

Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 13

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Chapter Thirteen: The blue door

Reaching down, I grabbed the handle to my door and pushed it open. I slid outside, taking a deep breath of the fresh air. The scent reminded me of Ryan and a part of me ached for him.

Really, I ached for all of them but I knew that if I didn't take this time and we just moved forward without me thinking about it all. I would always wonder if I was really enough for them. It wasn't that I blamed them all for what happened.

The mating and the claiming. They were wolves. This was how they must have grown up together knowing that they would find their mate one day. Or like they had said about Jason, getting closer and closer to going feral until they reached the point where they slipped into madness.

I didn't want that for Travis, Jason, or Ryan.

It's just that I wasn't sure I wanted to be in a relationship with the three of them, either. Things had just ended with Jake but here! was thrust into a relationship that would probably only end in my death. Or maybe I was wrong, but this didn't seem like the kind of thing that either I or the men could just walk away from.

Not when it seemed like I could feel them with every fiber of my being. It was like they were a part of me now and I wasn't sure how I felt about that still.

Reaching into the Jeep, I grabbed my purse and overnight bag. Tucking my cellphone back into the side pocket, I grabbed my keys from the ignition and closed the door to my car. I didn't bother locking it with the key fob.

It was so rare that anyone but mom, Scott, or I came up here that I wasn't very worried about someone trying to steal my Jeep or the high heels that were in the back seat that I had forgotten to take into my apartment earlier.

I made my way up the wooden steps, clutching the leather handles of my bag as I fumbled with my keys. Sorting through them with one hand until I found the tarnished silver-colored key that went to the front door. I stopped in front of the bright blue painted door, smiling as I ran my fingers over the wood.

When Mom and I had first come up here with Scott, that had been the first thing that she had changed about the house. She had set out to make this place a happy space for Scott and given how much time he liked to spend out here; I think she had accomplished her goal.

I brought the key up to the lock and pushed it in before listening to the soft clicks of the tumbler. A breeze ruffled the loose strands of hair that had come undone from my ponytail tickling the back of my neck. It felt like the lake house was welcoming me home. Resting my hand on the dark, cold iron door handle. I pressed the flat button above the handle, pushing the door open.

The soft smell of sage and my mother's perfume hit my senses. It was something that I loved about the house. It smelled like home and family. Like teenage summers spent lounging at the lake before coming inside to sip sweet tea and playing board games late into the night with my family and Charity. On the few rare occasions that she had been able to join us.

Such happy memories.

Pulling my keys from the lock, I stepped into the house. Dropping my bags beside the front door before closing it and moving over to the windows to open them and let in the warm breeze. The house needed a good airing out and that would be the first thing that I was going to do. I finished opening all of the windows on the first floor before moving up the big wooden staircase to take care of the windows upstairs.

When I was done, I made my way to the living room, picking up my overnight bag from beside the door and fishing out my cellphone. I moved over to the large denim covered sectional couch that was shaped like an L. Picking up the lilac hand knit throw blanket that my mother had made; I sat down, draping the soft, chunky blanket over my legs before looking at my phone.

I couldn't put off calling them forever and they needed to know that I was okay. But that I needed a few days away to sort through how I was feeling.

Opening my text messages, I brought my thumb up to my lips, worrying the nail as I read through all of the texts that Travis had sent to me. Words of apology and pain filled my screen. It felt like I could hear his voice in my head reading his messages.

I hated that I was making him feel like this. A part of me wanted to just say fuck it and go back there and just say screw my better judgment. I knew that I couldn't do that. If I did, our relationship would not start off as a healthy one.

I finished reading through his messages before stopping at one from a number that I didn't know. My heart started to beat faster as I read the words, knowing who they were from, even without knowing his number.

Unknown Number: Kitten... The hunt is on. Enjoy your time alone. We'll be seeing you soon.

Despite what I was feeling, I couldn't help but feel excited at reading Jason's text. My phone vibrated with a call in my hand and I almost dropped it, trying to fumble with it to keep it from hitting the floor.