

Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 18

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Chapter Eighteen: Look of love

I was getting too far ahead of myself, much like Ryan had earlier.

I hadn't missed his slip up when we were talking. How he had almost told me that he loved me. He couldn't love me yet, he didn't know me. Yet, when I thought about him and the others, I felt something that I knew it was too soon to feel. Too fast to feel, but I could feel that warmth in my chest when I thought about them.

A familiar feeling, even though I had never been in love before. I had no doubts that was what I was feeling when I thought about them. Of what hearing Ryan almost say that he loved me had made me feel.

I made my way down the hallway that led to the rooms, passing Scott and mom's room. Their door was open and I couldn't help but smile at the crystals and herbs that mom had left on the dresser from the last time they had come down. There were touches in the room of both my parents, a book that Scott was reading about cars, and my mom's candles. On the dresser was a framed photo of the two of them from their wedding day.

Mom was wearing a white sundress with small lavender colored flowers in her long curling brown hair. Scott was wearing a pair of khaki shorts and a white button-up shirt. Both of them had bare feet, their toes in the sand. They were grinning at each other; the wind whipping around them. That was a good day. I hadn't been in the photo because I had been the one taking this picture.

The photo was one that I had taken on my phone and I knew that it was mom's favorite. It was my favorite photo of the two of them, too.

The way that Scott looked at mom that day told me everything that I had needed to know about how he felt about her. They had given me something to want in the future. I had been only a teenager when they got married, but I knew that I wanted to find someone who looked at me the way that Scott looked at my mom.

Like I was the center of their universe. Like I had hung all of the moon and the stars in the sky.

I guess I kind of had that now, even if we were still figuring things out. Making my way into the room, I pulled the window shut before latching the lock into place. Reaching out, I ran my fingers over the pink and white stones that mom had lined the windowsill with.

Smiling, I left their room. Closing the door behind me before making my way down the long hallway towards my room.

I stepped inside my room, it looked the same as it always did. The walls were painted a soft eggshell white that the three of us had painted it when I was a teenager. Framed photos lined the walls of trips we had all taken together and the few times that Charity had been able to come up to the lake house with us. The bed was against the far side of the room, the pale moonlight spilling over the white, ruffled duvet. The only bright spots of color were the decorative pillows that were stacked high against the headboard.

The wicker nightstand had the last Jenson Spellmore book that I had been reading the last time I had visited the house. It was the new series that he had released, a contemporary romance that I was eager to finish. It was different from the Warlock's Brother.

Somehow, the characters just felt so much more alive than they had in his last book.

I made my way over to the bed, dropping my overnight bag and my purse onto the bed. A cool breeze blew into the room from the balcony windows, reminding me that I needed to put on more clothes.

Walking over to the closet, I flipped the light switch. Illuminating the big walk-in closet, it wasn't as big as Charity's but it was bigger than the one at my apartment. It was easy to walk in and not feel like you were drowning in a sea of clothes, but that might have to do with the fact that most of my clothes were at my apartment. It just didn't feel cramped and everything was nice and neat. Jeans and tops hung in the closet on padded hangers that smelled like lavender and vanilla. It was a nice touch that I thought about doing at my place. I just had not gotten around to it.

I moved to the back of the closet, where shelves lined the wall. Sweaters and hoodies were folded into neat stacks on the shelves, my boots and sandals lined up beneath them. I toed off my sneakers, sliding them into place as I grabbed a red hoodie off of the shelf and pulled it on.

The soft fabric seemed to swallow me up, falling well past my thighs. It wasn't pretty, but it was comfortable. It didn't chase away the warmth but I knew that it would help when I was snuggled beneath the covers in my bed.

Walking out of the closet, I flicked the light off before going over to the balcony door.