

Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 11

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Chapter Eleven: Wants and Needs

Travis' hands moved to my waist and I was glad that I had taken my shirt off earlier. The way his fingers dug into the muscles of my torso, touching my bare skin like he was desperate for me, made me ache for him.

I needed him, not having Tillie around was like torture. If I gave in to what my wolf wanted, she wouldn't be getting the space that she needed to sort through her feelings. I was glad that I had Travis. That he would let me pour these feelings into him, this need.

Our mate needed time to deal with everything that she was feeling, they were real things. She had just learned about shifters. That her ex-boyfriend was a shifter. That her best friend was a shifter and that had to be hard to hear. I could only imagine how I would feel if my entire world had been flipped upside down in less than twenty-four hours.

Those were both people that she trusted and hoped that with time she would be able to forgive Charity. I didn't know how I felt about Jake and her being friendly with each other. The thought didn't give me the warm and fuzzy feelings. If she wanted to be friends with him, I would learn to deal with my feelings towards him. He wasn't her mate and I very much doubted that he would hurt his own mate by trying something with Tillie.

It just filled me with a dark feeling, thinking about him touching her the way that we touched her. I knew that I needed to get over these feelings. They weren't healthy and my jealousy would only drive her further away. I couldn't add to her stress with that.

We had already put so much on to her that she had not been prepared for. She didn't need to deal with how territorial wolves could be over their mates. My poor mate was already overwhelmed and she didn't need more to worry about.

Later, I would call her. I was going to let her know that I was there for her, no matter what. That when she was ready to talk about everything, I would be here for her.

If she didn't want to be mated to us, there was really nothing that I could do to change that, even if I wanted to. Which I didn't, but I would try to give her the space that she

needed. I would try to get the others to give her space the best that I could. But they were alphas and I didn't know if either Jason or Travis would listen to me. It felt like it might be a losing battle trying to keep Travis from her.

After Jason and I had talked, I knew that he now had a better understanding of what Tillie must be going through. Where her mind must be for her to want to run from us like this.

Travis turned his head away from me and I nibbled my way down his jaw. His hands fumbled with the drawstrings of my shorts and I let out a low growl that made him go still.

"What do you think you are doing, brat?" I asked, tightening my fingers in the dark strands of his hair and giving them a tug so that his neck was drawn tense beneath my lips.

"Ryan. I need you." He panted, his fingers shaking.

"What do you need?" I asked, rocking my hips against his thigh so that he could feel my erection. "Is this what you need, brat?"

"Yes." Travis hissed through clenched teeth and I grabbed one of his hands, pinning it to the wall above his head.

"Is it because you need to hunt? Is that why you're all worked up?" I asked, pressing open mouthed kisses to his skin between each word. I had felt something through the bond that I had formed with him that I wasn't used to seeing or feeling from him.

Yes, the jealousy was new. But it was expected we were newly mated and he had seen Aaron touching me. There was something else that had been eating at my mate for the past few hours. A worry that he couldn't seem to shake. An anxiety that was almost as bad as what I was getting from Tillie.

I wasn't sure what had happened with him but I was going to figure it out. There was only so much I could take and right now! couldn't comfort Tillie. But I could give Travis what he needed.

"Tell me what you need?" I ordered and Travis looked up at the ceiling. His adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed hard, I pulled my fingers from his hair. Trailing them over his skin until I reached his chin. I pinched his chin with my thumb and forefinger. Leaning back slightly. I forced him to look at me. "Tell me, brat."

His green eyes met mine and in that moment, Travis looked so young. So vulnerable. He wasn't the alpha he had grown into. He wasn't Jason's beta, the one who handled everything for the pack when Jason was busy.

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He was just Travis.

It was the way he had looked after he had come to the pack house. Alone and afraid that he was going to say or do the wrong thing. That the pack would reject him.

“She won’t answer her phone and I, I hurt her.” He whispered, his hand moving away from the front of my shorts to rest on my hip. “What if she doesn’t want me now?”

“Travis,” I breathed out, loosening my hold on his chin. “Just give her time. Soon we’ll all be together again and we can make things right.”

“But what if we can’t?”