

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 41

One week later....

“Look at you glowing,” Ralph shimmies in his seat, smirking at me. I have a meeting with Vivian in 5 minutes to discuss my meeting with some fairy queen in the near future, but she’s on the phone right now, so I take a seat across from Ralph at his desk.

When I came back to work 2 days after Mitchel and Mark marked me, needing 2 days to get them and their superior s*x drives under control, both brothers kept popping their heads into the office, going out of their way to do any little thing for me.

It was cute at first, but got annoying and hindered my work as the day dragged on. If I printed papers out, they would race to go get them for me. They would have taken turns carrying me around the hotel if I let them, which I didn’t.

When I would go meet with a client, they would follow behind, watching me intently. One couple visiting to plan their wedding brought their maid of honor and best man, and Mark almost lost it when the best man asked me if I was single. One look from me had Mark settled down, and the spooked best man backed right off.

I love them, but I had to ban them from the office when they both started kissing on their marks right in front of half the other staff, their possessiveness overriding rational thought after the wedding party left.

Vivian started calling me her daughter-in-law too, which was impossible to explain away. I ended up telling Ralph and Debra about how I was now with both of the brothers. Debra thought it was weird, but Ralph thought it was hot, gushing and going on and on about how lucky I was.

“I don’t feel like I’m glowing,” I admitted, sitting back in the chair, happy to be off my legs for a bit. My v****a is going to fall off. I know it is. It feels so overused. Mitchel and Mark are insatiable. Every night, and most mornings, if I don’t get out of bed before they wake up, they take turns ‘pumping a pup or two into me’, as they like to call it. S*x-crazed demons are what they are.

Mark got us a bigger suite, just like he said he would. It may even be bigger than their parents’. It was a 4 bedroom suite on the top floor, and the master

bedroom had a huge ensuite. There is enough closet space for all three of us and a balcony that overlooks the ocean.

When I told Vivian we didn't need that much space, she argued with me, saying her grandbabies would. She isn't shy about me being intimate with her sons at all.

"Where are your boy toys today?" Ralph asked me.

I shrugged, "Mitch just texted me and said they were going out for a few hours to take care of something. Didn't say what."

"What if they're going to meet another girl?" Ralph asked a little too gleefully, like he was hoping for a scandal.

"They aren't," I laugh, "They made me download that life360 app so they can openly stalk me. It says they're in some shopping center right now."

"Which one?"

I pulled the app up and showed him the map. He zoomed in on the screen, squinting as he read the names labeling the different stores.

"Huh. So they're either getting tattoos or eating froyo."

"Either one sounds innocent enough," I laughed, "As long as they stay out of the office, I don't care what they do to stay busy."

"You know they still come in to peek in on you. They just try not to be seen by you now. It's been pissing Jenny off. She's been talking so much salty s**t about you."

I rolled my eyes. Everyone keeps telling me that. She's sweet to my face still, probably because of the boys' threat, but has been running her mouth about me to everyone else. It's not really a big deal to me, but if Mitchel or Mark hear, they will say something. Vivian may even fire her over it.

"Oh well. It's not that big of a deal. I did tell her that Mark wasn't worth her time, so she's entitled to be a little salty."

"Did you really?" Ralph laughed. "No wonder she's been calling you a hypocrite."

“It’s justifiable. I am kind of being one.” I can’t really tell him that the brothers are both werewolves and mated to me. I’m happy with my mates and if it makes Jenny feel better thinking I’m a b***h or a hypocrite, I’m fine with it.

Vivian comes out of her office in a huff. “Sorry, Hadley, my dear. Our meeting will have to be pushed back. One of the valets got into an accident in the parking garage and the customer wants to speak with me. Micah was going to come down and join us. Could you let him know what happened?”

“Of course.”

She lovingly pats my cheek, then leaves, her heels clicking on the hard floor on her way out.

“Someone’s getting fired,” Ralph whistled.

“It may not have been his fault,” I shrugged, hoping everyone was alright in the accident.

I waved bye to Ralph, then headed out to the lobby to get a coffee and meet Micah out there. He’s a bit of a nuisance too in the office, just like his sons. He would openly grope Vivian, pushing his pelvis against her a*s, sucking on her neck and earlobes with everyone watching. It’s so cringy.

Like father, like sons. They learned it all from him. I wonder if the older brother, Matt, is also like them. I haven’t met him or Lilly yet, but Mitch and Mark are taking me to a pool party their pack is having next weekend. I’ll get to meet Matt, Lilly, and all their friends then.

“Hadley?” I heard my name being called in a familiar voice as I made my way across the lobby to the coffee shop. I turned, fear gripping me, when I saw my father and my mama, or aunt, standing at the hotel’s front desk.

“Father? What...What are you doing here?”

His nostrils are flaring as he looks me up and down. My mama, aunt, whatever she is to me, is standing behind him solemnly. Her right eye is swollen shut and an ugly shade of purple from bruising, and there are bruises all around her neck and on her arms. What happened to her? Why does she look like that?

Tears are filling her good eye. She mouths 'I'm so sorry' to me, then looks nervously at my father.

"What am I doing here? What am I doing here?! What are you doing here? Do you know how much trouble you caused when you ran away? Do you know the lengths we had to go to to find you? Fadel and Zeki are not going to take kindly to you walking out on him. What are you doing here in Miami? Being a w***e, like your mother?"

I looked at the woman who raised me, tears spilling from her as her lips quivered.

"Are you referring to this mother, or the mother you and Fadel killed when she tried to run away to protect me?"

My father gaped at me, shock all over his face, "How do you-"

"How do I know about Sabrina, my real mother? I know a lot of things, father. I learned a lot about myself after coming here. You can't touch me here. I don't know why you came, but go back. You are not welcome here."

"You ungrateful little b***h. How dare you." My father goes to slap me, surprising even me since he has never hit me before in my life, but before his hand makes contact with my face, someone stops him, gripping his wrist.

"How dare you," Micah snarled at him, "How dare you try to lay a hand on her. Is that what you have stooped to now? Beating women? Look at your wife, Zachary. Did you do that to her too? Or did you allow that cretin you follow to beat her to find out what happened to Hadley?"

"Micah," my father's lip turned up in disgust, jerking his hand away from Micah, "So it was you behind this?"

Micah said nothing, but his eyes started to glow a faint green, making my father shrink back.

"You have no right. She is my daughter. You gave up our coven and the title. Her fate is not yours to decide."

"She is my daughter-in-law, the mate to my sons. I have every right to protect my family. You need to leave. Now. Not just my resort. You need to leave this

state tonight, or I will hunt you down and avenge Sabrina and have you answer for all the other wrongs you have done to her family.”

“This is not over. When Fadel finds out you are the one keeping his son’s secret from him, he will kill you.”

“He can try. Leave now.”

My father snarled, then looked at me like he was contemplating trying to rip me away from Micah and making a run for it. He looked away, knowing he was no match for the man standing in front of me, protecting me. If he was scared of Micah, I wonder how he would react to my mates.

“This isn’t over.”

He turns and starts to grab my mom, but Micah stops him. “Safarah stays.”

“She’s my wife,” my father snaps at him.

“She is staying, nonetheless.”

Father’s nostrils began to flare again, and his eyes glowed a dull murky brown.

“Safarah, come,” Micah called out to her. She whimpers slightly, then hurries across the lobby, falling into Micah’s arms.

“You just wait, Micah. Fadel will not tolerate this, and you both,” he looks between myself and the woman who has always been my mom, “will be punished for your disobedience. Just wait.”

“Your threats are nothing. Now go, or I will help you to leave.”

Father storms out of the resort, pushing people out of his way as he leaves. Once he’s out the door, I sigh in relief.

“I didn’t tell them,” Mama cries, still holding onto Micah, “I told them nothing.”

“I know, I know. You knew nothing to tell. You did well, Safarah. You’re safe with us.”

Mama nods, then launches herself at me, pulling me in her arms. I don’t realize I’m crying until she starts wiping the tears from my eyes.

"I missed you, Hadley. I missed you so much. Thank the heavens you are okay. I was so worried."

"I'm okay, mama. I'm okay. Now you can be too."

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 42

Mitch POV

"Are you sure she will like this?" I asked, examining the new ink around our arms. This was all Mark's idea. After he told me about Hadley's reservation about us marking her because she couldn't mark us in return, I was all for it, but this hardly seemed like enough to show her ownership over us.

I wanted to get her name tattooed on my f*****g forehead right under my hairline, or at least on my neck, so that everyone could see it. Mark isn't as bold as I am with his tattoos and talked me into getting a cuff around my upper arm instead.

I might still go back later and get her name somewhere that will always be visible. I like the cuff, but shirts with longer sleeves will cover it from view.

The tattoo is stems of lavender wrapping around our biceps, the stems in the center spelling out 'Hadley' with a heart at the end. Two bees are resting on the flowers on either side of her name and the only color added was a vibrant purple for the flower petals, the same purple as Hadley's eyes. It's a little girly, but definitely reminds me of my mate. Even if it didn't have her name in the middle of it, the lavender and honey bees definitely make me think of Hadley.

"She will f*****g love it, bro. It's better than a mark. It has her name, flowers....why wouldn't she like it?"

"You and your f*****g flowers," I smirked, remembering the story Hadley told me about the first flowers Mark sent to her at work. She still had the card that was on them. She carries it around in her purse and pulls it out whenever Mark starts getting a little too out of hand. The note was cringy as f**k. He said he got the suggestion from our brother. He should have known better. Matt's head has been shoved so far up Lilly's a*s for so long that he has no idea how to win over a girl. He's never had to.

I guess we really never did either. Girls were easy before Hadley. Like putty in our hands to manipulate however we wanted. Now, we're the ones who are

putty in her beautiful little hands. She has us so wrapped around her fingers, it's not even funny. She sighs and both of us start scrambling around, desperate to find the source of whatever is stressing her and fix it. She moves an inch, and we follow, anticipating what she was going to do next.

After the tattoos, we decided to hop over to the frozen yogurt place to pick something up for Hadley before heading back to the resort. We started arguing about what she would like best and ended up with 4 different options for her to try. When I was paying, both of us froze and sucked in a breath at the same time, feeling panic from Hadley through the bond.

It was intense; true fear and anxiety like she was in some sort of trouble. I grabbed the bag with our stuff off the counter, threw a hundred dollar bill at the lady behind the register, and we both ran out to the car, looking like lunatics as we peeled out of the parking lot.

It took us about 10 long minutes to race to the resort. A trip that should have taken us 25 to 30 minutes with the traffic getting across the bridge. I skidded to a stop outside the valet stand. George, the usual guy, wasn't there but we couldn't wait. I tossed the keys on his little podium desk, then we ran inside.

People were standing around and gossiping, pointing to the elevators, and I heard people saying something about a beautiful dark-haired woman being beaten and having a black eye and bruises all over her.

Panic hit me. They couldn't be talking about our mate, could they? We would feel it if she was hurt. Mark goes to the desk and asks the girl, the one Jenny is friends with, what happened.

"I don't know exactly. Some couple came in asking about Hadley, and then when she came out of the office, the guy saw her and they started to fight. He went to hit her, but your dad stopped him and made him leave. The woman with him stayed too. She was beaten up pretty badly. Mr. Meyers took the woman and Hadley upstairs."

"Where's mom?" I asked.

"Dealing with an accident that occurred in the parking garage."

"She wasn't involved?"

“No, one of the drivers was rounding the corner and hit a car that was going the wrong way.”

“Thanks,” I said before we headed for the elevators.

“Who do you think the guy was?” Mark asked me as we impatiently waited for the elevator to stop on the seventh floor.

“I don’t know but if he hurt Hadley he’s dead.” I can already feel my magic bubbling to the surface, whispering to me, telling me how I can find and destroy the person who caused my mate to feel any kind of negative emotion.

We don’t bother knocking. Mark uses his keycard and we burst into the suite, on a mission to find our mate.

She’s sitting on the couch, tears glistening on her beautiful face, both of us stumbling over one another trying to get to her, falling at her feet.

“Are you okay?”

“Are you hurt?”

“Did he touch you?”

“What happened?”

Mark and I are touching her body all over, looking for any sort of damage. I cradle her face in my hands, my thumbs ridding her of her tears as Mark rests his forehead on her knees, relieved she appears to be in one piece.

“I’m fine, both of you,” Hadley’s voice sounded airy, humor laced in her breath.

“What happened?” I asked her. That’s when I notice another woman, looking much like Hadley, only older and without the purple irises, sitting on the other couch. My father was sitting on the coffee table in front of her, doctoring her wounds on her bruised arms. Her face is blotchy, like she had been crying, and her eye is swollen shut, black and blue. She looks like she’s been through a lot.

“My father came,” Hadley said in a cold voice. “He found me and wanted to make me leave with him, but your dad stopped him and kicked him out.”

Mark and I both started growling, anger rippling between us. No f*****g way was someone taking our mate from us. No way in hell.

Hadley POV

I combed my fingers through Mark's hair, and rubbed circles on the side of Mitchel's neck, trying to get them to calm down. Their growling startled Mama, and I didn't want her to be scared of my mates. They look intimidating enough when they're not mad.

"Guys, this is my mama, the woman that raised me," I tell them, hoping they will take the hint and relax a little. I understand their anger, because I feel it too, but it's scaring her and she's already frightened enough.

Both of them turned their faces to look towards my mom. Sympathy from them is flowing to me through our mate bond. Mom looks a mess, even with Micah treating her wounds. He tried to use his magic to cure them quickly, but he was fizzling out. He was waiting for Vivian to come so he could get more through her.

Micah dropped the gauze he was using to apply ointment on my mom's bruises into a glass dish filled with disinfectant and addressed his sons. "This is Safarah. She's going to be staying with us from now on, or at least until we get all this s**t sorted out. I have a feeling Zachary showing up today was just the start of things. You will both need to stay at the resort for the time being. Stay with Hadley at all times.

"I know you don't like them disturbing your work, sweetheart, but you need to tolerate it for now. You should never be without at least one of them with you." Micah stood, wiping his hands down the front of his pants. "I diminished my reserves while training you two the past several mornings. Can you help heal her? I don't have enough in me right now and your mother is busy."

"Yeah, of course," Mitchel stands, pecking me gently on the lips as he walks over to my mom, sitting on the coffee table in front of her. Mark lifted me up and took the spot I was sitting on the couch, setting me in his lap and burying his nose against my nape.

"Hi Safarah. I'm Mitchel, your daughter's favorite mate. It's nice to meet you," Mitchel smirks at her, Mark growling softly, hearing him call himself my favorite mate while I just roll my eyes. They're both my favorite. Both very different and special to me in their own ways.

Mama smiles gently, "It's nice to meet you too."

Mitchel's hands glow their icy blue as he reaches out and touches her face, the swelling around her eye slowly recedes and the blue-black tint fades back to its normal color. His hands move down to her neck, his eyes glowing like his hands, his mouth moving, but I can't hear the words he is muttering as he works to rid my mom of the evidence of her hardship.

When he is done, she smiles and mutters a soft 'thank you', then looks at me and chuckles, "Your favorite mate?"

"They're both my favorite. He's a bit cheeky. Take everything he says with a grain of salt."

"I'll keep that in mind," she smiled at him, patting his knee. "Thank you for your help."

"No problem, ma'am." He kisses her cheek, surprising her, then comes back to sit beside me and his brother.

"So, how did your father find you here?" Mark asked. We all look to my mom for answers.

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 43

Flashback: the day prior.....

Safarah POV

"You knew. You f*****g knew, you ungrateful b***h! You knew she was going to run away and you didn't do anything to stop her!" Fadel kicks my ribs, my face, then grips my neck and lifts me into the air, cutting off my airway. "I showed you mercy, and this is how you thank me for it? This is how you repay my kindness?"

"I don't know where she is," I cried, "I didn't know," I tried to say, but Fadel, knowing it was a lie, that I did know she was going to run away, squeezes tighter, choking me to the point I can no longer speak.

"You did know, and you helped. You whored yourself out to distract our men. Did you think we wouldn't find out? They said that was the most willing you have ever been. They knew something was up. You have never freely given

yourself to those men like that. You are just a w***e, using your body to carry out your own f*****g agenda. Lucky for you, Zachary still wants you or I would kill you right now for your disloyalty.”

I whimper, unable to do much else. I don't know how he found out, but from the power radiating from his dark eyes, I have a feeling he sacrificed a lot to get that information. He only has this much power after taking a life. I wonder who had to die for this man to find out the truth.

“Father, you are going to kill her,” Zeki mutters in a bored tone, watching us while leaning against the window overlooking Central Park.

Fadel squeezes one last time, and I know I will have his fingerprints embedded in my skin for a long time after this. A long-term reminder of the consequences of going against him. He tosses me away, and I fall to the ground in a heap, panting and sucking in much needed air.

“Zachary,” he looks at my husband, who is watching me as I struggle on the ground. His hands are flexed and his whole body is rigged, as if he actually was struggling to watch his master abuse me. He doesn't care. He has never truly cared for me. The only thing he cares about is power, the same as the rest of them. “You will retrieve your daughter for my son. You should have known something was amiss when your wife willingly spread her legs like a w***e. Bring me your daughter or I will kill Safarah.”

Zachary's jaw tightened, “Hadley won't willingly come with me. If you let me bring my wife, she will be much more willing.”

“Fine. Use her, though. Threaten Hadley with this woman if you have to. Just bring the girl back to me. You have 48 hours or I will kill Safarah and drag Hadley back here myself. You don't want me to do that, Zachary. I will ensure the girl can never run again.”

My husband gulps, fear in his eyes. Fear for himself, clearly. He has never truly cared what happened to me or his daughter. We were just pawns to him to grow closer to Fadel.

Zachary comes to help me off the ground, but I jerk out of his hold, struggling to make it to my feet on my own. I don't want his help. I don't need it. All my sacrifices are going to be for nothing if these men get their hands on my daughter. I can only pray that Micah is strong enough to keep her safe, because I have no more strength left in me.

~End flashback~

“I have no idea how they came to find out Hadley was here in Miami. I know that they were working with dark magic, sacrificing innocent virgins. Zeki was bringing them to the basement at the hotel every night.”

Micah has a look of disgust on his face, “Killing Sabrina left him with no other choice if he wanted to harness enough power to wield that kind of magic. I even have a hard time using location spells when my reserves are at their max.”

I nodded. Fadel always regretted killing my sister. “He did it out of anger. Sabrina killed his wife when she escaped. Poisoned her. He loved his wife. After her death, he started dealing in the darker arts. He used those of us born without magic to grow and develop his and his follower’s own power. I was one of the luckier ones being given to Zachary. He is a fool, but he never purposefully harmed me. Not with his hands, anyway. He was still told to allow his men assigned to guard Hadley and our home to use me to maintain themselves.”

Micah took a deep, shuddering breath, “I’m sorry I left you all to that fate. I had no idea it would be that bad. I couldn’t leave Vivian, though. She is my mate. My everything. I wish I could have done more to protect our coven before I left.”

“It’s not entirely your fault,” I smiled softly at the man who was once destined to be my brother-in-law and take charge as head of our people. “Fadel made his own choices. You should not be held responsible for those.” I looked at Hadley, nestled in the arms of her two very amiable lovers. Mates is what they called themselves, just like Micah addressed his wife. If Micah had taken and given in to my sister back then, these children would have had a harder time coming together as they are. I miss my sister, but I’m happy for her daughter and the happiness she is now experiencing in her freedom. Our sacrifices were not for nothing.

Hadley POV

Vivian put my Mama in her own suite, and Amanda decided to move to the resort for the time being to stay with her. Just as a precaution. I wanted to spend more time with her, but she was exhausted and needed sleep. The trip here, combined with all the abuse and exertion she experienced the last several days, did her in.

Mitchel and Mark have been all over me since they came back home from their errand. I still had work to do, but instead of allowing me to go back down to my office, Mitchel took me up to our suite, and Mark ran down to retrieve my laptop and folder for me.

I'm now sitting between them in bed, snacking on frozen yogurt and allowing Mitchel to respond back to my emails for me, while Mark makes phone calls from the list I had of things I needed to do. He is currently on the phone with Simone's company, booking a booze cruise for a bachelor party. He even went the extra mile and hired a couple of dancers to attend the party too, which I was only slightly upset about. In my notes, I had said that the best man wanted to hire strippers, so that wasn't the issue. The woman who answered his call knew Mark personally, and that's what I found to be annoying.

He was clearly ashamed and embarrassed, so I let it go.

Mitch finishes off the last reply in my inbox, then sets my laptop on the nightstand beside him. "Can we show her now?" he asks his brother, who is scanning my notes for the next item on my agenda.

"Oh, yeah. I almost forgot. The surprise."

"Forgot what? What surprise?" I asked, furrowing my brows. I never know what to expect from their surprises. It could be something sweet, like bringing me home 4 different kinds of frozen yogurt because they wanted to make sure they got one I liked, or it could be something exasperating, like when they brought me a box full of b**m toys, lots of gag balls, whips, restraints, butt plugs and n****e clamps, all sorts of devices that did not appeal to me at all. I told them if they wanted to use those, then to use them on each other. They got rid of it super fast.

Both brothers shuffle on the bed, taking off their shirts and then flexing their left arms at me. I thought for a moment they were trying to show off their muscles, which were a treat in and of themselves, but then I noticed the saran wrap circling their biceps.

Mark removed his first, then helped Mitchel with his as he was struggling to find the end piece. I examined the design underneath, a smile spreading across my face.

“You got my name tattooed on you?” I softly traced the intricate flower stems, woven together, my name and a heart taking shape in the pattern.

“Do you like it?” Mitch asked, biting his lip.

“I love it! It’s so pretty.” My fingers traced over the bees on either side of my name, “What are the bees for?”

Mitchel laughs as Mark answers, “That’s us, always buzzing and pestering you, our honey-scented queen.”

“That is so sweet you guys,” I gushed, leaning forward to give both of them a kiss. “What prompted this surprise?”

“Well,” Mark looked at his brother, then back at me, “I know you didn’t like the fact that you couldn’t mark us, so I thought this could be like your mark claiming us. Now there will be a visual reminder to everyone of who we belong to.”

“After we make you our wife, there will be rings on our fingers too. And yours,” Mitchel added with a wiggle of his brows.

“You are asking me to marry you right now?” I laughed.

“Oh, not yet. We’re telling you. You are going to be our wife, but we will still find some mind-blowing way to ask you later,” Mark kissed his mark on my neck.

“You’re ours, baby girl,” Mitchel starts kissing the other side over his own mark, his teeth grazing it, making shivers travel down my spine.

“Prove it,” I whispered in challenge.

They laughed against my skin, the vibrations making my eyes roll to the back of my head and a needy moan leaving my lips.

“It will be our pleasure.”

True to their words, they proved it to me, over and over again.

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 44

2 days later....

Zeki POV

Getting off the plane in this horrible state yesterday, too green and too wet, my anger boiled in the balmy, sticky heat. How can the air possibly hold this much moisture? It's like breathing in water, almost suffocating. I feel like I'm drowning from the humidity.

This is all getting a bit tiring. I knew she didn't like me, but that never mattered. Her likes and her interests were never my concern. She was property. Made for nothing but breeding and f*****g, and to grow my magic so I could one day take my father's place as the head of our coven.

When Zachary called to inform us that Micah Meyers was the one protecting Hadley, my father booked us on the next flight out, knowing Zachary would never be any match for Micah. Father hated Micah. He had a grudge against the man for decades due to his own inferiority. Everything my father wanted had always come so easy for his rival.

When father took over the coven in Micah's place, he was given Sabrina, Hadley's mother, to help him grow and be the strongest leader he could be. Sabrina was still pining after her lost fiance, though, and gave my father a hard time. It made Father's hate for Micah grow exponentially until the day that she killed my mother and ran away; running back to the man who had abandoned her years prior.

She owed us her daughter. She took my mother. Her daughter's life was owed to me. A life for a life. If her daughter was the reason she took my mother from me, from my father, then giving us Hadley was the only fair compensation.

Zachary, the fool, still cherished his daughter in his own way. I should have taken Hadley from him years ago, but it was out of consideration to him that my father allowed her to wait. He even tried to warm her up to the idea, not wanting her to run the way her mother did. Not having his seer weakened my father considerably. He had to resort to darker means to acquire the power it took to stay at the top. I didn't mind getting power this way. It suited me.

Virgin girls, with their vitality and innocence, were delicious to devour when I needed a boost. It pissed me off to think about Hadley giving hers to a couple of werewolves. That was a pleasure meant for me. We have been scoping the resort where she is now living and working at for the last 24 hours, and the

two dogs are always all over her, never giving her a moment without one of them. Never leaving her vulnerable.

That's okay, I've come up with other ways to get her on her own. I just need the bait.

I watch from my car as the cute little front desk girl Hadley always stops and talks to, exits the building, staring down at her phone. I see the way the young girl stares at all the younger male patrons of the establishment. She will be an easy target, but an effective one.

I circle the block, parking far down the street, then exit my car, unbutton the top few buttons of my fitted dress shirt, placing my sunglasses on before tucking my hand into my pant pocket. This will be a piece of cake.

I stride down the sidewalk, acting uninterested as women around start to check me out and openly gawk. I love this superior feeling I have over weak women like them. I'm coming from the opposite way of the girl, walking straight towards her as she stares down at her phone, shoving my shoulder into hers and knocking her down.

"Oh, my. I'm so, so sorry," I fawned over her, picking her up and righting her clothes, dusting her off, making sure to accidentally let my fingers brush over areas I know will make her more sensitive. "I don't know how I didn't see such a beautiful woman as yourself coming towards me," I offered her my best crooked smile, hooking her in.

The girl is not as cute close up as she is from far away, but that doesn't matter. I don't actually want to sleep with her. I mean, if it happens, oh well, but I just need to get her alone for now.

She is stunned for a few seconds, staring back at me, then shakes her head and starts apologizing to me. "I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have been staring down at my phone while walking. I was on my way to the bus stop and was just mechanically walking," she sputters out words at an alarmingly fast rate. Great. I'm kidnapping a chatty one. I'm going to have to knock her out quickly once I get her alone.

I put my hand to her mouth, cutting off her words, causing her to look up at me, lust clearly on her face as my fingers brushed against her lips. She probably thinks this is some love story or soap opera bullshit. Girls eat this s**t up thanks to movies and reels on social media. I'm the walking embodiment of

s*x and desire, and I'm channeling all of that into this one unworthy girl right now. She would not be able to resist.

"Instead of the bus, could I offer you a ride to apologize for my rude behavior? Maybe dinner?" I made sure to brush her lips one final time with my thumb before moving my sunglasses down my nose, looking at her from over the lenses. She whimpers, clutching her phone to her chest, nodding her head enthusiastically.

Done deal.

Hadley POV

The next day....

"Hey, have you talked to Jenny lately?" Ralph pops his head into my office to ask, making a face when he sees Mitchel is stubbornly holding me in his lap while I work. I have tried to move about 10 times already, but the big baby pouts every time I start to, and it is so hard saying no to his puppy dog stare.

I shook my head at Ralph, feeling my cheeks heat in embarrassment. This is so unprofessional.

"Her mom keeps calling. She never made it home yesterday and she hasn't showed up today for work. Everyone is starting to worry."

"Did you try calling her?" Mitchel asked, making both me and Ralph roll our eyes.

"Golly gee, how did that thought never occur to me, or any of us?" Ralph huffs, turning to leave. "Let me know if you hear anything," he calls back to me.

"How rude," Mitchel scrunches his face, a small smirk playing on his lips before he begins pouting again, burying his face against my shoulder, "He was mean to me. My feelings are so hurt."

"You're fine." My voice is flat, not playing his little game.

"No one loves me," he jutted his lip out, nuzzling into my neck.

"That sucks," I mutter, looking over the event schedule in front of me, jotting down notes of who I have left to call for the ones coming up this weekend.

“So cold. So, so cold,” Mitchel sighs.

“Speaking of cold, I could use a cold brew,” I set my notepad down, “Want to go get a coffee with me?”

“Yes! Goddess, yes. I’m so f*****g bored of this office.”

“Hey, you could have gone with Mark to that warrior training thing. You chose to stay.”

“One of us had to. You know that.”

“I would have been fine. Your dad and Amanda are here, and you said your brother offered to send a couple of warriors to help out with security.”

“He’s still going to. Mark is bringing them back with him. It sounds like you wanted to get rid of me, though. Do you really not love me? Do you not like spending time with me?”

“I like working,” I boop him on the nose, “And I don’t get much work done when I’m with you.”

He playfully bites my finger, making me giggle as we walk out of the lobby towards the coffee shop. My work phone starts ringing right before we enter. Mitchel kisses my head, telling me he will get my coffee while I answer it.

“Hello?” I answered as he got in the line. I turned to sit in one of the chairs outside the shop to wait for him.

“Hadley?” A shaky woman’s voice responds, “Hadley, is this you?”

“Who?.... Jenny? Jenny, is that you?”

She starts crying, then the line fills with her faint scream, like she is being gagged. “Jenny? Jenny?”

“Hello my dear fiance,” Zeki’s sickeningly silky voice cuts through the receiver, “Oh, how I have missed you. Well, not really missed. Your pain in the a*s escape has been a headache to deal with.”

“Why do you have Jenny? Where are you?” I asked. He has Jenny. That is why she never went home or came into work. He’s in Miami. He’s here to try and get me back.

“Is that dog of yours still distracted at the coffee shop?”

“How did you-”

“Don’t worry about that now. Is he?”

I turned to look, and he was. He was looking at the barista as she took his order. “Yes.”

“Good. You better hurry, Hadley. Exit the resort now and get into the car parked right outside the doors. The silver Lexus with dark tinted windows. It will be pulling up in 10 seconds. You have that long to get in the vehicle, or this girl’s blood will be on your hands.”

“But, Zeki I-”

“9...8...7...”

Jenny’s strangled screams filled the line again, my body jerking into action before I made the conscious decision to comply with his demands, my legs carrying me towards the front doors.

“You won’t get me, Zeki. Even if I get in that car, my mates-”

“4...3....2....”

The silver Lexus comes to an abrupt stop right when I reach the sidewalk’s edge, the back door opening, and hands reaching out and gripping mine, pulling me into the vehicle.

“One,” Zeki smiles wickedly at me, inserting a needle into my neck as the driver tosses Jenny’s restrained body into the busy street. My world turns black. My last thoughts are calling out to my mates to save me.

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 45

Mitch POV

She’s not here. She’s not in the f*****g resort and I can’t feel her through the bond at all.

I came rushing out of the coffee shop when I heard cars screeching to a halt and honking outside, thinking there was some kind of accident. People were crowding around the front doors, watching the mayhem, gasping and muttering. My mind was lost in the chaos for several seconds before I realized Hadley wasn't sitting on the lounge chair outside of the coffee shop any longer.

She was gone. I forgot about the accident and started racing around the resort, hunting for her, trying to follow her scent. Her scent led me right back to the front doors where all the chaos was taking place, but she wasn't there either.

"Jenny!" George calls out, distracting me for a moment. Jenny was a bloody mess, lying in the right lane on the side of the road. She had duct tape around her hands and feet, and was wearing nothing but an old, ratty t-shirt. Her body was cut up and bruised, her face tear-stained and bleeding.

What happened? George is checking her body while the other valets are holding off traffic. I'm standing there like an i***t, stunned, my mind trying to process what was happening, desperate to find my mate.

My phone vibrating in my pocket is what breaks me from my delirium.

Mark. Mark is calling me. Did he get back early? Is our mate with him?

"Hello?" my frantic voice shakes with unease.

"What happened? Where is she?"

"What?"

"Hadley? Where is she? I can't feel her bond. Is she with you?" I stood silent, trying to comprehend what he was asking me. "I can't f*****g feel her, Mitch! Where is our mate?!"

"I don't know," I whispered, "I don't know. I can't find her."

"You can't f*****g find her?!" he snarls, "Why isn't she with you?!"

"She was. I was just getting coffee and when I turned around she was gone."

"Mitchel!" Dad yelled to me, surprising me that he was outside in this mess. Does he have Hadley? He has to. She can't be gone. She can't be. He is

crouching down next to Jenny on the road. Jenny is moving her head back and forth, tears pouring from her eyes, muttering nonsense. I ran over to him, still holding the phone to my ear. "They took her. They took Hadley," he tells me urgently.

Mark started snarling and growling in my ear. Our worst nightmare had come true.

Hadley POV

My head is pounding, my ears beating along with each beat of my heart. My mind is in a fog as I struggle to open my eyes, my lids feeling weighed down as I try to force them open.

"Oh good, you're up," Zeki says from somewhere past the fog. "About time."

I finally tore past the seal on my eyes, my eyelashes feeling like they were coated thickly with crust. I looked around the dingy room. It looks like some old, falling-down cabin, the sound of wildlife and gurgling water outside the open window makes me believe we are in the swamp somewhere. I can't be sure, as it is nighttime now. The humidity is still thick in the air, and beads of sweat are forming on the back of my neck and against the skin that is being restrained against an old wooden chair.

"Is that little b***h awake now?" Fadel's voice drifts towards me, fear and dread settling in the pit of my stomach.

Fadel never spoke to me like that. He was always overly sweet, telling me to call him uncle, showering me with gifts, showing his adoration at all times for the woman he deemed his future daughter-in-law. He called me dear, or honey. He never called me a bitch.

He comes into my hazy line of sight, a scowl set deeply on his face as he slowly walks towards me. He stops, just a foot in front of me, his nostrils flaring for several seconds before he backhands me so hard, me and the chair that I'm tied to fall to the side as a cry leaves me at his unexpected slap.

"Do you have any idea how much s**t you put us through, you ungrateful little b***h? You f*****g w***e. Like mother, like daughter, isn't that right, Zachary?"

I look behind him and see my father leaning against the wall, his face stone and arms crossed over his chest. He doesn't respond, just continuing to stare me down.

"If my brilliant son hadn't thought about snagging that little tart, do you know what we would have to do to get to you? Do you think you are worth taking on an entire pack of werewolves and Micah Meyers with all his allies backing him? You ungrateful b***h. You are not worthy of a man as great as my son, yet you choose to run from him? From us? You are our property. OURS!" he screamed, his spit flying down onto my face.

"Now we can't even get a flight out of this horrible city. Your little wolf friends are guarding the airport like the dogs they are. We can't even leave this f*****g shack because of the road blocks they set up at every intersection looking for you," he kicks his foot right into my stomach, making me cry out as the wind leaves me, bile rising up my throat. "YOU ARE f*****g NOTHING! YOU ARE NOTHING BUT A MAGIC SIPHONING w***e! YOU HAD NO RIGHT!"

He goes to kick me again, but Zeki stops him. "If you want me to f**k her, stop making her ugly and bruised. I don't want to f**k a corpse, father."

"You're right. You are right, my sweet boy," Fadel pants, tampering down his anger.

"You told me that you would have him marry her before he siphoned from her," my father furrows his brows at Fadel and his sick son. "You said you would allow her to keep her honor and your son would do right by her. I can understand the need to punish her for running away, but you can not allow your son to rape my daughter. You promised he would marry her first and make her his wife."

"You should not have allowed your daughter to run out on my son, Zachary. And what honor? She has no honor. She gave that up to a couple of mutts. She is nothing more than a b***h now, and my son has a right to f**k her like the b***h she is for the crimes she committed against him. No, I will not make my son marry her in her worthless state. She will lead a life like her mother, and then I may not discard of her if she behaves after the next seer is born."

My father pushes himself off the wall, "You said-"

"I said to guard her, and protect her honor for my son. You are the one who broke your covenant, not me. She is to be a mistress and nothing more. I will

allow her the right to gift our next leader the power he needs to take his rightful place, and when it is time, Zeki will choose a worthy right-hand man to impregnate her so she can carry the bloodline on for his children. If you have a problem with that, you shouldn't have allowed your wife and daughter to deceive you."

My father was breathing heavily, staring at Fadel for several more seconds before turning his gaze on me. Affliction and rage played back and forth on his face looking down at me. He almost looked regretful. Almost.

"As you wish, Fadel," he mumbles, bowing his head slightly and taking his place back on the wall, his face rigged and arms crossed and flexed over his chest.

"Good. I'm glad we have an understanding. I would hate to lose you as my right-hand after all these years, Zachary. As a favor to you, I will have my son wait until we are back in New York so you do not need to hear or witness the act."

"You are kind," father barely kept the sneer from his voice.

"My mates will come for me," I murmured.

"What was that?" Zeki leans down to pick me and the chair I'm in up, righting it on the floor.

"My mates will come for me. Can you and your father handle a set of hybrid Gemini twins? Because they will find me, and then they will kill both of you."

This time, it is Zeki who slaps me, making me fall once again.

"YOU LIE! THERE ARE NO GEMINI TWINS IN EXISTENCE RIGHT NOW!"

Fadel shakes his head at me in disbelief. "If there were a set of Gemini twins, all of witch kind would know. They would-"

"Be too powerful to hide? Not if they had the help of a fairy queen and first generation vampire. Micah bound their magic until they found me," I sneered, ignoring the pain in my face and abdomen from their abuse, "The seer you have been so desperate to get back has been fueling their magic for over a week now. I am their mate. They will find me. It is only a matter of time."

“Lies! No way. There is no way,” Fadel was shaking his head in total skepticism.

Just then, wolves howling can be heard outside, making me smirk while all three of them look out the window in terror.

“I told you. You’re screwed now.”