

Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 17

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Chapter Seventeen: The howl in the night

Tillie

A snarling howl sounded in the distance and I snapped awake. A cold chill went down my spine and I didn't know if it was from the chill breeze that blew in through the window or the fear of whatever was in the woods that surrounded the lake house.

Standing up, I stretched my aching body. Feeling my muscles scream in protest from falling asleep on the couch.

It wasn't that the couch wasn't comfortable; it was. My body was just worn out from everything that I had gone to and I had slept for longer than I had meant to. After I had gotten off of the phone with Ryan. I hadn't bothered to pull my shirt on after we'd had phone sex. Instead, I had laid down on the couch. Pulling the soft throw over my body and drifting off for what I thought would be a quick nap.

Goosebumps rose over my arms and shoulders as I rushed over to the window. Closing it and looking out into the darkness, wrapped my arms around my body. Rubbing my hands up and down my arms to try to warm myself up. There was nothing out there and I wondered if the howl had been part of my dream?

A lot had happened and I knew that I was still coming to terms with everything that had happened. It was probably just part of my dream, which was strange because I couldn't remember what I had been dreaming about.

Shaking my head, I turned away from the window. There was nothing out there and even if there was, it was probably just a normal wolf. Not a shifter like I had met yesterday.

I made my way over to the tank top that I had stripped off earlier when I was talking to Ryan. I picked my cell phone up from where it had fallen off of the couch when I was sleeping. Tucking it into the tight pockets of my pants before leaning down and picking my tank top up off of the floor. I shook it out before pulling it on. It did little to chase away the chill but it made me feel a little better. There was no one out here to see me if I wanted to stay in my bra and yoga pants but in the back of my mind, I couldn't help but worry that maybe there was something out there.

My luck it would be something like a bear shifter, if that was even a thing. Or maybe more wolf shifters. Or hell at this point it could be a freaking forest fairy. Oh god, were fae real too?

Damn it, now I was worried that they were. When I talked to Ryan, Travis, and Jason, I was going to have to ask them about it. At this point, though, it wouldn't shock me to learn that bear shifters were a thing and that scary fae creatures were real too. I just hoped that I didn't meet any.

I finished closing up the windows on the first floor. I knew that really, I could have just left them open. The lake house was in the middle of nowhere and the closest neighbors were over five miles down the road. I had never really worried about locking up things before but something in me, that primal part of my brain. The one that wanted to run and hide when things like this became a reality was driving me to lock up the house. To make sure that everything was safe.

Walking over to the front door, I ran my fingers over the lock. It was an old iron lock that I was pretty sure was older than Scott. I didn't know why he and mom didn't replace the lock but I supposed it didn't matter. The lock worked just fine, I listened to the bolt slide into place as I twisted the rounded knob.

Letting out a sigh, I moved over to my bags. Picking them up, I headed over to the big stairway that dominated the living room and entryway of the cabin. My legs ached and I was ready for a long bath and then a restful night's sleep.

Making my way up the stairs, I gritted my teeth. Damn, those muscles hurt even more than when I went to the gym with Charity. If I was going to have wild nights of crazy sex, then I was going to need to take more breaks so I wouldn't be this sore again. When I reached the landing to the second floor, I hefted my bags into one hand. Running my fingertips over the smooth pale, cool wood of the banister and looking out over the living room.

Mom and Scott had decorated it with a matching denim love seat and recliner in front of the big television that hung on the wall above the fireplace. Pale pastel throw blankets were thrown over the backs of the seats and mom had added cream-colored throw pillows sporadically placed to give it all a very comfortable and homey feel to the room. I could picture this room filled with my family and my mates.

Would my parents like them? I mean, mom had been nice to Jake but I could tell that she didn't really like him. Scott had tolerated Jake and he and I both knew it. Would Scott get along with Jason, Ryan, and Travis?

I liked to think that he would. That he and mom would both welcome them with open arms if we ever got to that point where I wanted to introduce them to my family. Which, strangely enough, I kind of did. I wanted to know what my mom would think about them.

She was usually a good judge of people and their character. It would make me feel better to know what she thought about them.

Shaking my head, I turned away from the view of the living room and thoughts of what could be.