

Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 2

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Chapter Two: Red silk and bittersweet feelings

I walked down the hallway towards my bedroom. Holding my phone in my hand as I looked down at the screen. Worrying my lower lip with my teeth. How was going to tell my boss that I needed time off?

Charity had told me what he was and I was worried that it would make me act weird around him. That he would know that I knew what he was. Sure, he was hot and I would be lying if I said that I had never thought about sleeping with him.

Not that I would, before I had been in a relationship with Jake. Now I was figuring things out with Jason, Ryan, and Travis. Even though I wasn't sure what was going on, I knew that I wasn't going to sleep with my boss.

There was something about him and I guessed that being a demon. Everyone felt that pull around him. He was a sex demon so it only made sense. It wasn't like I was going to act on it or anything, but the thought was there at the back of my mind.

Shaking my head, I pushed open the door to my room. Everything looked just the same as it had yesterday afternoon. My bed was neatly made with the purple and white quilt that mom had given me for Christmas last year.

The framed picture of Jake and me from our first date sat on my nightstand. Our smiling faces looked up at me, it had been a good night. We had gone to see some action movie that he wanted to see. I looked at his face, trying to see if I could find any traces of the animal that I knew was lurking beneath his skin. I didn't see any, he looked just like he normally did.

I wished that he had told me what he was.

I didn't love him and I knew that he didn't love me, but we had cared about each other. And maybe, if I had known, it would hurt less thinking about him like this. I was glad that he had found his mate and I had not been lying when I told him that I wanted him to be happy. But that didn't take away from the hurt that I felt seeing that small reminder of him.

We had gotten to talk early this morning and it felt like I had better closure with him. Maybe one day we could go back to being

friends. We had been before, my friendship with him had been easy.

Just like it was with Charity. It made me wonder if they were part of the same pack or maybe there was some super secret shifter club and they all knew each other. That thought upset me and I tried not to overthink it, but here I was overthinking everything and romancing the past.

Walking over to the white wooden nightstand beside my bed, I flipped the picture face down so that I didn't have to look at Jake and me. It was best not to think about things like that. If I did I was never going to get past not knowing for so long and I didn't want to be upset at him and Charity.

I plugged my phone into the charger, sitting it down on the nightstand before making my way over to the matching dresser. Opening the top drawer, I reached in, grabbing a sports bra and tossing it onto the bed with a pair of panties. They weren't sexy little panties that Travis had taken off of me last night and shoved in his pocket.

These were the comfortable cotton panties that were the least sexy thing that I owned. I wasn't trying to be sexy today. Right now I just wanted to be comfortable.

I tossed a few more pairs of panties and bras onto the bed before squatting down. A gasp slipped from my lips as the muscles in my thighs trembled. I was so sore, but I needed to move around to help them loosen up or I was going to hurt worse.

Lowering myself down, I pulled open the bottom drawer. Grabbing a few pairs of yoga pants and some tank tops.

I clutched the clothing to my chest, resting my hand on the dresser as I closed the drawer. I could do this, it wasn't like I could stay down here like this forever. A part of me wanted to just lay down on the floor and let my body hurt as much as my feelings hurt. I wasn't going to do that, but I did think about it.

Taking a deep breath, I pushed myself to stand, wondering if I could take another pain reliever as my muscles screamed in protest. Damn, I had never been this sore after sex before. Then again I had never had a foursome, that might be the cause of it?

Moving over to the bed, I dumped my clothes on before heading over to the closet. I stretched up onto the balls of my feet. Grabbing my overnight bag from the top shelf. I pulled it down. There was a weight to it, I opened the bag looking inside at the lingerie.

The bright shades of red silk peeked up at me from the depths of the black bag. It filled me with bittersweet feelings.

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Jake and I had taken a weekend away. I had thought the trip was just for us, but his friends had shown up and I had never gotten to where the sexy little number that was in the bag.

When I got home from the trip, I had left it in my overnight bag, not wanting to think about the trip again. I had thought that it was going to be a romantic getaway for the two of us and I had been so hurt when his friends had shown up.

I didn't take it out of the bag. Maybe I would wear it just for myself at the lake house? I should be able to enjoy pretty things without worrying about wearing them for someone else.

Taking my bag over to the bed, I shoved my clothes inside. When I was happy with how everything was sorted, I stripped off Jason's clothing. Tossing them into the white plastic hamper beside my dresser before making my way to the bathroom. A hot shower sounded like a great idea to relax muscles that were sore from overuse.