

## Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 6

Hadley POV

“Ladies’ night is going to be this Thursday, if you girls are interested. Half-price wells and drafts and a special drink menu just for the ladies all night. I sampled the sassy sangria just last night and shamefully admit I demanded 2 more to check for quality control,” I put my finger’s in air quotes, “I’m about to talk Jose into letting me sample the ‘single ladies sunset’ once my shift ends.”

“Single ladies sunset?” the youngest woman in the group giggles, “That’s so depressing.”

“Depressing?” I huffed out dramatically, keeping a professional sales smile on my face, “What’s depressing about being single? It’s empowering.”

“I take it you’re single?” another woman asks playfully.

“Sure am. And proud of it.”

“You’re so pretty though! I love your contacts,” the youngest one gushes. My smile hesitates momentarily before I plaster it back on. Everyone thinks my eyes are the result of contacts. They’re not. They’re just unique. Mom used to tell me they were divine, like a goddess, and they made me blessed, whatever that means. She didn’t elaborate and I figured that was like when other moms told their daughters they were princesses.

“Thank you,” I told the girl, waving them towards the 21 and up pool with the poolside bar and Latin music floating through the breeze.

The group of women are here for vacation from Ohio and came to see if they could rent a catamaran for tomorrow. I will have to call the company Vivian put me in contact with. Simone, I think her name was, and book a vessel to take them out.

My heels click on the marble floors as I walk back into the resort, eyes downcast on my phone as I search for her number on my new work-issued cell phone. Vivian’s secretary synced all the contacts from the Mac in my office to the iPhone for me. He was very sweet and very gay. He invited me out for drinks with him and a few of the ladies from the resort tonight.

“What are we so engrossed in right now?” Ralph, Vivian’s secretary, asks me as I pass his desk.

“I can’t seem to find the number for the charter services we use. Simone, right?” I asked him, still searching through the contacts for the third time.

“Simone Lewis is her business name but her married name is Solace. Maybe try that?”

I hum scrolling back through the list of names.

“I have a Vincent Solace,” I told Ralph.

“That’s her husband. He could help you, but you should have Simone. Here, let me see.” Ralph lifts the phone from my hand and scans the list himself, then stifling a giggle when he stops on one. “Oh, sweetie,” he croons.

“Me?” I ask in confusion. The way he says sweetie, it sounds more like he is pitying me, which is confusing.

“No, no. Sarah. The girl that had your job before you. She must not have liked Simone because she changed her name to ‘Skank McClank’. That’s funny.”

I took back the phone and studied the contact information, laughing along with him. “Skank McClank. That’s a unique nickname to give someone you have to work with.”

“Oh, Sarah was probably just jealous. Simone’s husband is a sinfully tasty snack. Most attractive businessman in the city. There was a news article about him with that exact title as the headline. I wouldn’t mind taking a bite out of him myself,” he sighs, looking lost in his thoughts.

“That’s the Vincent guy?” I asked.

“Yep. You can google him and pictures will pop up. He owns half the restaurants on this side of town.”

“Why would the girl before me be mad at Simone for being married to him? Was he-?”

“Having an affair? Oh, hell no. That man worships the ground Simone walks on. My guess is that Sarah came onto him and he put her in her place. Happens all the time. Simone is a sweetheart. Level-headed and doesn’t get

worked up over stuff like that, but Vincent doesn't tolerate anyone disrespecting his wife. They are, like, couple goals," he sighs.

"Aww," I cooed half-heartedly, not fully believing Ralph. I remember many women giving me creative nicknames for being Zeki's fiance, but to the public, he would act like a devoted boyfriend when we were forced to be together anywhere. Those women were the ones being strung along outside of the public eye.

I quickly changed the contact name back to Simone Lewis, waved my hand in thanks to Ralph, then slipped into my office to call her to set up the rental I needed.

"Hello?" she answers on the second ring.

"Hi. Is this Simone Lewis?" I asked.

"Yes it is, may I ask who's calling?"

"Hi! My name is Hadley Hart. I am the new event coordinator at-"

"Oh! Yes. Vivian told me that you would be reaching out soon. How can I help you, Hadley?"

I laugh softly at her bubbly, sweet voice. There is this underlying confidence and authority that comes with being a powerful businesswoman laced in her voice, much like Vivian, and I like Simone instantly. "I have a group of women who want to rent a catamaran for the day tomorrow. I was hoping to get that set up with you."

"Not a problem! I'm going to text you the office number for future use because my staff is usually better equipped to deal with reservations than I am. I work from our corporate office most days, but I do know there was a party that just canceled a reservation for tomorrow. I can make sure your party gets the slot."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know to call the office. The last event coordinator left the list of contacts kind of a mess."

"No problem, girl. She sure didn't last long," she giggles through the line, "Didn't think she would. Not with those heartbreakers living there."

“Heartbreakers?” I asked in confusion. I was told Vivian’s daughter-in-law was the last event coordinator before me, but during the last few days of working, I’ve come to the realization that’s not entirely true. Sarah, the girl before me, only lasted a short time, so maybe Vivian didn’t think she needed mentioning. From the emails left in her inbox and the state of our contacts, I’m not surprised she didn’t last.

“Mitch and Mark? Have you not seen them around yet? Well, you can’t miss them, so I guess not.”

“Aren’t those Mrs. Meyer’s sons?”

“Oh yes,” she giggles again, “You definitely haven’t met them yet. I’m not surprised. Mark has been working as security for a singer in Miami for the last couple of days and Mitch has probably been at our club more than the hotel the last few days. You’ll see them eventually. Don’t give in to the temptation. They are heartbreakers.”

“I can assure you there is nothing a man could do to make me even feel tempted,” I told her deadpan.

“Oh! Are you more of a taco eater than a burrito?” she asks. I’m left gaping in my office in wonder about how she could ask such an intrusive question so easily.

“I’m not gay if that is what you are asking. I just, uh, am not interested in men at the moment. Just got out of a bad engagement,” I tell her honestly.

“Oh, that’s too bad. I’m sorry to hear that. Well, we will likely be seeing each other soon. My husband does a lot of work with Vivian and I’m good friends with the triplets. If you need someone to show you around the city let me know!”

We discussed the reservation, and she gave me the information I needed to contact her office in the future, but we left off with lunch plans for later this week.

At the end of my shift, I met Ralph in the lobby, ready to head out for drinks. We were standing by the front door waiting for Jenny from the front desk and Debra from accounting, both very welcoming and friendly since I arrived. I’m really looking forward to tonight.

“Hi, do you work here?” a couple asks, coming out of the elevator and wandering around like they were lost.

“Yes,” I smiled brightly at them, “How can I help you?”

The girl notices my purse on my shoulder and apologizes for interrupting us on our way out of work, but I wave off her concern. I leave Ralph for a few minutes to show the couple where the spa is at, at the other end of the building.

Walking back to the front of the hotel, I see Jenny and Debra have joined Ralph, and both of them are fawning over this tall, muscle-on-muscle hunk with a sharp hair-cut and mischievous smirk. He is very attractive, which instantly turns me off to him because I know he knows he’s good-looking and uses it to his advantage.

He instantly strikes me as the playboy type. Someone who will never settle down with a single woman. He sweeps Jenny’s strawberry curls over her shoulder, then leans in and whispers something in her ear, causing her to giggle.

Ralph is glaring at him, slapping his hand away when he tries to move it to Jenny’s hips.

Yep. I hate him.

Their voices carry in the open space as I get closer.

“Your mother will nail your nuts to her wall. Stop flirting with the staff. Jenny doesn’t need any of your diseases.”

“Aw, I’m as clean as a whistle. I’ll let you check later if you want,” the man winks at Ralph, making Ralph blush.

When I’m about 10 yards away, the guy snaps his head in my direction, making me stop momentarily as his heated gray eyes meet mine. Those eyes. I can see the appeal, but I was not falling for them.

The mischievous air leaves him, his whole body tensing up as if he is fighting something inside him.

“Mate,” I barely hear him, his voice no more than a whisper before he moves his body towards mine.