

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 46

Mark POV

"I f*****g lost her," Mitch has his head in his hands, sitting in a chair in the conference room of the resort.

"You couldn't have known," Mom was rubbing his back sympathetically, "You heard what Jenny said and saw what they put her through."

Jenny was kidnapped by Hadley's ex-fiance yesterday, held overnight while the sick f**k got information out of her about Hadley and us, and then she was used to blackmail Hadley into leaving the resort. Them luring her outside and taking her happened in a matter of 30 seconds. There really was nothing Mitch could have done. Hadley probably didn't expect to actually be taken from us that easily either.

We went back and watched the security footage, and she seemed taken by surprise when the silver car pulled up and grabbed her. Jenny was shoved out of the driver's seat door just seconds later when the car sped off.

Mom called an ambulance and the police that were sent were our people, keeping the chaos contained to just the supernatural community knowing the truth about what happened. Jennie is in the hospital now, being treated for the torture she endured and was being watched over by Lilly until she is okay enough to go home.

Before she was taken away in the ambulance, our dad had us take her memories for the last 24 hours and place them in a crystal so she would not have any recollection of what she endured or any of our kind; and so we could review her memories and see if we could find anything useful to help us find our mate.

Her memories are hazy, at first, clearly drugged. Then, they become full of fear and agony while she is being questioned and used. It's f*****g disgusting and I pray Hadley doesn't suffer anything like this before we find her. They better not lay a f*****g finger on her, not one f*****g hair on her beautiful head.

We couldn't find any clue as to where they were staying, but wherever it was, it wasn't nice as far as accommodations are concerned. Looked like a shack or hole in the wall, a s**t hole. Not enough information to peg down where to

start looking for her. There are a million places like it on the outskirts of the city.

We have a group of werewolves here with our brother sent to aid us, and Parker and Carli are working on blocking off all ways out of the city. Carli had Melody request for the water around Miami to be guarded by the merfolk. There is no way out of this city without our kind being aware.

Now, we just need to figure out how to find Hadley before it's too late.

"Do you boys feel your bond again yet?" Dad asked us, looking through the crystal again at Jenny's memories.

I shook my head at the same time as Mitch. I still can't feel anything. I don't know if that's a good thing or not. If they started doing to her what they did to Jenny, we would feel it, whether she was awake or not. I don't want her to experience that.

"Location spell it is. Go get Hadley's hair brush or toothbrush, something with her DNA on it," he tells Mitch. Mitch quickly pushes out of his chair, striding quickly out of the room to go retrieve it. "Mark, while he's doing that, circulate your magic through the gemini bond between you both. Your power should grow stronger with each circuit. Location spells are draining. You're going to need to power up as much as possible because one of you will have to hold the spell until we find her."

"Maybe this will help," a silky voice cooed from the open conference door, Lady Delilah walking in and joining us, a vial of her dark, murky blood resting in her outstretched hand, offering it to me. "Vincent called me. I told young Mitchel if he ever needed help, I would be there. Here, take my blood and siphon the magic from it. And this," Lady Delilah pulls another vial full of blood out of her cleavage, "Is from Aisling."

Dad is gaping at the generous gifts. With these, we will be unstoppable, no matter what we face or how long we have to use magic.

Mitch gets back with Hadley's brush, putting it in my father's hand. We each drink half of each vial of blood, ignoring the metallic taste and thick texture, then dad pulls two hairs from Hadley's brush, tying one around each of our thumbs.

“Like I showed you, pull on your magic, bring it to the surface, and let it direct you on what to do.”

We waste no time, closing our eyes and focusing on the essence of our mate still lingering on her fallen hair. Our eyes glow around our closed lids, our hands heating as the magic flows through our bodies, between one another. It's easy. So easy. I don't know why our dad was stressing out about this or saying it would take too much energy. This feels like nothing.

“Do you see that?” Mitch asks me through the mind link as a picture flickers behind my eyelids. Hadley. It's Hadley.

“Yes,” I replied, watching as she was being tied to a chair in the same shack that Jenny's memories pictured. The younger man who is handling her, restraining her to the chair, is the main culprit in Jenny's memories. Zeki, my dad called him. The a*****e ex-fiance. The soon-to-be dead ex-fiance. His fingers brushed down her unconscious face, a fierce growl tearing out of both me and my brother as we watched in the magical vision.

“Did you check the main road, Zachary?” an older man said from the other side of the room.

“It is blocked too. We should have taken our chances at the airport. There were not that many wolves there. Now we're stuck in this disgusting shed on the reserve, surrounded by gators and being eaten alive by mosquitoes.”

“It was your blunder and mishandling of your wife that led to this.”

The picture shifts slightly, and I realize that I can manipulate the image to see it at different angles. I can see a swamp out the window, the horizon darkening as the sun sets and twilight comes. They said they were in the reserve. I can feel my magic pulling me in that direction, and from Mitch's reaction, I know he can feel the same.

“The reserve. We need to head to the reserve.”

I ran out the door with Mitch, racing through the lobby and out to the SUVs Matt brought with him and his men.

“The reserve. We need to go to the reserve,” I tell Matt as Mitch jumps in the driver's seat. I got into the passenger side, and Matt rushed into the back

seat, mind linking with the other warriors where we were heading as Mitch started to drive.

I try to maintain the vision of my mate, watching as Hadley's father discusses possible escape routes with the other old man, who I am guessing is Fadel. It's only the three of them with Hadley. Zeki continued to study Hadley, brushing the hair out of her face, checking out the marks on either side of her neck and sneering at the scars. That's right, b***h. She's ours.

I growl when he pulls at the front of her shirt, looking down at her chest. He licks his lips, and my claws extend into my leg, where I am clenching my knee, trying to fight the urge to shift. Mitch is struggling too, but when Zeki releases her shirt, takes a step back to circle her, observing her from all around, then walks away and sits on the single bed, our wolves recede.

After a few minutes, Hadley began to wake up. I watch as Zeki starts taunting her as she struggles to open her eyes. I can feel the stirring in our bond now that she's awake. I can feel her fear and anxiety, and then her disgust when she looks at her ex-fiance.

When the old man walks over and backhands her, I'm done. I can't do the car ride. I have to shift. My wolf is almost breaking through watching as the old f**k screams at and barates Hadley. Mitch is snarling as he pulls over to the side of the road. We're in a less populated area outside the reserve now. Shifting isn't an issue, and that's a good thing because I can't restrain myself any longer.

My beast tears through my skin, as Mitch's does his. We're both gray wolves, with the same icy blue eyes. Matt shifts with us, ordering Daryl to take the car and listen through the mind link to where to go. Mitch and I don't have time for that. We don't have time to make sure the other wolves can keep up with us. We have one goal, and nothing else. Get to our mate.

Fadel, the fat, old f**k, just kicked Hadley in the stomach, and we can feel it through the bond. Hatred and fury filled me. This man was going to die, and soon. We can hear the old man telling Hadley's father what he planned on doing with her. No f*****g way were they going to abuse our mate. No way were they even going to even live past today with those intentions towards the most perfect and pure woman. Our woman. Not with our f*****g mate.

Our wolves race through the swampy marsh, the pull through the magic drawing us toward our mate. She's close. So close, I can almost smell her now.

Matt lets out a howl, signaling the others as the worn-down shack comes into view. She's in there. I let go of the spell, knowing we no longer needed it. She's there, in that shack, waiting for us, fully confident that we would be there any moment to save her. She knows we will never give up. She has full confidence that we were going to find her and avenge all the wrongs that these horrible men had done.

Hold on, sugar. We are almost there.

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 47

Hadley POV

I smirked, hearing my mates howling outside the open window. "You're screwed. So, totally screwed."

"Shut up you b***h," Zeki kicks me while I'm down, still lying sideways on the ground, tied to the damn chair. My already bruised ribs crack in my chest, making me scream.

They felt that. I know my mates are feeling my pain, because they start snarling and growling so ferociously, goosebumps rise up on my clammy skin.

"s**t! s**t, s**t, s**t! How the hell are we supposed to defeat Gemini twins, father? What are we going to do now?"

Fadel was backing up from the window, his face full of freight. He snaps his head in my direction, sneering, "Her! They want her. Use her as a shield. They won't harm us if her life is in danger. Hurry, son, and get her out of those restraints."

Zeki curses, pulling a knife out of his pocket and quickly cutting through the rope, nicking my arm in the process and making me cry as blood starts trickling down my wrist. He grips me by the hair and yanks me up to my feet, my ribs screaming at me in protest at the sudden, jerky movement.

"I don't have time to f**k you, but this will help for now." His words confuse me, until his mouth comes down forcefully on mine, violent and demanding,

his tongue pushing its way into my resisting mouth. He's trying to get more power. He's using me to siphon magic. I'm not going to let him.

I open my mouth slightly, giving him room to shove his tongue all the way inside, then I bite down as hard as I can, using all the strength I have left. He screams and cries around the action, pushing and pulling at my face to try to get me to stop, but I clamp down, locking my jaw, refusing to let go as I feel the muscle tearing, his blood pooling in my mouth. I have to fight the urge to gag and vomit.

He punches me in the side, his fist connecting with my broken ribs. I jerked back with the pain, tearing his tongue off in the process, spitting it on the ground as I cried out.

"YOU b***h! WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY SON!?" Fadel yelled, coming to help Zeki where he was struggling and whimpering, his hand clamped over his mouth. "YOU f*****g w***e! HOW....HOW DARE YOU!"

"He should learn to keep his extremities to himself," I choked out.

"You!..." Fadel raises his hand, his hand glowing a murky dark, almost blackness, like the moon when it's eclipsed, as if it was once supposed to shine bright, but the vibrance in his magic had been snuffed out, consumed by darkness instead.

Before he could fully release his energy, my father ran, throwing himself in front of me, blocking the oncoming blast. Surprise and fear rushed over me, dropping to my knees, seeing the burnt, sizzling flesh on my father's chest, his clothes scorched and burning away, tears started streaming down my face. He has been a shitty father for the last few years, but he is still my dad. He took the blast to save me.

He is still breathing, but it's ragged and labored, his face contorted in so much pain.

"You fool! You-"

Fadel's words were cut off as the front door was knocked off its hinges, falling to the ground right behind Fadel's feet. He jumps in surprise, turning to the oncoming threat, but he doesn't move fast enough as a beautiful, vicious gray wolf lunges for him, grabbing hold of his raised hand and tearing it off his body with a twist of his head and a sickening snap.

Zeki is still struggling, slouched on the floor in front of me and my dying father, gripping his discarded tongue in one hand, his other raised in front of him, a brown glow emanating faintly from his palm. It's not enough power to do much. The blast doesn't even faze the second gray wolf who is snarling, stalking his way toward his target, hair raised, drool foaming and dropping from his exposed fangs.

The wolf's blue eyes glowed, a brilliant icy blue emanating from them. Zeki whimpers and cries, his voice strangled from the loss of his tongue and the blood filling and overflowing from his mouth. His raised hand shakes, then slowly turns at an odd angle, reaching for the knife left on the ground after Zeki freed me from my restraints. He sobs, lifting the knife in the air, gripping it unnaturally in his fist. Then, he brings the blade down, stabbing it into his thigh, a terrorizing scream filling the small room. The wolf, my mate, continuing to pace around him, forcing Zeki to stab himself over and over again using his magic. It's magnificent to watch, but also so terrifying. The last place he stabs, bringing the blade in with so much force, is his crotch. The small blade dives in between Zeki's legs, cutting and sinking into the part of Zeki's body he has used to ruin countless girl's lives.

I watch in satisfaction as Zeki thrashes and struggles until he finally passes out. The wolf, who I instinctively know is Mitchel somehow, bites through both of his wrists, twisting and jerking his head, ridding him of the ability to use magic. I have a feeling that he and Mark have a more sinister plan for his death.

Mark, the other gray wolf, has already torn off Fadel's hands. Fadel is sobbing and howling, begging for his pathetic life. Mark is hopping around the man, using Fadel's torn hands to rein blow after blow to Fadel's body, his icy magic floating the appendages in the air, bringing them down with an unnatural force to pound into the wailing man.

Mitchel sniffs Zeki, making sure he is down for the count, then turns his attention to my father who is struggling to breathe on the ground in front of me.

"He saved me," I cried out, scared that Mitchel was going to hurt my father more than he was already hurting. "He took the blast when Fadel tried to hurt me."

Mitchel snorts, his snout sniffing the wound on my father's chest, assessing the damage that had been done to him.

“He’s still my father,” I cried, looking down at the man, his face lying in my lap.

Mitchel nuzzles his snout against my face, licking my cheek. The sound of snapping and popping startles me as Mitchel shifts back into his human form. Naked and covered in sweat.

“I’ll save him, Hadley, but he will be placed in Parker’s or Delilah’s prison until we figure out what to do with him. He may be your father, and he may have saved you this time, but we watched as he stood back and allowed those two sick f***s to hurt you. He allowed them to hurt Safarah and your mother for years. One good deed can’t fix a lifetime of bad ones.”

I nodded, looking down at my father, knowing what Mitchel said was true. Mitchel goes to his knees, cups my face and kisses me, a kiss full of love and relief that I’m alive and safe with him. Before he heals my father, he rests his warm, glowing hands on my side, healing my ribs. My breathing becomes more natural again, the stabbing, throbbing pain all but forgotten.

Mitchel presses his hands against my father’s chest, the glow almost blinding as he restores the skin to its healthy state, the burn marks fading to nothing. My father’s breathing became even and steady, his face relaxing. He looks like he is just sleeping now.

Mark had Fadel in a broken and bruised heap on the floor, bringing the floating hands down on the back of Fadel’s head, knocking him out cold. He shifts back to normal, walking towards me, drops to the floor and pulls me into his lap, hugging me tightly, and I’m so grateful Mitchel has already healed me. This would have been unbearable a minute ago.

“We were so f*****g scared, Hadley. What the hell were you thinking!? Why would you willingly go outside and meet them, letting them take you?! Why didn’t you call Mitch?!”

“Bro, she can’t breathe with you hugging her like that,” Mitchel says, kneeling behind me.

Mark ignores his brother, continuing to squeeze the life out of me, burying his face in my neck.

“Don’t you ever f*****g do that s**t to us again. Don’t you ever! I don’t care who the hell is being threatened, or what the circumstances are. Don’t risk your life for anyone else ever again.”

“I couldn’t let them kill Jenny,” I squeaked out.

Mark just growled, letting up his hold enough to sit back and look at me. Mitchel brushes the bloody hair out of my hair, over my shoulder and starts kissing his mark on my neck. “I’m so sorry I didn’t protect you, baby. I’m so sorry.”

I combed my fingers through his hair, guilt eating at me, “I’m sorry for not calling for you. I reacted before I could think. I’m sorry. I should have gotten you. I’m sorry, Mitchel.”

His tears are running over my shoulder, his face buried in my nape as I continue to soothe him as best I can with my other mate holding me, running my fingers through Mitchel’s hair over and over again.

“Hate to break up this little love fest, but this one is waking up,” a man, a little bit taller and bulkier than Mitchel and Mark, but with similar facial features says, poking his foot at Zeki who is moaning on the floor. The new man cringes and whistles seeing the knife lodged in Zeki’s crotch. I blushed, looking away from the naked man.

Mitchel looks up and growls, “Let’s get her out of here. Carry her and I’ll get the piece of s**t father.”

Mark lifts me in his arms, carrying me out of the shack, his strong arms molding me against his naked chest. Mitchel picks up my father, tosses him over his shoulder like a bag of potatoes, and follows us out.

Outside, all around the shack, there are bulking, towering men everywhere, crowding around a couple of black Hummers and Escalades. Is it a requirement for werewolf men to be insanely attractive and built of solid muscle? I feel like they could make a killing opening up Chip N Dale like strip clubs in the city. If I didn’t already have 2 of my own, this would almost be too much for my heart to take.

A super-tall man walked over to us with shaggy blonde hair. He is easily the biggest man out of the bunch. He’s got an air about him that screams ‘AUTHORITY’ or ‘LEADER’. He must be Parker, the alpha of their pack. A woman was walking beside him. Her auburn hair is in a high ponytail, and she is in just a sports bra and tiny little shorts, her abs rivaling Mitchel and Mark’s. She looks intimidating, but she is smiling at me, her face showing nothing but

kindness. She tossed a pair of basketball shorts to the other man that was in the shack with us.

“Here, Matt. Don’t want to scare your new sister-in-law the first time you meet her.”

“Don’t want to make her feel bad for Lilly, knowing Lilly had to settle for the less blessed of the three of us,” Mitchel laughs, setting my father into the backseat of one of the cars. His hands glow as he touches my father’s wrists, binding them together with a glowing blue ring of magic. My father is still passed out, but Michel probably wants to take some precautions to ensure he doesn’t become a threat when he does wake up.

“f**k you, dipshit. Lilly knows she’s got the best.”

“Keep telling yourself that,” Mark chuckles, setting me on my feet. “You okay to stand, sugar? Mitchel and I have one last thing to take care of.”

I nod. He kisses me briefly, then looks at Mitchel. He nodded at him in understanding.

The woman came up next to me, “I got her, boys. Go take care of your shit.” She puts an arm around me, smiling. She is so much taller than me, several inches at least. “I’m Carli. You’re Hadley, right? Mark was bragging about how beautiful you were all through training, the distracted little s**t. I can see why, though. Even covered in blood, you’re gorgeous.”

“Thank you?” I looked at her like she was crazy. She is quite gorgeous herself. I feel like a disgusting mess, Zeki’s blood still wet on the front of my shirt and drying, flaking off on my chin.

“It was f*****g funny as hell watching him and Daryl almost get in a damn fight because the d**k said Hillary looked like a wet f*****g mop compared to you,” Carli throws her head back laughing. She may be gorgeous, but jeez, her mouth. She would make a sailor blush.

“Do you two know what you’re doing,” the tall, intimidating guy asks, coming to stand on the other side of me. I feel like I’m standing between two body-building models. Looking up at the man, he had dark brown eyes that came down slightly in the corners, giving him a sultry look on his chiseled face.

“Yep,” Mitchel calls back, his and his brother’s asses on full display still as they stand stark naked in front of the shack. No one is paying attention to the fact that they are naked, like it’s completely normal. The other guy, Matt, who I just figured out is their brother, is nailing a sheet of plywood over the hole where the door used to be, while another man nails 2 boards over the window, blocking the only other way out of the shack.

Mitchel’s hands start to glow, then Marks, blue fire building in their palms, growing and growing as an icy hue consumes their entire bodies.

“Keep it contained. I don’t want to deal with more s**t from the mayor tonight about disturbing the peace if it gets out of hand,” tall, blonde and sexy yells out to them.

“Yes, Alpha,” both my mates said at the same time.

The fire shoots from their hands, engulfing the entire run-down building, lighting it up in blue flames. The heat is almost unbearable, but they maintain control, keeping the fire contained to just the shack.

Screaming, heart-wrenching screaming fills the night air along with the sounds of the fire raging strongly. Zeki and his father, trapped inside without the use of magic, burn alive in the inferno. My mate’s showed no mercy and no remorse, holding the fire until it consumes everything inside and the screaming dies out with the last of the flames.

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 48

Mitch POV

Mark and I hold the flames for hours, our magic diving into the burning house, coating the two men’s internal organs, prolonging their pain as long as f*****g possible. The outside of their bodies burned, while their insides were left totally healthy and intact, forcing blood to continue pumping through their bodies, keeping their minds awake and focused, so they were overcome by total torture and agony.

It wasn’t until Hadley started to whimper, our focus turning to her, that we noticed she was having a hard time enduring the raging fire’s heat, and listening to the despicable father and son’s torturous screams for so long. We released our hold on their inner bodies, letting the fire consume them in a

matter of minutes, our flames dying out slowly after we were sure their bodies were nothing but ash.

As our magic retracted back into us, it brought with it the vitality and power that was residing in the two men, increasing our magic even more. With Delilah's and Queen Aisling's blood absorbed in us, and the added magic of having a seer as a mate, and gaining power from killing these two men and Suzie, our bodies were buzzing, almost vibrating from the overflow of magic.

"Geez, remind me never to piss you guys off," Parker mutters, tossing us each a pair of athletic shorts.

Carli smirked at him, a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, "Hey, babe. Remember that one time, like, I don't know, ten years ago when you beat the s**t out of them in front of all the warriors in our pack?"

I want to laugh. I do remember that, and I know Mark does too. Having Hadley, I know why he did it, but I can't help but play into the little game Carli is trying to start with her mate.

"I do remember," Parker glares at her, "I also remember why I did that. Do you? I can remind you if you forgot," he then looked at us, raising his eyebrow at my glowing hands. I was just about to burn the clothes off his body. He knew something was up, but didn't seem fazed. He smiles slightly then looks down at my curious mate, "Hadley, want me to tell you a story about the first time I went to Bloodlust?"

"NOO!!" Mark and I lunged for Hadley at the same time, pulling her from where she was standing next to Parker, shielding her with our bodies from his view, like that was going to stop her from hearing him.

Parker starts laughing whole-heartedly, then picks Carli up and tosses her over his shoulder, slapping her a*s when she tries to protest. "Clean this mess up, you guys. I have business to take care of with our dear Luna." "And you try that freaky magic s**t with me, I got weeks worth of surveillance footage and endless stories that I'm sure your mate would love to hear. All about your past endeavors. Keep that in mind."

"Yes, Alpha," Mark and I grumble back through the mindlink.

"What happened at Bloodlust? That's Simone and Vincent's club, right?" Hadley asks, sheltered between us in our arms.

“Absolutely nothing,” Mark lies, earning him a sour look from our feisty mate.

“Nothing serious. We were on a mission, that’s all.” I tried to cover for our asses.

“A mission to be man whores?” Hadley glares between us, then pushes us off her. “Clean this mess up, jerks,” She starts walking off towards the car I set her father in. I put him in a deep sleep when I healed him, but it still makes me uneasy to have her so close to that man as she gets in the front passenger seat, clearly upset about what Parker said.

“s**t, we will never be able to kick his a*s,” Mark muttered.

“f*****g Carli, man. She always gets us in trouble.”

“We should stop playing into it,” Mark glares as Parker and Carli drive off in their car, Carli’s head dipping up and down over Parker’s lap.

“We get the cold shoulder, and Parker’s getting road head,” I huff, turning towards what’s left of the shack, embers and small flames being snuffed out by warriors’ feet. Matt uses a literal broom and dustpan he pulled out of who knows where, sweeping the ashes of Fadel and Zeki up, dumping them in the swamp for nature to take care of. I feel bad for the wildlife he just tainted with their remains.

“Let’s get our mate home,” I sighed, knowing Matt would take care of things here for us.

Hadley POV

Mark and Mitchel tried to get me to speak with them the whole way home. Honestly, I’m not surprised or mad about what Parker said, I’m just numb and tired from the grueling day I had. That was a lot to endure. Almost too much.

Mark pulls the Escalade up outside some elaborate gallery-looking building, with white marble and modern finishes. Mitchel gets out of the backseat, then comes around to get my father where he is still lying on the other side, slumped against the door.

“What is he doing?” I asked Mark as Mitchel walked inside the building with my father over his shoulder.

“Dropping your father off in Lady Delilah’s cells.” He reaches over and grabs my hand. “Are you still mad at us?”

I sighed, then shook my head, “I’m just tired and want to take a shower and brush my teeth twenty times.”

He growls deeply at that, “That f*****g prick. We should have kept his a*s burning for days.”

I cringe thinking about that. It was the most disgusting thing I had ever witnessed. They deserved it, but it still makes me uneasy to think about it.

“How’s Jenny?” I asked to change the subject, and because I was truly worried about the girl. She may not like me, but I still didn’t wish her any harm.

“Okay. Lilly just mind linked us and said she’s better now and went home with her mom. We took her memories so she thinks she was drugged and passed out for the whole thing. She won’t remember any details. When we found you, Parker had the police report modified to say that the men who took and hurt her were found and killed in gang activity.”

I nod, knowing that’s for the best.

Mark saw the small cut on my arm from when Zeki nicked me with the knife. I had almost forgotten all about it. It doesn’t really hurt. Just stings a little as he pokes at it. His hands glow slightly, then the wound is quickly gone, along with the sting.

When Mitchel was done, we drove back to the resort in mostly silence. I’m too tired and worn out to keep up a conversation. Vivian was crying and gushing over all three of us as we went in.

“You okay?” Micah asked me gently as Vivian started yelling at Mitchel and Mark for racing out of the resort so fast. Her and Micah were left behind, worried about what was happening, until Matt did the weird mindlink thing to let them know we were alright.

“I’m fine. Just tired and wanting a shower.”

He gives me a quick hug, then goes to help calm Vivian, who has now started to cry as she curses at her sons in the middle of the lobby. Ignorant guests were watching, openly gawking and staring at the family, but they didn’t seem

to notice. I can't even imagine what we all look like right now, the boys wearing nothing but shorts, and me a total mess, covered in Zeki's blood.

"Hadley, I'm so glad you are alright," Mama hugged me to her, running her hands over my face and looking me up and down, "I was so worried when Vivian came to get me and told me what happened. Did they hurt you?"

I smiled sadly at her. The small amount of pain I endured from them is nothing compared to what this woman went through for me over the last 25 years. "I'm fine. Just tired."

She nods her head, then kisses my cheeks, "Get some rest. We can talk in the morning."

Mitchel, Mark and I rode up to our floor, all three of us exhausted and ready to just pass out. I would love to just fall into our bed to go straight to sleep, but I desperately need a shower and to clean out my mouth. It feels disgusting from the lingering blood in my teeth.

I strip the second we walk into the suite, my clothes falling to the ground like breadcrumbs leading to our bedroom. I turn on the shower and grab my toothbrush and toothpaste before getting in. I'm going to multitask so I can get to bed faster.

The third or fourth time brushing my teeth, Mitchel comes into the bathroom, kicking off his shorts and stepping in the shower with me. He washes my hair while I finish brushing my teeth. Mark came in soon after, joining us under the warm spray of water, washing off the hardships we had to endure that day.

Once clean, they just hold me between them, resting their faces against their marks while I relish the feeling of being safe in their arms.

"I love you. Both of you," I murmured, "Thank you for saving me."

"Always," Mark whispered.

"Forever," Mitchel presses his lips to his mark, igniting a need inside me. I'm so tired, so mentally and physically exhausted, but I need them. I need both of them.

"Let's go to bed," I tell them, knowing they can smell my arousal by the way they groan slightly, their chests vibrating against my naked body. "I need you."

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 49

Mark lifts me in his arms, my arms wrapping around his neck. I lock my legs around his waist as he carries me out of the shower stall. Mitch turns the water off, grabbing a large, fluffy towel, wrapping it around me, letting Mark tuck it between us. Mitch dries himself while Mark carries me into our bedroom, rubbing his hands over my body, helping the towel to absorb the moisture before laying me on the bed.

Mitchel comes around him, handing him a towel, then dipping down to splay kisses on my knee, his mouth working up my body until he reaches my mouth, his warm tongue diving in, making me swoon, stealing my breath and capturing my moans.

“Are you sure you’re not too tired, baby girl?”

I pecked his lips, then nodded, “I need it. I need you two.”

He groans, stealing my lips, fervent and hungry. His hands on my body send my desire for them over the edge. His thumb is circling my pebbled n****e, his hand gripping my hip, holding my body in place as I fight him, wanting to grind my aching p***y against him, searching for friction to fight off the burning need.

The bed dips, Mark crawling toward me, turning my face to his, cupping my cheek, his warm breath fanning over me as he stares into my eyes. He is looking at me with so much love and adoration, it makes my heart skip.

“I love you, sugar. Goddess, you are so f*****g beautiful,” he whispers before his lips meet mine, controlling and dominating.

Mitchel’s mouth is sucking my n****e, his tongue flicking over it, caressing and teasing me. His hand is cupping my s*x, then his middle finger slips inside me, making me moan. His throbbing, hard d**k is rubbing against my leg, hips rocking slightly as he is rubbing his velvety skin over mine.

Mark fondles my other breast, massaging and kneading it, his fingers barely brushing around my areola, driving me wild as the tingles radiate into my core. Marks chuckles lightly as my frustration builds, making me pull away and glare at him.

“What’s wrong?” he husks, nuzzling the side of my face, sucking my earlobe into his mouth.

“Don’t tease me,” I whimper. Mitchel is slowly pumping his solitary finger inside me, smiling around my erect n****e as my frustration continues to rise.

“We’re trying to be slow and sweet,” Mark whispered, his deep voice making goosebumps rise on my sensitive skin.

“I don’t want slow and sweet,” I begged, my voice sounding desperate and needy to my own ears.

“What do you want, baby girl?” Mitchel asks, staring up at me. His tongue slowly flattens, flicking up over my wet and hard n****e, the cool air making it tighten painfully as I whimper, my back arching, needing more.

“f**k me. f**k me, now, please!” I cried out, my entire body blazing, needing and wanting them to put out the fire inside me.

“Oh, my, f**k,” Mitchel shivers, groaning.

“You’re getting pregnant tonight, sugar,” Mark growls, biting down on my ear, the pain making my p***y throb, leaking more around Mitchel’s finger. “Is she wet enough?” Mark asks.

His finger joins his brother’s inside me, making me squirm. It’s not enough. I need more. I need all of them. Their teasing fingers and mouths aren’t helping. They’re fanning the flames higher.

Mark chuckles darkly, then groans. “s**t, she’s so wet.” He circles around his brother’s finger, then inserts another, coating his fingers completely in my slick juices. “f**k her, Mitch. Get her dripping for me.”

Mitchel lifts me, making me straddle his lap, slamming my body down, his shaft diving into my tight, swollen p***y. My legs were shaking violently from the sudden assault. He’s gripping my hips firmly, guiding my body to ride him furiously. I throw my head back, submitting my body entirely to his will now that my needs are being met.

Mark is rubbing my slickness coated on his fingers up and down his d**k, watching with heated eyes as Mitchel f***s me, making me cry out

incoherently with each thrust. Mark pressed against my back, grabbing a fistfull of my hair, angling my head to give him access to my mouth.

“Do you like that? Do you like it when Mitch f**s your tight cunt?”

“Yes,” I cried, “I lo-...I love it,” I gasped out, Mitchel going faster and harder, Mark’s dirty talk egging him on. “Want me to f**k your a*s, sugar? Want me to drive my d**k deep into your a*s while Mitch continues to pound that delicious p**y?”

“Yes!” f**k yes, I want that. I love it when they f**k me in both sides at the same time. I love it when I feel so full I can barely hold on. My o****s feel so much more powerful, so much deeper. “f**k my a*s, baby. I want your d**k in my a*s,” I cried, Mark growling at my words.

Mitchel slows, pulling out just long enough for Mark to take more of my moisture, my juices dripping over his hand, then Mitchel drives right back into me, moaning as my walls flex around his hard length.

Mark rubs my slickness around and into my backdoor, my muscles tightening around his fingers, anticipating something even thicker and harder. Mitchel is barely rocking me against his pelvis, giving Mark a chance to stretch me in the a*s.

Mark’s fingers leave me, his velvety head, coated in my wetness, presses against my back entrance, pushing through it slowly. His hands heat, and I know he’s using his magic to take the pain, leaving me with nothing but pleasure as he slides in to the hilt.

Mitchel grips my hips tighter, bruisingly so, lifting me up and slamming my body back down, their d**s stretching and pulsing inside my tunnels, my strangled cries of their names filling our room, along with the scents of our sweat and passion. Mark is twisting my n****s, pulling them painfully, the sensation traveling to my clit, building my pleasure as I slip closer and closer to the edge.

“You are going to look so hot, round with our baby,” Mark kissed his mark, making tingles and sparks erupt all over my body.

“f**k, she’s going to be f*****g gorgeous,” Mitchel growls, bringing my body down harder and harder. I’m so close. My nails are digging into Mitchel’s

shoulders, my head thrashing on Mark's. They are overwhelming every inch of me.

"Do you want to have our baby, sugar? Do you want us to f**k you until you get pregnant?"

"Yes! Please," I moan, my legs starting to shake with my oncoming o****m.

"I'm going to shoot my c*m so deep in you, baby. Are you going to take all my c*m? Are you going to be a good girl and take everything I give you?" Mitchel growls hoarsely.

"YES! YES!"

"Fuuck..." Mark grunts, his d**k pulsing in my a*s as I c*m all around Mitchel's merciless length. My legs were shaking violently, my body slumping back against Mark's hard chest. Mitchel stills, groaning as he pours all of him into my womb.

"Holy s**t, that was so much," Mitchel pants, looking between us, watching as his seed spills out around his c**k.

"Keep it in her," Mark complained. Mitchel hurries his finger around his d**k in my folds, fighting a losing battle trying to get his c*m back inside me.

"f**k, we need to have her do a handstand or something," he complains.

"No way," I pant, climbing off their laps while they protest, trying to hold me in place. "I got what I wanted. I'm going to sleep."

My body is more relaxed than ever. Sated and happy, my nethers are sore in a good way. I'm going to sleep. They can do handstands by themselves.

"Baby...."

"Sugar...."

I ignore them, a small, happy smile playing on my lips as I quickly drift off to sleep.

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 50

3 months later....

“Apologize,” I sneered at Mark.

“For what?”

“You know what. Now apologize and fix it.”

“Hadley, sugar, I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

I’m about ready to snap his neck off if he doesn’t bring back the coffee shop at the front of the resort. I know it was him. He was the one who begged me to go on vacation, taking 2 weeks off before I was too fat to travel, after hounding me for an entire month about my caffeine intake. I have one latte a day. One. It’s a craving and my doctor told me it was fine, but he read in some stupid baby book that caffeine was bad for babies, and started nagging me to stop drinking coffee entirely.

He could have sweet talked that flirty damn barista into switching my espresso to decaf like Mitchel did, but he was still worried and got his mother to take out the entire coffee shop, replacing it with a flipping Jamba Juice instead. I’m not craving juice. I want my damn latte.

“If I don’t have a cinnamon dolce latte in my hand in the next 10 minutes, you are sleeping in the damn living room until the babies are born.”

“We won’t all fit on the couch though,” he pouts.

“You’re right. I’ll be in my nice big bed. You and Mitchel can cuddle each other on the couch.”

Mitchel was already on my s**t list from telling another couple sitting close to us at dinner last night, who was a little too curious about my relationship with Mitch and Mark, about my inability to suck their c***s right now because of my morning sickness. I almost died of embarrassment. He spent the last night of our cruise on a lounge chair on our balcony. I refused to share the bed with him and told him to suck his own c**k out in the cold.

“Sugar,” Mark pleads, “It’s bad for the babies.”

“You’re bad for the babies, stressing their mama out like this. 9 minutes, Mark. I’m not joking.”

“Fine, but I’m getting decaf.”

“You get decaf, you’re only going into the room, not the bed. You’ll be sleeping on the floor.”

“Hadley, come on.”

“8 minutes,” I glared at him, leaning back in my work chair, crossing my arms above my swollen belly.

Mark grumbles, then stomps out in a huff, muttering about hormones and something like ‘swollen t**s aren’t worth this’. He’s not touching my swollen t**s for a long time if that’s the way he feels.

Vivian enters my office after watching her son walking down the hall. “I told them it was a bad idea,” she chuckles.

“Them?”

“Oh, yes. Micah is the one who showed him the baby book and did all the work while you guys were away.”

“Stupid, meddling old man,” I growled, my hand rubbing circles on the side of my belly where one of the babies had just kicked.

“Want me to make Micah sleep on the couch too?”

“Yes,” I mutter, “I need my latte. Why can’t they just understand?”

“They’re men, sweetheart.”

Stupid men. Mitchel and Mark, true to their word, knocked me up, and now I’m waddling to the bathroom every 20 minutes, craving ridiculous things like movie theater popcorn with nacho cheese and jalapenos, and can’t fit any of my clothes because the jerks are werewolves, meaning I’m growing these babies twice as fast as a normal human. My back hurts. My belly hurts. My feet hurt. My knees hurt. Everything hurts because they decided to f**k me nonstop for a week, making me do stinking handstands after each time, trying to play it off as normal, saying they were just massaging my feet standing up. Who gives a foot massage standing up?

“Did you give any thought to what we talked about before you left for your cruise? You said you were going to think about it while you were away.”

“About taking over the resort?” Vivian told us she was thinking about retiring, wanting to focus on being a grandma now, and so she and Micah could travel. She asked me before we left on our trip if we would be willing to take over the resort. Well, if I would be willing. She said she didn’t trust her sons quite yet, but trusted me impeccably. “Did you talk to Matt and Lilly?”

“I did, and their answer was the same. Matt would get a third of the ownership, just like his brothers, but they both wished to remain in the packhouse. One of their sons will be taking the Gamma position after Matt and they wish to stay on as ranked members. You will be the general manager, and since you are mated to two of the owners, you are technically the owner too. You are the most qualified and I believe you will do great,” she leans forward and places her hand on my belly, “and I’ll be free to help with the babies!”

I bit my lip, thinking about her offer. I talked to Mark and Mitchel, and both thought I should go for it. They both work in the resort now, Mark as the head of security and Mitchel working with me as an event coordinator. I thought they would be too distracting to work with, but after laying down some ground rules, like no PDA in the office, and no harassing the staff if they say anything off putting about our relationship, it seemed to work out great. Mitchel gets a little protective at times when we are dealing with clients and bookings with single males, and Mark will be fuming on the other side of the security cameras if he thinks a guy is checking me out, but instead of causing a scene at work, they wait til we get home and take it out in the bedroom. I have no problems with that. Not. At. All.

“Okay. I’ll do it,” I smiled at my future mother-in-law as she shot up out of her chair, clapping her hands and laughing.

“I’m so happy! Micah is going to be thrilled to hear the news.”

“What news?” Mitchel pops his head into the office. My eyes tighten, still upset about last night.

“She said yes!”

Mitchel makes a face, “Did you ask her to marry you?”

“No, you little s**t. She said yes to letting me retire. To taking over as general manager for me.”

“Really? That’s great! Now I can tell everyone I’m sleeping with my boss.”

I rolled my eyes. "Oh, I think that would be unprofessional. Maybe she should snuff out that problem before it becomes an HR issue," I glared at him.

"I'm just kidding, baby girl. Don't be like that."

He comes into my office, dips down, places one arm under my knee and another around my back as he lifts me, setting me in his lap when he takes my seat.

"You need to quit sharing the details about our s*x life, or you aren't going to have a s*x life any longer."

"I'm just teasing you, baby," he nuzzles my neck, rubbing circles on my belly, his hand warming as his magic helps to alleviate some of my discomfort. An involuntary groan leaves me, making both him and Vivian chuckle.

"I used to love it when Micah would do that."

"Do what?" Mark asked, panting as he strode into the crowded office. He has my latte in his hands and I reach out greedily for it as he tries to catch his breath.

"Take the pain away with his magic hands," Vivian chuckles, nodding to Mitchel's hand glowing against my belly.

I suck down some of my drink, moaning when the hot liquid coats my mouth. I squinted at him accusingly, knowing it was not fully caffeinated.

"It's half-caf, you stubborn woman. If I have to sleep on the floor, so be it."

I want to be mad, but his pouting is cute and makes me feel other things instead. They should both thank my hormones because the hormones are making me crave other things right now. My eyes roamed Mark's body, his shirt tight across his chest and around his biceps. I take another long, deep drink from my favorite latte, my eyes never leaving Mark's body as I continue to study him, then lick my lips as a little bit of whipped cream drips from my lips.

"I sense a mood swing," Mitchel chuckles in my ear, his nose roaming down my neck, then nibbling on his mark. "A good one."

Mark's eyes lit up, knowing he was not in the dog house, and he was about to get lucky instead.

"Me too," Vivian laughed, shaking her head, "Go, you three. I'll be able to handle the rest of the day without you."

The boys waste no time getting me out of my office. I don't protest as Mitchel carries me through the resort to the elevators. Mark presses the button at least twenty times before the doors open. Neither of them got any fun time the last two days. Their insatiable s*x drives were waiting for this moment.

I giggled to myself at their impatience, sipping down my latte.

"You're laughing now, but I'm going to have you screaming in just a few minutes," Mark growls.

"Hmm, I can't wait."