

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 7

“Mate,” his whisper along with his gaze sends shivers down my spine, and then I remember he was just hitting on Jenny and winking at Ralph. Don’t fall for it, I tell myself. Not a chance will I give a guy like him any attention.

And I don’t know what he means by mate.

Checkmate?

No chance in hell.

If that was some proclamation like ‘bingo!’ or ‘jackpot’, then I didn’t want any part in it. I don’t want any part of him. Not those beautiful stormy eyes, like endless clouds with no end. Not those massive biceps that stretch the fabric of his ab-clinging shirt. I definitely don’t need those lips that his tongue just moistened so they glisten in the light. No. I don’t need or want any of it.

He’s striding towards me, each step full of purpose. I ignored his approach, side stepping to walk around him and went towards Ralph and the rest of the group. I’m not giving a guy like him the time of day.

The guy steps in front of me, holding his hand out to stop me.

“Can I help you, sir?” I asked with fake politeness, swaying my body away as his hand reached out to touch me.

The man twitches, as if he is trying to fight something inside him. His nostrils are flaring as he breathes in deeply over and over again. His hand flexes, opening and shutting slowly. What is wrong with him? He looks like a hunter with his eyes locked in on his prey. I’m no one’s prey, though.

Annoying. I don’t know what he wants with me, but I don’t have time for this. “Sir, if you are needing anything, feel free to speak with someone at the front desk. Me and my colleagues are off the clock. Have a nice evening.”

I try to move past him again, but he side-steps, cutting off my path. I sighed, exasperated. His jaw ticks slightly, then his face cools into a sultry expression, throwing me off-guard momentarily. Momentarily. After half a second, I went back to finding his behavior repulsive.

"I know where the front desk is, wild eyes. What I don't know is what your name is." He tilts his head seductively.

My smile tightens as I fight the urge to knee him in the jewels. "I can confirm with you that wild eyes is not it. If you will excuse me," I tried to step around him again. This time, he stops me by putting a hand on my shoulder, making me jump as an eclectic current zips through my skin. He shocked me....I think. Why does it feel like tingles are still permeating my entire shoulder, though?

"You have about 2 seconds to remove your hand and step out of my way," I told him firmly.

"Look, I just want to talk to you and-"

I don't let him finish. I brought my heel down on his exposed foot, practically bare in flip flops, and when he hunched over in pain, I kneed him in the nose. He falls on his a*s groaning, cupping his bleeding nose in one hand and his bruising foot in the other.

"I don't know what it is you want, but I asked you repeatedly to let me pass. You were flirting with my co-workers, then thought you could come onto me?" I crouched down and told him in a low voice, "f**k boys like you have zero appeal for me. Keep that in mind and stay away from me for the duration of your stay." I straightened back up, smoothed down my shirt. "If there is anything you require for your stay, like I said, please see the front desk. I'm sure you will find someone up there much more willing to give a pathetic guy like you their time."

As he recovers, sitting back up to try and respond, I walk away towards my now gawking group of new friends. Jenny looks horrified, but Debra and Ralph both have the corners of their mouths upturned and eyes dancing in amazement.

"Lets go," I commanded, not stopping and continuing to walk right out the building with my head held high.

"That was....wow," Ralph came up beside me, linking his arm to mine.

"I hate men like that," I muttered.

"Sexy men?" Jenny asks, in a voice slightly hostile.

“Men who treat women like playthings. Like we are disposable. My ex-fiance was like that. No man is worth that kind of trouble.”

“Oh, girl, I like you,” Debra fawns, “I’ve been telling you that boy was trouble, Jenny. The owner’s sons are not worth losing your job over.”

“ Owner’s sons?” I asked.

“Oh, sweetie,” Ralph pats my shoulder sympathetically, “That was the middle son. Mark.”

“Oh,” is all I can say, slightly mortified with myself now, knowing I had just assaulted one of my new boss’s sons in the foyer of her business.

“Don’t worry, hun. Your job is safe. She might give you a raise for what you did. The last several event coordinators all quit because of those wayward sons of hers. They are sin on legs, breaking girl’s hearts left and right.”

I hope he’s right. I don’t know what I’ll do if I lose this job. I can’t lose this job. I can’t go back to that playboy and my family back in New York.

Mark POV

“Holy s**t,” I grunt, gripping my nose and wincing as I jerk it and it crunches back into place.

Getting back from a long work week, guarding some Hollywood pop star who couldn’t have been more annoying, I was exhausted. The singer has a sister, fake tan, fake t**s, fake lips, totally fake, who just wouldn’t leave me the f**k alone.

I’ve never been into the plastic type. Fake tanners are always a deal breaker for me. It smells and tastes horrible. Who would purposely paint themselves orange? If you want to be tan, go outside.

Before heading up to take a nap, I was just teasing the front desk chick that is always eye f*****g me in the lobby when the intense scent of honey and lavender hit me like a ton of brick.

When my eyes met hers, I was done for. She was so unbelievably gorgeous. Her full, thick hair fell in bouncing waves down to her breasts, framing a small,

delicate face. Those eyes. I had never seen eyes like hers before. They were wild and vibrant, commanding me to fall at her feet in worship of her divinity.

She was human. That didn't matter. She was my mate. The mate I had been wanting for so long was finally in front of me. I couldn't think about anything other than claiming her, everything else falling into background noise as I approached her. She was perfect, and she was mine.

I didn't register the malice on her face until it was too late. She didn't give me any opening whatsoever, and when I made the mistake of trying to touch her without her permission, she made me pay for it.

I'm thankful she is human, because if she was another wolf, I know without a doubt she would have rejected me.

Why the hell did I try flirting with the front desk girl?! I did that right in front of my mate, and now she thinks the worst of me.

She said she worked here. I have never seen her before, though. Where has she been hiding? Is she new?

I stare out the glass planes of the foyer as she and Ralph walk with linked arms down the sidewalk, out of sight, Debra and the front desk chick whose name I can never remember following behind.

Shit.

Debra hasn't been my biggest fan since I slept with her sister, and Ralph has been my mom's secretary for a couple years now. They are going to warn her to stay away from me. f**k!

I got up off the ground and ran back to mom's office, ignoring the judging stares from everyone around who watched the entire interaction. I need to know who that woman is.

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 8

Hadley POV

"That was Mark Meyers. He's the middle son," Debra tells me.

“Mrs. Meyers had triplets and the youngest two are kind of wild. Matt, the oldest, is a great guy. He’s married and has a couple of boys who are adorable. His wife used to hold your job but now she works at a high level position in some sort of country club near the wildlife preserves.”

“Is that Lilly? I’ve heard a lot about her from Mrs. Meyers,” I told Ralph.

“Yep, that’s her. She’s a doll. Her and Matt are absolutely couple goals,” he gushes.

Debra goes into a story about one of Vivian’s grandsons eating a brownie she had left on her desk while he was visiting with his parents and Debra stepped out of the office for a few minutes. Lilly, apparently, made a big batch and brought them in for Debra the next day and made the little boy apologize to her. The story makes me look forward to meeting Lilly and her sons one day soon.

Jenny is still giving me the cold treatment, though I’m not sure why. She was making minimal effort to talk to me and when she did talk, she directed the conversation at either Ralph or Debra. When she got up to get another drink from the bar, I decided to follow her. Ralph and Debra shoot me an encouraging smile as I walk after her.

“Hey Jenny,” I said as she waved down the bartender. She gives me a cold stare from the corner of her eyes then looks back to the shelves of alcohol at the back of the bar.

“Yeah?”

“Did I do something to upset you? I feel like you have been kind of cold to me all evening.”

She sighs heavily, “Don’t worry about it.”

“Well, I do,” I told her, leaning in so she could see my face, “We’ve been getting along great and I thought we could be friends, but since we left the hotel you don’t seem to want anything to do with me.”

“Can you blame me?” she mutters, “I’ve been trying to get Mark’s attention for months and he can’t even remember my name. You walk in the room and he’s practically begging for yours. So, yeah. I’m feeling a little bitter right now. Don’t worry about it.”

I brought my hand up to the counter, gripping her hand so she would look at me. “Jenny, I don’t want anything to do with a guy like that, and you shouldn’t either. If a guy can’t be bothered to remember something as simple as your name, is he really worth all this negativity you’re feeling? He’s not giving you a second thought. Why should you ruin your night out consumed by thoughts of him?”

She narrows her eyes at me, but doesn’t pull her hand away from mine.

“Easy for you to say. You probably don’t have to try hard to get guys to pay attention to you. He was finally talking to me and then you walked up and ruined it.”

Poor girl. I’m not the problem here. She just has low self-esteem and that playboy bastard is to blame.

“Did you know I moved here to get away from a fiance? An ex-fiance, I should say. He ran around with plenty of women, a new one every day, and only paid attention to me when it was convenient for him. No girl should live like that. I was miserable for years. Years. He never changed. Men don’t change, Jenny. I have a feeling this Mark guy isn’t someone who will change his ways to make you happy, so you shouldn’t lose out on friendship and fun for someone who can’t even remember your name.”

She quirked her mouth to the side as she thought over what I told her. I left her there to her thoughts and returned to Ralph and Debra, who were in a heated debate over if potato salad was actually a salad or not.

A few minutes later, Jenny joins us with her new drink and surprises me by setting a tequila sunrise in front of me with a small, apologetic smile.

I beamed brightly at her and pulled her into a hug, “Thank you! How did you know my drink was almost gone?” I laughed, throwing back the last of my old drink.

Mitch POV

“I thought you said you didn’t have to work tomorrow?” Suzie whined at me from across the table at the bar I frequent that’s closest to the resort. I reluctantly gave in and went out with her tonight, since Mark texted me while I was getting off work to tell me he was busy and couldn’t meet up with me for

drinks. Suzie just happened to be standing beside me when I got the text and after she read it over my shoulder I couldn't easily turn her down.

It's been a couple of years since she was released from confinement after helping that psychotic fairy boy stalk Simone, and I was assigned by Lady Delilah to be her sponsor and watch her to keep her on the straight and narrow.

No fairies. No blood sucking. Just the blood bank appointments twice a month.

Suzie has been a little clingy with me since her release. I think it has more to do with not having any other friends. She works as a viola player at a human dinner theater for tourists, and then she tends to spend the rest of her time alone.

Carlos, her brother, even washed his hands of her. He is mated to Trevor, our Beta. That was a f*****g surprise for all of us. No one knew Trevor was bi, or that he was fighting the mate bond because he was scared of what his parents would think. That is until all the s**t happened with Suzie, and Carlos was spiraling into a pit of despair.

Trevor took Carlos back to the packhouse and claimed him as soon as Luna Mary and Simone were saved and the s**t with Suzie was settled.

"I don't work at the blood bank but I still have training at the warrior center." Suzie is trying to get me to hang out with her tomorrow. She wants me to take her to this concert in the park, but I don't really want to babysit her on my day off. I do have training at the warrior center, but afterward I always get to hang out with the guys and relax over beers. It's what I need after the long week I just had.

Lady Delilah has been calling me to her court almost every day after I get off from work. She is nice enough but she still scares the s**t out of me.

"Can I come?" Suzie asked with big puppy eyes.

"You know you can't. Carli will stake you in an instant," I reminded her, making her curse and grumble under her breath.

"Will...will my brother be there?" she asks hesitantly. I shrug, because I really don't know. Trevor and Carlos recently adopted an orphaned werewolf girl

that was stuck in the human foster system and they've had their hands full with the adjustment.

"Well, if you end up having free time, can you call me? The concert is tomorrow and next Saturday. Maybe we could watch it together then?" She asks persistently.

I was about to turn her down again, but this amazing smell hit me. Lavender and honey.

The scent travels through my nose and coats the back of my throat, making my body hum in need. What is that smell? Where is it coming from?

My eyes travel around the bar, searching for the source. Then, I see her. The most gorgeous, exotic looking woman in this entire joint. Maybe the entire city.

She looks up and when my eyes lock onto hers as she laughs at someone across the table from her, I know without a doubt she has got to be the most beautiful woman in the entire world. Those eyes. I could get lost in them forever.

She is sitting only a few tables away from me, but the distance is too far. I wanted to close the distance, envelop her in my arms and run my nose along her honey-toned skin.

"Mate," leaves my lips in an inaudible whisper.

"What did you just say?" Suzie furrows her thin eyebrows at me, her face scrunched up in concern.

"Huh?" I asked, trying to take my eyes off the beautiful woman.

"Did you just say date? Like it's a date?" Suzie asks me. I'm wondering what she's talking about. I can't keep my thoughts off the woman long enough to register anything Suzie is saying.

"Sure," I mutter, just to get her to stop talking as my ears strain to hear the beautiful woman's voice.

Her laughter carries over to me, and it awakens something inside me that I thought had been frozen over for the last decade.

That woman is my mate, and she has already restored something that I thought was lost to me forever.

Hope.

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 9

I watch as the woman gets up to get drinks with another woman, and that's when I notice who she is with.

Shit.

That's Jenny, the girl from the front desk that has been all over Mark's balls since she started working at the resort. I looked back at the table they were sitting at and saw Ralph with Debra. Ralph is cool, though he can get snarky when I piss off my mom, but Debra does not like me or my brother.

That's an understatement.

She hates us.

Mark nailed her sister, then did it a second time a few months later without realizing that he had already slept with her before. The second time I was there. I may have played a small part in all the fun, getting my c**k sucked while Mark nailed the chick from behind.

Since Debra found out, she has absolutely hated me and my brother. We come after Ted Bundy and Hitler on her s**t list.

"Mitch, are you even listening to me?" Suzie asked, waving her hand in front of my face.

Her movement in front of my eyes causes me to blink and break the hypnotic trance I'm in staring at the mystery girl.

"What?"

Suzie huffed in annoyance. "You didn't hear a word I said, did you?"

I offered her an apologetic smile, "I'm sorry. I saw someone I knew. What were you saying?"

The last thing I need is clingy Suzie ruining my chances with my mate. I finally found her. I'm not letting Suzie, Debra, or anyone else ruin this now that I have finally found the one the moon goddess designated for me and me alone.

I try to keep my back to the table with my mate, listening to them as best I could, but it's hard to hear over the crowd. Suzie gets annoyed with me again and mutters something about going home to go to bed before leaving the bar. She'll probably blow up my phone tomorrow, nagging me about not paying attention to her, but I don't care. Now that she's gone, I can turn my attention back to my mate.

I move across the bar, trying to stay hidden in the crowd as I study her, fighting against the bond pushing inside me to run to her and claim her for myself. She is human. That much is clear. She would have been able to sense me long ago if she wasn't.

A human mate. What are the chances? I'm not complaining. I'm f*****g estatic. I finally found the one that was made just for me and she could be a f*****g sea monkey for all I care.

Thank the goddess she's not. She's gorgeous. Beyond beautiful with her thick wavy hair and mesmerizing purple eyes. Are they contacts? I've never seen purple eyes before. Not in a human, at least.

Dad did have that friend with purple eyes, but we haven't seen her since we were little. Very little. Mom hated her and made dad choose between us or that friend.

It's a faint memory from when I was barely a toddler, but I vividly remember purple eyes shining with tears, and mom screaming at my father to make the woman leave. Matt asked about the woman a few years later when mom was away on a business trip and dad told us that she was a childhood friend that had come to him for a place to stay, but mom refused to let her. He didn't tell us why. He only told us that she was a part of his past our mom didn't approve of.

I thought she may have been an ex-girlfriend, but he said she wasn't and to drop the subject. When dad tells us something in that no-nonsense tone, we do it. We have no choice. The consequences for pushing him too far are more than any of us are brave enough to deal with, even goody-goody Matt with his gamma title is scared of dad.

Wolf rankings mean little to Dad.

I watch as first Debra heads out, and then Ralph, kissing my mate on each of her cheeks before he leaves. Jealousy bubbles in my chest, but I fight it down, knowing Ralph isn't a man I would need to worry about. The beast in me isn't so rational. The need to claim and possess her grows to the point it is almost painful to hold back.

I want her. I need to learn her name first.

Jenny and my mate ordered a few more drinks. My mate handles her liquor like a boss, but Jenny is soon plastered. Her body movements become sloppy and sporadic, and when she tries to order more alcohol, my mate stops her, getting her water instead.

I have to try and keep myself planted in place, twitching to join them and help my mate deal with the drunk woman so she doesn't have to strain herself. The worry on her face, though slight, still hurts my heart to see. I don't want her to ever have to worry about anything. I want to make all her worries disappear.

Jenny needs to disappear so I can start now.

Women keep approaching me as the night drags on, becoming more brave the more alcohol they consume. Any other night I would feel flattered, but tonight it just irritates the hell out of me. I don't want any other woman's attention ever again. Only the girl from across the bar whose name I still have yet to find out.

I move towards the bar where she is standing with Jenny, urging her to drink more water. I can hear her voice now, smooth and silky, caressing my ear drums and sending shivers down my body.

"You are drunk, my friend. I'm calling you an uber to get you home," my mate tells Jenny.

"No, more drinks! We need more drinks!" Jenny reaches over the bar and grabs a half empty glass of beer from a stranger and lifts it in the air. "To being single! And saying no more to worthless men! No matter how hot they are," Jenny slurs.

My mate sighs, prying the drink from Jenny's hand before she can take a sip, and handing it back to the person it belongs to.

“You’re a mess,” she laughs with a hint of exasperation.

Men at the bar are eyeing them now, seeing a cute drunk girl with a hot exotic one and eyes filling with want. Not a chance. I’m not letting anyone hit on my mate.

“Need some help?” I asked, approaching the two women.

My mate looks at me like I’m a pest she is planning on swatting away. I gulped nervously, suddenly worried for the first time ever approaching a woman. Jenny squints at me drunkenly, then throws her hands up in excitement.

“I know you!” she yells a little too loud. People around the bar are looking at her like she’s crazy and my mate’s cheeks flame beautifully with embarrassment.

“You know him?” she asks Jenny, who nods enthusiastically in response, a drunken smile on her face.

She doesn’t nod for long before she gets dizzy and holds her head like it’s starting to hurt.

“I don’t feel good,” Jenny moans, then puts her hand over her mouth, jumping out of her chair to run outside.

Once the fresh, salty air hits her, she empties herself into a nearby trash can, earning looks of disgust from everyone around. What a pathetic mess.

I followed my mate outside where she started pulling back Jenny’s hair and using a tissue from her purse to wipe the mess on her mouth, throwing it in the trash can as well. She’s sweetly cooing reassurances to the sick woman, telling her she will get her a cab to get home.

Pulling my phone out, I texted the number to Jerome, the night manager of the resort. He can send out a shuttle to get Jenny and take her home. I don’t trust a regular cab or an Uber to take care of a drunk female employee.

“I texted someone from her work to come get her. They will be here momentarily,” I informed my mate.

She looks up at me full of surprise.

“You know where she works?”

I nodded, “She told you she knew me.” I offered her a polite smile, fighting the urge to reach out and offer her so much more. I just want to smother her with my presence so all she can see, hear and feel is me, but because she is human I’m going to have to take this slow.

She studies my face, not to study my features like most women do, but to study my character, to see if I’m being sincere in trying to help her. I cough nervously, hoping she doesn’t see how broken and used I really am.

“I, uh, heard you say something about calling her an uber, but with how drunk she is, that didn’t sit well with me. I would rather have someone she can trust to drive her home.”

Her face softens, and I give myself a mental high-five. It was an honest answer, but the brownie points it earned me with my mate make me feel slightly selfish, not just sincere.

“That was kind of you. Can I ask how you know her?” She asks.

“I, uh, don’t know her well, but I texted Jerome from the resort she works at to send the shuttle. I’ve known him for a long time.”

“Oh,” her pillowy mouth forms a perfect ‘o’, making my pants tighten at the crotch.

“I’m Mitchel,” I held my hand out to shake hers.

“Hadley,” she smiles and shakes my hand, and those f*****g tingles and sparks from the mate bond almost make my knees buckle. I’d be happy with nothing more than holding her hand for the rest of my life.

Hadley. Her name is Hadley.

Why does that name sound so familiar?

Shit. It’s the woman my mom demanded I stay away from. Hadley. That’s why she was here with so many people from the resort.

She’s my mate. The woman my mom ordered us to stay away from is my mate, but I have no plans on staying away from Hadley.

Their Human, Her Mates Chapter 10

Hadley POV

I watch as the handsome and slightly familiar man, Mitchel, helps Jenny into the resort's shuttle and talks with the driver, who he also seems to know. I'm glad he was here because I had no idea where she lived and I have a feeling she was too far gone to tell me.

Guilt was eating at me for a moment there. I didn't realize she was getting drunk until it was too late. I was drinking like I would normally do back at home with my parents and friends. I don't even feel tipsy, but Jenny seems plastered. Maybe she is a lightweight.

Debra was like that too, though. After two margaritas and a beer, she said she was feeling tipsy and needed to get home before she got drunk and her girlfriend got mad at her. Ralph was getting tipsy too. He actually encouraged Jenny to leave with him, but when she said she wanted to stay I told him I would stay with her.

Thank the lord for this Mitchel guy. I wouldn't have known what to do with her if he wasn't there. I didn't even think about the dangers of putting her in an uber in her drunken state. Mitchel may look like the kind of guy that would only use girls, but he has been nothing but helpful.

"Well, Tim knows where she lives and will take her home. Her mom is up, waiting for her."

"You called her mom?" I asked, surprised. He shakes his head.

"No, Tim did. They were hired at the same time and Tim had given her rides before. He had her mom's number."

"Oh," that makes more sense. "So, do you work at the resort too?" I asked him, curious as to how he knows everybody that works there.

He looked nervous all of a sudden, fidgeting slightly while rubbing his hand on the back of his neck. The action drew my attention to his tattooed arm. The sleeve of ink is a mix of grays and blacks, and pops of blues and reds. All the separate tattoos are blended together in intricate swirls and vines. It's beautiful.

His other arm has tattoos, but not as many and there isn't the pattern swirling around, blending them together.

“I don’t work there, no. I just....live there?” he says like it’s a question.

“You live at the resort?”

“Yeah. I’ve lived there my whole life.”

I finally put the pieces together. “You’re Mitch, Vivian’s other son?” I said, staring into his beautiful gray eyes. They look just like his brother’s. I should have known who he was just from his eyes. They aren’t filled with arrogance like Mark’s, though. They were filled with anxiety, pain hidden around their edges. I didn’t feel like I was staring into the eyes of a narcissist. Looking into Mitch’s eyes was like staring into the broken window of his soul.

The rest of his features are much like his brother’s, though his face is a little softer, and his hair a few shades lighter, longer, and more messy. Mark didn’t have any noticeable tattoos, but Mitchel was covered in them. It’s like Mark is going for a cleaner, almost militant look, and Mitchel looks like your typical bad boy. The features are very similar, practically identical, but their demeanors are very different.

The raw emotion in his eyes called to a part of me, just like his touch earlier made my insides feel like they were dancing. I swear I felt his pulse through his fingers, drumming into my skin in a rhythmic beat.

He tilts his head down and looks at me through his thick lashes. His face was slightly more round than Mark’s. More boyish. I suddenly have this uncontrollable desire to protect him, which is silly because he is a man and looks very capable of defending himself.

“You’re Hadley, my mom’s new event coordinator,” Mitch surprises me again.

“I am,” I smiled reassuringly at him, sensing his anxiety and wanting to ease his worry in some small way. I reached my hand out to shake his hand again, wanting to feel his touch to confirm that what I felt before wasn’t just in my head.

I’ve never felt protective towards anyone before. This unexpected wave of protectiveness that overcomes me staring into Mitch’s beautiful gray eyes causes me to pull him towards me when he places his hand back in mine, surprising us both as I wrap my arms around his muscled waist.

“I’m sorry,” I gasped, stumbling to pull away from him. “I don’t know what came over me.” I tripped over my heels as I stepped back, almost falling to the ground, but Mitchel’s firm grasp on my waist kept me upright.

His touch was making my skin buzz with energy, mind-numbing tingles shooting clear to a place unexplored in the pit of my abdomen.

“Are you okay?” his husky voice fanning close to my ear made me noticeably shiver in the balmy night air.

I stared frozen up at his handsome face, fighting down the urge to run my fingers through his tousled hair. What is wrong with me?! I never feel affected by a guy. No matter how handsome they are.

Mitch is different though. Something about those eyes calls to my soul, like I am the only one who would be able to erase the hurt hidden behind them.

“Hadley?” Mitchel’s breath brushed against my lips, causing me to look down at his while moistening my own. My tongue traveling across the pump curves made his eyes flicker down to the action.

“Sorry,” my voice was a rough whisper, “I didn’t mean to fall into your arms,” quite literally, I added to myself in my head.

His mouth quirks up into a lazy half smile, “I didn’t mind.”

Mitch helps me to right myself, hands firmly pushing me to stand on my own, lingering softly as I maintain my balance. When his hands release me, I feel colder, missing his touch. Seriously, what is wrong with me right now? Maybe I am drunk?

“Do you need help getting home too?” he asked me. Gawd, he probably thinks I’m a sloppy drunk like Jenny now.

I laughed nervously, shaking my head. “No, no. I’m not drunk, I promise. I just, um, lost my footing all of a sudden.”

Mitch chuckles softly, causing an involuntary smile to break on my face. I like his laugh. It’s deep and throaty, with a twinge of the salty accent like you would expect a surfer to have.

“You sure? I didn’t drink and have my car?” he tells me.

I bit my lip while thinking about his offer, noticing that his eyes flashed quickly to my mouth, watching the movement. He doesn't react, though. Zeki would have licked his lips in response, or reached out and pulled my lip from my teeth, muttering some crude comment about how he could put something better in my mouth.

Mitch doesn't do anything like that. He just watches me, waiting for my response. I find myself wishing he would do something like that. I wouldn't mind if it was him.

What is wrong with me?!

"Okay," I smiled up at him, butterflies fluttering in my stomach when his face lit up because of my answer.

Mitchel Meyers. Why do I feel this way towards you?