mean biting me?" she asks. This is what she was most nervous about. I didn't have a chance to talk to my brother about doing something to show her ownership over us, on account of him being an a*****e last night, but I have an idea I want to run by him later, that will hopefully make Hadley feel more secure in the mate bond after the marking.

"It does, but it won't hurt," Mitch reassures her, just like I told her last night.

Hadley nods, then looks at me, "I was going to tell you tonight that I wanted to complete the bond. I wanted you to mark and mate me. Something kept holding me back, though. Do you think that this is why?"

I shrugged, a smile growing on my face hearing her confession. She wants to mate me. That makes me so happy to hear. "Maybe because we are both your mates, we are supposed to mate and mark you together."

It may be a Gemini twin thing. We are both tied to each other and her. We are meant to share power and magic, which means we are meant to share Hadley. She is the vital connection between us. We both need her.

Hadley turns in my lap, and I loosen my arms around her waist, watching her as she looks at him, the wheels turning inside her pretty little head. She wants him. I can feel it. She is just scared of being hurt again.

I kissed her shoulder, then stood, holding her in my arms, Hadley startling in surprise at the sudden movement and gripping my shoulders for support. I sat down on the couch beside my brother, Mitch watching us, wondering what it was I was doing.

“You want him, sugar. I know you do. It doesn’t have to be complicated. You own us. Both of us. We are yours. Once he marks you, and once I mark you, it’s game over for both of us. You will hold all the power over the two of us. That will permanently seal both our fates to you.”

She scrunches up her adorable face in confusion, “I thought it was the other way around?”

“You are not a wolf, Hadley,” Mitch tells her, “You will feel that bond, but not the animalistic desires behind it. You will be our reason for everything in life. Our lives will be entirely at your mercy.”

“And I just have to let you both bite me?”

“Mark you, yes,” I smiled, kissing the spot on her neck I hope will very soon hold my mark.

“That’s it?” she tilts her face, looking back and forth between us hesitantly.

“Well, the bond solidifies after we mate you. After having s*x,” Mitch tells her, his hands flexing in his lap, itching to touch her the way I am right now.

Hadley’s cheeks showed a delicious blush, and her thighs tightened slightly in my lap. I can faintly smell her arousal. It’s intoxicating. Like her honey and lavender scent, only sharper. I know Mitch can smell it too. His nostrils are flaring and his entire body is flexing with the urge to touch her.

“Can Mitch mark you, sugar?” I asked, kissing her neck, using my bond with her and the sparks and tingles to make this easier for her to give into. She wants it. She admitted it herself. She is just scared of the unknown.

She nods, a shiver moving down her body, making my d**k twitch in my pants. She turns to look at Mitch, longing and lust in her eyes. I kissed her neck one

final time, then passed her to him. He eagerly takes her into his lap, burying his face into her silky hair as a strangled whimper leaves him.

“Thank you,” he sobs, “Thank you, Hadley. I’ll make sure you never regret this. I love you. I love you so much.”

His emotion is raw, desperate, and the relief of her giving in to her desires, his desires, and accepting him again has him crying on her shoulder from the impact of her acceptance.

She traces her fingers across the stubble on his face, then pulls him away from her shoulder, tears filling her own eyes as she stares back at his crying face. “Don’t hurt me again.”

“Never,” he rasped, returning the smile that was now playing on her lips before leaning forward, pulling her closer so their lips finally touched.

Because of the broken bond between them, there is a faint stabbing pain in my chest which I ignore, knowing soon it will be gone. The power flowing into me from my connection with my brother as his mouth moves against hers numbs the pain, soothing it and filling me with peace and contentment.

I give them a moment, knowing they need a few minutes to bond before we both mark her, but the urge starts to become overwhelming. I need to mark her. I need to claim my mate.

I shift on the couch, kneeling behind her as she deeply kisses my brother, brushing the hair from her shoulder, peppering kisses along her nape and making her gasp. Mitch opens his eyes, watching me. Understanding passes between us, he nods slightly, signaling he’s ready. Ready to claim her with me.

He kissed her jaw, Hadley threw her head back, giving into the sparks from my lips and the pleasure from his. She’s ready.

I massage her soft flesh with my tongue, my canines slipping out, skimming against her skin, making her whimper. I feel it when the time is right. Mitch is there with me, as ready as I am, ready at the other side of her slim neck.

She cries out as both our teeth sink into her, not in pain, but from the pleasure our venom brings her as our DNA spreads into her bloodstream, solidifying our bond and tying her fully to us. I can feel it in my soul, it is now whole and

complete, my heart swelling and shivers wracking my body as the tether to her snaps into place.

Not just my tie to her, but my gemini bond with my brother pulses, power passing and flowing between us as we siphon magic from our mate, the magic flowing between us, growing more and more with each circuit. It's euphoric, a rushing wave of pleasure, like an intense high.

I release my teeth from my mate's beautiful neck, licking away her blood from my mark, my tongue buzzing from the vitality in it.

Hadey is gyrating her hips against Mitch, his hands gripping her to slow her movements as he licks his mark on her other shoulder clean.

I turned her face to me, my lips hungrily devouring hers, swallowing her moans and whimpers. She wants us, and I sure as hell want her.

"Do you want us, sugar? Do you want us to complete the bond?"

"Yes!" she begs, still delirious from us marking her, "I want you. Both of you. Now."

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 40

Hadley POV

Fearing them marking me seems so silly now. It was amazing. The greatest pleasure I have ever experienced. My heart is still racing, my s*x throbbing, and my mind racing from the feeling of complete euphoria as their teeth sank into my skin. The sparks and tingles intensified to the extreme, the sensation making my entire body come alive and my desire flared.

My hips were moving against Mitchel all on their own, the sensation of his hard bulge rubbing against my aching center as the friction built between us kept my mind in a fog. When Mark's heated chest pressed against my back, I wanted nothing more than for both of them to take me. Claim me. Dominate me in every way possible.

It's all too much, and nowhere near enough. I want them inside me. I have no fear. No reservations. Just this unbelievably strong and powerful desire to make love to them.

Mitchel lifts my shirt off me, tossing it to the ground as Mark's hands start to massage and knead my breasts over my bra, making my back arch into him, pushing my chest into his hands, seeking more. I want the bra gone. I want to feel his hands on me directly.

Like he can read my thoughts, Mitchel unhooked my bra, pulling it down my arms, ridding me of the irritating fabric. Mark's hands directly on my breasts made me cry out, Mitchel soon silencing my mouth with his own, his hands gripping my hips, grinding me against him. Mark's fingers are skillfully pinching and kneading my n****s, his mouth sucking on his mark on my neck, Mitchel swallowing each and every one of my cries and groans.

This is amazing. Mind-blowing, and we aren't even having s*x yet. I want it. I need it. I need to feel them inside me. My v****a is pulsing and leaking with need. Need for both of them. I don't know how this is going to work, but I can't wait to find out.

I pull at Mitchel's shirt, wanting it off, needing to feel closer to him. When he leans back to pull it over his head, I reach back, pushing Mark's shirt up too. He obeys, his bare chest pressing against my back, making me shiver from the sparks.

"Take her to my bed," Mark told his brother. Mitch groans, lifting me by my a*s as Mark's heated back and hands leave my body. Mitchel kisses me deeply, carrying me into the bedroom and laying me gently on the bed.

He kisses down my front, spending extra time on my n****s, tasting them, sucking them, making me cry out his name as the feeling shoots to my aching s*x. His lips continue their assault down my body when I feel the bed dip beside me. Mark is now completely naked, his perfect body flexing and taunting as his hand works up and down his impressive length, watching as Mitchel worships my body, causing me to shiver and moan with desire.

Mark's gray eyes were dancing and darkening with lust. I reached for him, needing his touch too. He growls deeply, his mouth crashing into mine, his tongue invading, dominating. My hand finds its way to his d**k, mimicking the way I saw him pleasuring himself just seconds before. He groans as my hand tightens around him.

I thought it would be hard to the touch, but the skin is velvety smooth wrapped around the hard, long muscle.

Mitchel's mouth is pressed against my inner thigh, nipping and biting, making my legs shake at the tingling sensation.

His hot breath reaches my leaking core, I wiggle in his grip, desperate for whatever he's about to do to me. When his tongue flattens and sweeps up against my folds, my entire body shudders, I cry out, then whimper when his mouth latches on to my bundle of nerves, sucking it gently.

Mark chuckled, turning his head to watch.

"Do it again. She loves it."

Mitchel's breath fans my sensitive skin as he laughs, his tongue diving inside me, flexing inside my tight tunnel, nose pressed up and rubbing furiously against my clit when he shakes his head violently. My legs jerk, muscles spasming, unable to handle the intense feelings shooting through my core. Mark moaned in my ear, locking his elbow under my knee to keep my legs open for Mitchel's assault. His hand is kneading my breast, and my body doesn't know how to process so much pleasure at once.

Mitchel slips a finger inside me, pumping it in and out, my juices making a wet sound with each thrust. His mouth is latched onto my nerves, sucking and flicking it with his tongue when he adds a second finger, making me cry as he curls them up, hitting a place that makes both my legs start spasming at once.

"Stretch her good. She's going to need it. f**k, she looks so tight," Mark groans, kissing my face as he watches me come undone by his brother. I almost black out when my o****m hits me, washing over me like a tidal wave, numbing all my other senses, moisture seeping out of me.

"Holy s**t, she's a squirter," Mitchel moans, his fingers still pumping in and out of me, curling every time he pulls out, making my o****m last forever. His face is so wet from my arousal, the sight making my desire sky-rocket.

"And a shaker. Watch her legs," Mark hums. I didn't realize I was shaking as badly as I was, but my legs are spasming intensely as I come down from my high.

"I think she's ready," Mitch whispers, watching his own fingers as they stretch my tunnel, slowing their assault. He groans as my slickness webs between his fingers.

“My turn,” Mark said, shifting to take Mitchel’s spot. Mitchel slides off the bed, unbuckling his pants and dropping them to the ground with his boxers, then crawling to me, shifting me to I’m laying between his legs, his hardened d**k sliding next to my face. I turn my face and kiss it, wanting to taste him like he tasted me.

“Not yet, baby. Let Mark take care of you first, then you can do whatever you want to me,” Mitchel tells me, bending over to kiss my lips.

Mark pushes his fingers inside me, stretching my core further than before, making me cry out from the sting it causes. He repeats this a few more times, Mitchel rubbing my arms soothingly. They’ve given me so much pleasure, I forgot about the pain losing my virginity would cause. Nervousness started bubbling up in me.

“Shh, baby. It will only hurt for a second. Mark will take care of you,” Mitchel tells me, kisses my face, his fingers making sparks dance on my skin, soothing and comforting me.

Mark presses his tip to my entrance, then swiftly pushes inside, tearing through my virginity in one quick motion. I cried out, tears filling my eyes from the pain. Mitchel and Mark are both rubbing my limbs, Mark being completely still while I adjust to the fullness, the tingles from our bond chasing away the pain in no time.

“See,” Mitchel chuckles hoarsely, “You have our DNA now. You’ll recover quickly.”

“This will help,” Mark husks, his hand glowing blue, pressing it against my lower abdomen. The heat from his hand, and the magical sparks soon chase away the last of the pain, replacing it with nothing but pleasure. “Better?”

I nodded, Mitch wiping the tears from my eyes with his thumbs, Mark kissed the side of my knee.

“Ready for me to move?” he asks, his d**k twitching inside me, a delicious pulse radiating in my core.

“Yes,” I moan, pushing my hips against him, biting my lip when he throws his head back and groans.

He starts to move, slowly at first, then picking up the pace the harder I push back against him. It doesn't hurt at all anymore. It feels amazing. I'm so full. The way his d**k is messaging my tunnel makes my eyes roll back and my toes curl. This is so intense.

Mitchel's d**k twitches against my cheek, I turn my face and start kissing the side of it. I want it too. I want this inside me too.

"f**k her mouth, Mitch. She wants it. Quit denying her."

I looked up at him pleadingly.

"Are you sure?" he asks. I nodded hungrily, running my tongue along the side of him. It feels so good against my lips. I want to swallow it, feel it rubbing every inch of my mouth. He shifts, giving me better access to it, and I waste no time, sucking it right into my mouth, rubbing his tip against the roof of my mouth, moaning at his salty taste.

I almost gasped when I looked back up at him. His stormy eyes are glowing icy blue. So are Mark's. They're getting more than just pleasure from me. I'm fueling their magic. It's radiating out of them. I can feel the warm pull inside me, mixing with our bond.

Mark is pounding into me now, his hips hitting my a*s with every thrust, and I can feel that intense build up. I'm having a hard time focusing on Mitchel's d**k in my mouth, but I want both of them inside me. I need it.

"Come here, sugar," Mark growled, swiftly lifting me, making me lay on top of him as he laid back on the bed. "You want both of us, here you go."

I was confused for a second until Mitchel's c**k pressed against my entrance, right next to Mark's. He pushes up, resting his d**k between my cheeks, inserting 2 glowing fingers inside me, stretching me impossibly wider. But it doesn't hurt. It feels good.

He removes his fingers, wiping my slickness against his shaft, then pushes himself slowly into me, my eyes rolling back, my tunnel taunt, stretching to hold them both. My moaning is embarrassing, but I feel so good I can't control the sounds coming out of me.

When he's pushed to the hilt, his pelvis pressed flush against my a*s, I start moving my hips, riding both of them, my body vibrating from the immense pleasure.

"f**k, you're so tight, baby," Mitch moans into my ear, kissing his mark on my neck, sending waves of pleasure through me.

"f**k us, sugar. Take what you need. Ride our f*****g c**s with your tight little cunt," Mark husks, thrusting up as Mitch pushes in, my hips rocking between both of them, my mind going numb from the never-ending pleasure. I was falling in no time at all. My walls start fluttering and a guttural cry escapes me, my legs shaking uncontrollably. My ending drives them both over the edge, their hot spurts of endless c*m filling and spilling out of me.

"s**t," I panted, collapsing onto Mark's chest, his fingers rubbing my sides as he caught his breath too. Mitchel's head is resting between my shoulder blades, his shuddering breath tickling my sensitized skin. That was amazing. So, so amazing.

"You're ours," Mitchel says breathlessly, and I can feel his smile against my back.

"Forever," Mark kissed my hair, nuzzling his nose in my neck.

"And both of you are mine."