

Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 1

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Chapter 1

Chapter One: Calling Home

Tillie

Holding the phone up to my ear, I took a deep breath. I had spent the morning talking with my best friend and now I knew that taking a break was going to help me sort through everything that I had learned.

Shifters, mates, sex demons.

It was all so wild that these things were in my life and I hadn't known about them.

I knew that Charity was worried that I wasn't going to come back if I left, but I knew that I had to. I couldn't hide out at my parent's lake house forever. Hiding from everything that I had learned about the world forever, no matter how appealing that idea sounded. I had a job that I liked and while Tristian was cool with a lot of things; but I doubted that he would be cool with me never showing up to work again.

"Hello." My stepfather said, answering my mother's phone.

Damn, I had hoped that I wouldn't have to talk to him. It wasn't that I didn't like Scott or anything. My mom had married him when I was a teenager and he doted on her and treated me like I was his daughter.

He just tended to talk, a lot.

"Hey Scott, is mom around?" I asked, bringing my thumb up to my mouth and worrying my thumbnail.

"She went to the gym, kiddo. Accidentally grabbed my phone instead of hers. Anything I can help you with?" He asked and I could hear banging in the background before he let out a low hiss. "Damn that hurt?"

"You okay?"

"Yeah, dropped a wrench on my foot." He answered and I moved deeper into my apartment to sit on the couch.

“Ouch, let me guess you were barefoot? Working on your baby?” I asked, trying not to smile. Scott had a Mustang that was older than I was that he’d been working for as long as I could remember but it still wasn’t running.

“You know me too well, Tillie.” He chuckled and I could picture him in the garage hobbling over to sit on one of the metal bar stools that sat at his workbench. Tools spread out and the surface disorganized to everyone but him.

“I was wondering if you guys were cool with me going out to the lake house for a few days?” I asked, worrying my thumbnail with my teeth before pulling my hand away. It was a bad habit and something that I only did when I was stressed out and I knew that I needed to stop it or I wasn’t going to have any nails left.

“Sure, kiddo. Did you want us to come with you? I’m sure your mom would love to see you?” Scott said and I shook my head before realizing that he couldn’t see me.

“No, I just wanted to get away for a bit by myself. I’ll clean it up before I leave.” I said, hoping that it would be okay with him. While spending time with him and mom was always fun, I didn’t want to deal with her questions right now.

Or her asking how things were with Jake. I didn’t want to tell her what happened between the two of us, or what I had happened afterwards. That was something that had me anxious. It was one thing to tell your parents that you were dating one guy. It was another thing to tell them that what you thought was going to be a one-night stand had turned into so much more and you were practically married to three.

-Let alone the fact that they were shifters.

“Sure, Tillie. You know you don’t have to clean it up before you leave. We know you’re not throwing any wild keggers out there.” Scott said and I could hear the smile in his voice.

“I don’t mind cleaning it up. Thank you, Scott, tell mom I love her.”

“Any time, kiddo. I’ll let her know you called. Drive safe and be careful out there.”

Scott’s words made me smile. It was the little things that showed me he cared. He had stepped up to fill in the father role and

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Chapter One: Calling Home

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though I had resisted it at first. I was glad that I had given him a chance. He loved my mom and me.

We said our goodbyes before I hung up the phone. Letting out a sigh, I leaned my back. Sinking into the well-worn cushions of my couch. At least I could count on my parents to still be the same as they always had.

I looked around my apartment. Jason had said that he wanted me to move my things into their house but I couldn't picture myself giving this place up. It wasn't big, just a tiny one-bedroom apartment with eggshell colored walls and beige carpet.

It was my space, though. I had decorated the living room with cheap white bookshelves filled with all of my favorite novels and plants hung up in front of the balcony's sliding door. The paintings on the walls were ones that Charity, Jake, and I had done together when Jake and I had first started dating. There were so many happy memories here for me and I wasn't ready to say goodbye to them yet.

I didn't have a television in the room. I preferred to read or if I watched movies, it was usually at Charity's house. She had her living room set up with an over sized couch and a television that was huge. The blackout curtains over her windows gave it the feel of being at the theater and I loved spending time with her watching cheesy romance movies or super low-budget horror.

If I moved in with Jason, Ryan, and Travis, I didn't know what I was going to do with my plants. I wasn't going to give them up, that was for sure. The guys were just going to have to learn to live with them and maybe a few more. It was something that had driven my mom crazy. Anytime she would go out, I would sneak in another plant until our kitchen was full of them.

They made me happy though and I mean, who doesn't love pretty green things growing?

Pushing myself up from the couch, I went to the kitchen and filled up my water pitcher. I walked back into the living room, watering my plants and talking to them. Telling them about the night that I'd had. Letting them know that I was going to be gone for a few days, but I would text Charity to come water them while I was gone.

When I was happy with the care that they had gotten, I made my way back to the kitchen. Feeling lighter than I had before. I grabbed a dish towel from beneath the sink, drying the glass pitcher off before putting it back in place.

I made a mental list of all of the things that I needed to do before I left. The first thing that I needed was a shower. After that, I was going to call my boss and beg him for a few days off.

Maybe I could bribe him with the offer to work overtime when I got back?

