

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 5

Mitch POV

My shift at the blood bank just ended and I'm so f*****g tired. I got zero sleep last night because of Alpha and Carli's little shindig, and then Mark and I had our own little after party. They celebrated 10 years of marriage. I celebrated the tenth year anniversary of something entirely different.

Not really something to celebrate, but the process of mourning and celebrating is basically the same. Get piss drunk and then make shitty decisions, followed by a walk of f*****g shame in the morning. Now I have got a pounding headache and have no idea where my car is.

Mark is working for the pack today, doing protective detail for the pack's security services for some celebrity here for a concert. I don't know how the man is on his feet after the amount of rum he was chugging last night with the fairy chick he calls tinker bell. All night at the club he was having her call him Captain Hook, doing an accent and everything.

Tinker Bell played her part for him well into the morning, but he popped out of his room upstairs at the same time I did, fresh faced and ready to get his a*s to work.

I barely made it through my shift today. If Suzie didn't come in with that coffee around noon, I would have been useless the rest of the shift.

Six years ago, Lady Delilah offered me this job, basically as a drug sniffing dog at the blood bank for the vamps that are having a hard time resisting temptation. I do security and basic counseling before the vamps get sent off to get real help or, in very rare cases, be sent to the council for harsher punishment.

Laura and Simon, along with Melody of the fae and a jury of elders from each race are the final tier in our justice system. Much like the supreme court for the humans.

We didn't always have a council. It's something Carli set up with the help of her step-mother and our Alpha's grandmother, Luna Grace, when Carli became Luna. Elena, Carli's step-mom, is best friends with Lady Delilah, so she was influential with getting the vampire leader on board. Cathal, Melody's father, is a fairy knight and was the original fae member on the

council. Melody has taken her father's role not just on the council but as a knight. She has grown up a lot from her partying days. Seems everyone has except us.

The Counsel has grown exponentially over the last decade, and it's a prominent part of supernatural life in Miami now. It's what unites us. Witches are the only race not represented. The line between supernatural beings and witches is a blurry one. They are humans, just gifted, having the same magic in their blood as the fae kind.

Fae harness their magic from their natural realm. Witches are humans with the ability to harness power from ours.

They get a bad rep because they are more secretive than other races, and the only time they make themselves known is when they are harnessing power in sinister ways. Whether it's from blood sacrifice, stealing power through life vitality, or by taking too much from the elements, causing natural disasters in the process. Most witches are not bad, but all the good ones keep a low profile because of the dangers they could face if they make themselves known.

Our father, for example.

I walked out to the back of the resort to sit on the employee balcony to pull the app up on my phone that finds my Tesla. Seriously. There is no telling where I left it.

When I sit back in the lounge chair, trying not to get distracted by the incoming texts from girls I don't even remember. I stopped saving numbers. I never call them back anyway. I never sleep with the same girl twice, and most of the time, I can't finish the job anyway, if you know what I mean.

The only thing that helps is when Mark is with me. Not in some perverted, incestual freaky s**t. Its...comforting, knowing I won't be the sole focus of a single girl. There will be no expectations of me outside of the bedroom, because if a girl is freaky enough to give into the kink, they usually just want a wild f**k, then to go on their way.

I don't need any repeats. I don't think I could handle the guilt again. It would end me.

Mark has always been my partner in crime since the day we were created in our mother's womb. Mark, Matt and I are triplets, but only Mark and I are identical. Matt was born first from a single sac and Mark and I were born sharing another. Sharing comes to us naturally. Women are no exception.

I'm staring at my phone, deciding if I want to walk to my car where it appears I left at Bloodlust or if I want to have the hotel shuttle take me, when the sweetest, most sensual voice I have ever heard reaches my ears from the direction of the offices. I look over and notice the event coordinator's office window is slightly cracked, and a delicious set of hips in business pants can be seen on the other side. A bushy palm tree is blocking my view of her face, but the hips alone are enough to get me excited.

The hands resting on those delicious hips are petite and the color of warm honey. I wonder if they taste as sweet as honey too?

That must be the new event coordinator. The lesbian.

Not that I know she is a lesbian, but mom was so sure she wouldn't give me or Mark the time of day. The only way that would be true is if she was a lesbian. Seriously. Only way that could be true. Like Debra from accounting.

I tilt my head, studying the way the hips are swaying back and forth, pacing back and forth across the floor. They don't look like lesbian hips, though the power pants are pin striped. The silky white tucked into the pants seems to be a body suit.

I hate body suits.

They're like adult onsies. Fuckers are a mood killer getting them off a girl. You either unsnap the crotch like a baby outfit, or you take on the task of peeling the girl out of it, tugging the elastic fabric over each individual roll and crevice. By the time you get it off the chick, you're limp and exhausted.

I continue watching her move around the space, not being able to take my eyes off the movement. With each step, I feel more and more inclined to risk taking off a body suit just to put my hands on those hips naked and bare. I want to bite them, chewing on the tender flesh in my mouth just enough to make her whimper.

Her skin has to taste like honey. No way it doesn't.

Now I'm craving honey.

I tear my eyes away from the beautiful hips and golden honey skin, deciding to walk so I can stop at a coffee shop I know on the way that makes a honey and lavender infused milk tea and bear claws.

I pulled my phone out again, texting Simone and Vincent to see if they were at the club and wanted anything.

Simone is the only one there at the moment, Vincent somewhere with their daughter on a daddy-daughter date. I get her drink order, a skinny vanilla almond latte, and start walking toward the place that will hopefully satisfy this craving I'm getting. I have a feeling the answer to filling this craving, though, is pacing back in that office, in a frustrating body suit and pin striped power pants.