

Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 30

Chapter Thirty His Mate

Jason

“I’ll see you in a minute.” I said, ending my phone call with my beta as I pulled into the parking lot of Savage. I found a parking spot and pulled my SUV in, letting out a long breath. I wasn’t ready for the conversation that I knew I was going to have with my beta, but I knew that I needed to warn him.

This afternoon I had almost hurt someone. I was too close to the edge, that dark place where I could hurt someone. That was the last thing that I wanted. I couldn’t risk hurting my pack and if it came down to it. I knew Travis would do what needed to be done.

I wished that I was stronger. I didn’t want to put this on him. But I knew that I couldn’t ask Ryan to do it. It would have to be my beta.

Running my fingers through my hair, I let out another long sigh. I knew what I needed to do, what I needed Travis to do when the time came. I just didn’t want to. He would take over for me and I knew that he could handle it.

Leaning over, I looked up at the moon. Swallowing hard as my throat tightened, Fuck, I wasn’t the praying type but this seemed like as good a time as any to do just that.

“If she’s out there, please let me find her soon.” I prayed to the moon goddess. I was desperate and willing to do just about anything at this point. Once a shifter went feral, there was no turning back and today had shown me how close I was to it. I had spent the afternoon with Kelly, hoping that good sex would ease the irritation I had been feeling. The sex had been great, but if anything, it had made my wolf push closer to the edge.

It wasn’t her and logically, I knew that but I had felt the need to hurt her afterwards. To punish her for not being my mate. I knew it had hurt her feelings when I had stormed out of her apartment, but she wouldn’t understand how I was feeling. Her beast was weaker than mine so she had plenty of time to find a mate.

I didn’t want her to be the first in the pack to know what was happening. She wouldn’t have been able to put me down if it happened with her. She wouldn’t have been able to stop me.

Sitting up, I tucked my phone into my jacket pocket. I pulled the keys from the ignition and opened the door, stepping out into the chilly night air. It felt like the weather was

reflecting my mood. Closing the door, I pressed the button on my key fob before tucking my keys away.

It was best to stop trying to put this off. I looked up at the moon one last time, willing her to be near. I could take anything as long as I knew that I was close to finding my mate.

- Tucking my hands into my pockets, I moved out of the parking lot. I could feel the vibrations of the music and given

the number of cars in the parking lot, I was willing to bet that Travis would be thrilled with tonight's business. I hoped that I hadn't missed Ryan, Aaron, and Drew playing. If I had, I knew that they would understand but it was always good to show pack members my support in their interests. It helped that I enjoyed the music that they made.

They were no Cannibal Moon, but they were still really good,

I stopped at the heavy steel doors of the club. It felt like the walk to the entrance was too quick, but I knew that it was my nerves. I hadn't been this on edge in forever, but I was going to talk to Travis and let him know what was up. Towed him that much with what I was going to ask him to do.

Pushing the door open, I stepped inside and a sweet, candy like scent hit my senses and I felt my wolf perk up in excitement. It reminded me of the cherry candies that my father used to keep in his office to sneak to me and my friends when I was a child. I could almost taste that sweetness in the back of my throat, feel it on my tongue.

My teeth lengthened to sharp points and I closed my eyes, breathing in that scent. It was faint, but still clinging to the air and coming closer.

Excitement pulsed through me and I knew it was coming from my wolf. He wanted to go out there to find out who the scent was coming from. It grew stronger and I let my mouth fall open. . His Mate

"Hey, Alpha." Travis said, pulling me out of my thoughts. "I've got some big news.'

I opened my eyes, looking at my friend. His normally neatly combed dark hair was a ragged mess. There was a gleam in his eyes and I could tell that he had been fucking and it had to have been good. I didn't want to think about the way he smelled and who he could have been with.

"Oh yeah?" I said, my hands clenching up into fists by my sides as I prayed that he wasn't about to tell me he had fucked the one who smelled like heaven and all the good things that I associated with my childhood.

'I've met my mate.'" He said and it felt like the wind had been knocked out of me.

His mate... He smelled like his mate.

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Chapter 31

Chapter Thirty-One: Do they treat you right?

Gideon

My mate stared at me. Her blue eyes were wide and filled with a longing that I felt echoed deep inside of me. There were so many things that I was feeling just by having her here with me. It felt right to touch her like this, even though I knew that I was supposed to wait until the hunt started.

Her skin was soft beneath my hands and I knew that the rest of her would be just as soft if she let me touch her. Tillie was everything I had wanted in a mate. She was soft and I could just tell from the way that she held herself that she was gentle. She wasn't meant for something as brutal as the hunt. I wanted to fall to my knees to show her exactly what it meant to be my mate.

To taste her, to hear her voice telling me what she wanted me to do to her.

Tillie was perfect. There was only one problem. She had been claimed already by three other shifters.

I could smell them on her skin beneath the clean scent of the floral soap that she had used. The scents didn't bother me. If anything, they seemed to almost enhance her sweet candy-like scent. The woody scent combined with a sweet lemon scent and with that, a warm scent like hot tea. It all mixed together to form something that was pleasant. Something that reminded me of what home should smell like.

She hadn't been with them last night, but she had been with them recently enough that she still smelled of them. Did she consider them her home? If so, then why was she out here? Didn't Tillie know where she was, whose land this was that she was on smelling like wolves?

This was the bear's land and I doubted that he would take too well to having someone at his house that smelled of wolves. Unless she was his child, but she didn't smell like a bear. Tillie smelled all sweet and purely human.

Last night after I had caught the scent of her, I had been unable to leave the lakeside. Everything in me had demanded that I go to her, to lay myself down at her feet in the

surrender of myself. The need to please her was so strong that it felt like it would drown out every rational thought that I had ever had.

She was just so damn perfect. Her body was all soft curves that I wanted to take my time worshipping. I wanted to feel the swell of her belly beneath my hands, and trace my fingers over the full lines of her hips. To bury myself between her thighs and make her cry out for me. To take my time giving her everything that she could ever want.

To listen to her moan and hear her voice grow strong as she told me exactly what she wanted me to do to her. I wasn't one that took orders very well, but for her... I would do anything that she wanted.

I brushed my thumb over the corner of her full pink lips and the smell of her arousal hit me hard. My mouth watered and I bit the inside of my cheek. She smelled so divine that all I could think about was pulling her body closer to mine. Feeling the press of her breasts and curves against my body, her hands on my wrists excited me with the thought that, maybe. Just maybe, she would pin me down while she rode me. Seeking her pleasure that I was ready to give her. To let her take from me until she'd had her fill.

Gods, I wanted her.

There was no way that I was going to be able to hunt her tonight. I didn't want my pack to see those curves. I didn't want to share that special moment with her, that was if she even wanted me to claim her.

I hoped she did. I wanted to belong to this little human in front of me. I wanted to claim her as my own. She had mates though and I knew I couldn't get my hopes up. There was also the issue of the land that she was on.

If her father was the bear, I didn't know what I was going to do. I had heard rumors about the big man and I didn't want him to think that I was trying to cross him by mating with his cub. Even though she was all woman and from the smell of her, she wanted me just as much as I wanted her.

"Tillie, do your mates treat you right?" I asked, a part of me hoping that she would say yes. That there was a way I could call off the hunt. It would be easier to know that she was being taken care of. That she would want for nothing and wouldn't miss my presence in her life the way that I knew I would miss her.

The selfish part of me, the dark side, hoped that she would say no. That they were horrible to her and she was just looking for a chance to escape them. I wanted the chance to sweep her off her feet and save her. If I claimed her before tonight, the hunt would be called off and then my pack would never have to see her. We could slip away and I could find another pack to take me Or hell, I could go rogue. As long as she was with me, I didn't care.

I would keep her hidden and safe from those mates who hadn't known what a gift that she was. I just needed to hear her say it.

"Tillie, do your three mates treat you right?" I asked, brushing my thumb over her bottom lip. Watching the way her lips parted ever so slightly, the way her pupils grew larger at my touch. I wanted so much from her.

"Yes." She breathed out the word and I felt my heart drop. "Yes, Gideon. They treat me right."

I swallowed hard, trying to fight back my sadness at her words. Closing my eyes, I rested my forehead against hers. This was going to hurt, sending her away but I knew it was the right thing to do. "You should go inside, Tillie."

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Chapter Thirty-Two: Go inside, little mate

"What if I don't want to?" She asked and it tested everything inside of me.

"I need you to go into the house if you don't..." I trailed off, not trusting myself to warn her properly.

"If I don't, what? What will you do if I stay here?" She asked, looking at me. Her long lashes fluttered but it wasn't overly so like she was doing it on purpose. Did she know how gorgeous she was when she looked like that?

Did she know how the smell of her arousal made me want to do things to her that I knew that I shouldn't?

"Little mate. I would do anything you wanted me to do." I growled, feeling my wolf pull to the surface. Tillie's breath caught in her throat but she didn't pull away from me. Her grip tightened on my wrists, almost like she wanted it just as much as I did. "You should go inside."

She pressed her lips together before shifting closer to me. Her lips almost touched mine, testing all of my carefully constructed self-control.

"Tillie." I whispered. It was a pained sound but I wanted her so much. It would just be a taste, that was all I wanted. If I kissed her, I could stop with just that. I didn't have to

claim her, she was already spoken for her. But I wanted so badly to kiss her, to get a taste of her before I let her go.

“Gideon, I-” she started to say and I closed the distance. Tangling my fingers into her hair as I pressed my lips against hers. Her hands fell to my chest and she whimpered against my lips.

Tasting her like this was like tasting heaven. It was like tasting what things could be like between the two of us.

I untangled my fingers from her hair, moving my hand down to her hip. Pulling her close, she was all soft curves beneath her sweater and I wanted to push the sweater off of her so that I could feel the warm skin beneath the knit fabric. Her lips parted and I let out a groan as her tongue caressed against the seam of my lips, seeking permission that I was more than happy to give her.

The brush of her tongue against mine sent a shock of pleasure through me that I felt in every part of my body. Kissing Tillie was like nothing I had ever felt before and even though I knew that I couldn't have her. I couldn't help the way that I longed for more.

I would go feral without her, but I would treasure this kiss until that day. This taste of her would be something that I would hold on to and maybe, just maybe, when I went feral, my beast would remember the way that it had felt to kiss our mate. That it would keep my wolf calm enough for my alpha to do what needed to be done quickly.

Her hands pressed against my chest and I pulled back, opening my eyes to look at her. “Gideon, I didn't-” She started to say, but I moved my hand from her hair to put my finger over her lips. My other hand gripped her hip to keep her close. Gods, I wanted to touch her more. My blood burned for my mate, but I knew that I couldn't give into that feeling.

“I know you didn't say that I could kiss you and I would say that I was sorry for doing it,” I said, savoring the way her lips parted beneath my finger. “But I would be lying to you, Tillie and I promise I will never do that to you. You should go into the house now. Someone is coming.”

The crunch of gravel sounded in the distance and I could hear the low rumble of an engine. She stiffened in my arms and as much as it pained me to do so, I let her go. Watching as she took a half step towards the house.

“What will you do?” She asked, her blue eyes watering as she looked at me.

“What do you mean?”

“Will you, will you turn feral if you don't claim me?” She asked, worrying her lower lip.

It touched a part of my soul that she would worry about me going feral. That even the thought of it happening would make her eyes fill with tears. I wanted to lie to her, to tell her that everything would be okay. That I wouldn't go feral, but I had made a promise to her and I was a wolf of my word. "Yes."

"Gideon." She closed her eyes and a tear slipped down her cheek.

"None of that, little mate. No tears for me." I brought my hand up, brushing that tear from her cheek. "You've given me such a sweet kiss that I will never forget."

The car drew closer and I looked at the big black SUV before looking at Tillie one last time. She watched me with watery blue eyes that made me feel like someone had stabbed me in the heart. I didn't want to see her crying. I couldn't bear it. Turning away from her, I took the path towards the woods.

"Gideon, wait." Swift footfalls followed me and I realized that my mate was running after me. I stopped walking, looking back at her, knowing that I should just keep going but unable to make myself go. "What time does the hunt start?"

"At nightfall," I answered, turning around to face her. "You can't be out here when it does. The hunt, the pack. They would want me to claim you in front of them. I can't."

"Meet me at the lake, right here. Tonight." She said and I looked back at the SUV. Watching the doors open as a tall lanky looking man got out of the vehicle, followed by two other men. Their eyes landed on Tillie before moving to meet mine. I could see worry there, along with something else. Something possessive. Tillie was theirs and they were pissed that she was talking to me.

"Tillie your mates

"Please, Gideon. Please say yes." She begged, her fingers tangling into the front of my shirt, to pull my attention away from the men that I was pretty sure were her mates. "Say you'll meet me here."

"Okay, I'll meet you here this afternoon." I said, unsure of what was going to happen, but I knew that I wouldn't be able to stay away from her.

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Chapter 33

Chapter Thirty-Three: He's mine

Chapter Thirty-Three: He's mine

Tillie

Gideon retreated into the treeline and it was like he disappeared. I wasn't sure how he had done it, I just hoped that he stayed safe with whatever was out there. The thought of something hurting him wasn't a thought that I wanted to have.

It was strange, I knew he was a shifter, yet I wanted to protect him. It felt like I needed to, there was just something about the way that he had looked at me that made me feel like the hard parts inside of me were melting.

"Tillie." Jason called out and I turned away from the path that led into the forest, looking at Jason, Ryan, and Travis. I could feel something inside of me that almost burned with rage and I knew that it wasn't my emotions. It was something that they were feeling at seeing Gideon near me. At seeing him touching me.

I looked between each of them, Jason strode towards me. His face colored with worry more than anything else. His grey eyes were dark with his wolf but his control was firmly in place. His pressed white shirt looked crisp with his charcoal gray slacks. The rings on his fingers and the thin chain around his neck glittered in the gray morning light. I didn't know how he did it, but there was just something about him that always looked so put together, even when we had been at the club and he had ordered me to ride him with my hands tied behind my back. Even after he had made me feel like I was losing control of everything with the way he kept me on edge.

Maybe it was because he was the alpha and that was just part of it? I didn't know but I liked the way that he looked right now. I wanted to go to him, to tell him how I had felt when Gideon had touched me.

To make him see that Gideon was always meant to be mine and I hoped that he could understand that. But I had the feeling that he and the others wouldn't understand.

My gaze flicked to Ryan, who walked at Jason's left-hand side. His hair fell in wild curls around his face. Streaks of blue and green peeked out beneath the dark strands, but they did little to lighten the anger that burned through him so hot it felt like it would burn me up from the inside. His eyes were locked onto the treeline, scanning the dark-colored trees for any hints of movement.

His skin moved in a way that a human's skin didn't move and I caught glimpses of dark midnight-colored fur. It was like his skin was contorting, trying to hold in the beast.

It seemed to ripple and shift with every step closer that he took. What was he thinking that had him so riled up and ready for the fight?

Was he worried about my safety or had it been because another man was touching what he thought of as his?

Travis looked no different from the other two. He moved past Ryan and Jason, almost at a run, his eyes locked onto the path behind me. His dark hair was slicked back from his face and he wore jeans and a black concert t-shirt. There was something dangerous in the way that he moved his footsteps barely making a sound as he came closer to me. His dark eyes blazing.

“Travis,” I said, lifting my hand up towards him as he got closer. “Travis, stop.”

He went to move around me and I darted into his path, blocking him from going after Gideon. He looked down at me, his lips pulling back from his teeth. I rested my hand on his chest, feeling his heart beating fast beneath my palm.

I was scared, but I couldn't let them go after Gideon.

“Matilda, get out of my way.” He snarled, his body hard against mine as he tried to step around me.

His pierced eyebrow lifted up but his lips pressed together in a hard line before he spoke. “Matilda, you are cute when you try to get all snarly with me but I'm not playing with you right now. Get out of my way.”

“No,” I snapped at him. “You are not going after Gideon.” My eyes flew to the others and I shot them all a pointed look. “None of you are.” “Tillie, you can't-“ Jason started to say but I cut him off before he could continue.

“I said no. You guys will listen to me on this.” I all but shouted at them, so many emotions were spilling out of me but the biggest

was my own. My anger at not having a choice when it came to them. My anger at my best friend for lying to me.

Ryan and Jason stopped behind Travis and me. Both of them looked towards the forest, their nostrils flaring as they tried to breathe in the scent of Gideon. I move closer to them, trying to let my scent drowned out any of his scent that might be lingering in the air.

I didn't want them to go after him. I didn't want my mates to hurt him. If they did, I didn't think I could bear it.

“Tillie, we have to go after him. We need to make sure he won't try to hurt you.” Ryan said, coming closer to Travis and I.

“You don't understand“

“No, Matilda,” Travis said, resting his hand over mine. “You don't understand. We are your mates. Some unknown wolf had his paws all over you”

“He’s my mate.” I blurted out, making Travis go quiet.

“Your mate?” Jason asked, his voice oddly quiet.

“Yes, my mate.” I sucked in a breath, looking between the three of them. “He’s mine.”

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Chapter Thirty Four: Hunted by the pack

“Yours?” Travis growled, pressing forward so that he leaned over me. “Yours, Matilda. We are yours. That random wolf isn’t yours just because he tells you he is. Go in the house with the others while I go hunt him down, now.”

“No.” I glared up at Travis, pulling my hand away from his but I didn’t back down. “No, he’s mine. You and Ryan didn’t give me a choice of if I wanted to be claimed or not. You just did it. This is different. He’s mine.”

“Baby-” Ryan started to say, trying to come closer to us but I shook my head.

“No, you guys claimed me without asking if I wanted it. I got to make the choice with Jason and I’m going to choose with Gideon and you will let me. I’m not asking you. I’m telling you, all of you.” I said, looking between the three of them.

Ryan looked like I had slapped him and I felt guilty for what I had said, but it was the truth. He and Travis hadn’t asked if they could claim me. They hadn’t explained anything to me before they had made me theirs.

Jason’s face was an unreadable mask, but that calmness scared me. I could feel my bond with him close off like he was shielding me from what he was feeling and I hated it. I didn’t want to hurt any of them and I didn’t regret what had happened between the four of us. This was something I was going to do whether they liked it or not.

“Matilda.” Travis growled with pure anger pouring from him, adding fuel to the fire of what I was feeling even as I tried to stomp it down.

I wasn’t as angry at them as I should be. And I knew my words hurt, but I had to make them see. They knew that an unmated wolf would turn feral. Gideon had been willing to turn feral if it was what I had wanted. Yet, I knew deep down that I didn’t want that for him. That I was willing to fight my mates to keep him from getting to that point.

"You regret it?" Travis asked and I looked up into his dark eyes. "You regret mating with Ryan and me?"

"No, no. I don't regret it." I said, shaking my head. "I just wished that I had known what you were doing when I told you that I was yours. That I was Ryan's. I didn't know that you guys were going to claim me or that you guys were shifters. That you guys were going to keep me."

"You are mine." Travis growled and I nodded.

"I didn't say that I wasn't. I'm just saying that Gideon's mine." I moved my hands to his waist, trying to find the calm space inside of me in the hopes that it would bring him down from his anger.

"Matilda, you don't know what that means." Travis pulled away from me.

"Yes, I do. The three of you are mine too but I know that it means that I'm yours and I could never regret that." I looked up into Travis eyes, trying to make him understand. "I feel the same connection to him that I felt for you guys."

"The same?" Ryan asked and I nodded, looking away from Travis and over to him.

"It's the same overwhelming feeling. The need to go with you guys that night it was all I could think about. I knew from the moment that I saw him that he was mine, that fate or your goddess or whatever else is out there put us in each other's paths because we are all supposed to be together." I said, the words spilling from me in a rush but I had to make them understand.

"Tillie, you don't understand. His pack, they are not like ours." Jason said, moving closer to me. He rested a hand on Travis' shoulder and I felt something calm move over me.

"What do you mean?" I asked, looking back towards the forest.

"Their hunt. It's not like how we claimed you. It's more... primal. You will be hunted by the pack for him to claim"

"I don't get it. Gideon said something about it, but it didn't make sense." I said, lifting my hand up to tuck my hair behind my ear.

"They mate in front of the pack to make sure that everyone knows who you belong to." Jason's eyes flashed and the muscle in his jaw twitched.

"No one will see you like that." Travis snarled,

"We agree about that then." I said, "But I'm serious about what I said. Gideon is mine and I want him to claim me."

“But you don’t know him.” Ryan’s voice was soft and I turned to him. It was like everything that was being said had broken something inside of him and I regretted hurting him this way. I never wanted to hurt him.

“I didn’t know you guys either.”

“Are you doing this because you’re pissed at me and Ryan?” Travis asked, letting out a loud sigh. “Is that why you want to let that random wolf claim you? So you can be even with us?”

“What? N, no.” I stuttered, feeling that familiar rush of anger rise to the surface. “How could you say that? I wouldn’t.”

“Travis, that’s enough,” Jason said, his voice was so calm. How could he be this calm right now? “Tillie’s made up her mind.”

“For fuck’s sake, Jason. You can’t be thinking about what she’s saying.” Travis pulled away from his alpha, glaring over at him before looking at me,

“Sweets, you can’t be thinking about joining a mating hunt and letting someone mate with you like that.”

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Chapter 35

Chapter Thirty-Five: The alpha won’t let her run alone

Chapter Thirty-Five: The alpha won’t let her run alone

Jason

“For fuck’s sake, Jason. You can’t be thinking about what she’s saying. Sweets, you can’t be thinking about joining a mating hunt and letting someone mate with you like that.”

“I am.” I said, letting my hand fall from Travis’ shoulder as he spun around to face me with an accusatory look on his face. His wolf was so close to the surface but he needed to back down. If he didn’t, he was going to drive Tillie to do something that none of us wanted.

“Jason, alpha. Fuck, you can’t be fucking serious? You know how they hunt, it’s savage. She could be hurt.” Travis scrambled for words, his skin rippling as his eyes lost all color. Gone was the bright green, replaced by the onyx color of his wolf. His anger was

almost tangent, burning brighter than the calmness that I had tried to force onto him. I knew it would piss him off, but I didn't need him pushing Tillie.

Our mate wasn't like us, she was soft and kind. She was willing to do whatever it took to protect those that she thought of as hers. She had proven that to me already. When she realized that I would go feral if she didn't mate with me, she had given herself to me in a way that no one else ever had. When I had pushed her too far, she had still accepted me. Letting me make love to her the morning after. I wished there was some way that I could make Travis understand.

He hadn't been close to going feral without her. That fear hadn't been sharp in his mind, controlling his every waking thought.

I knew what that was like. I knew how walking that fine edge was dangerous. It would have been so easy to give myself into that madness to hurt those around me. I wouldn't have wished that feeling on anyone and I had a feeling that Tillie wouldn't either.

She had said that he was hers. Travis was right, that we were hers, too. That meant I was willing to fight for what my mate wanted. If it meant doing something, I never thought that I would. Then, goddess willing, I was going to do just that.

I didn't want Tillie to join the mating hunt. But that didn't mean that I couldn't join it with her.

"I don't need his permission or yours," Tillie said and Travis looked away from me back to our mate. "If I have to join a hunt to mate with him, then I will. I won't let him go feral."

"You will not." Ryan said and Tillie turned to look at him. Her eyes blazing in a way that would have made me afraid if she were a shifter. There was a fire to her that I hadn't seen previously. It was glorious and I wanted to rile her up until she was furious enough to fuck me with all of that anger and all of that rage.

I had tasted her sadness when she had asked me to help her forget her ex-boyfriend. Now I wanted to taste that fire.

"Ryan. You—" She started to say but he cut her off.

"No, Tillie. You will not take part in that hunt. It's our job to take care of you and if you are hunting with them-goddess, I hate to think of what could happen to you." Ryan shook his head. "You don't know what it's like."

Tillie's cheeks flushed as she glared between Ryan and Travis. She spun on her heels, heading towards the house. I watched her go. I wanted to follow her but I figured she needed a moment to breathe without the three of us hovering over her. She stomped up the steps, wrenching open the door before stomping inside of the house. The door slammed shut loudly behind her.

"I can't believe you are going to let her join them." Ryan turned to look at me. I hadn't seen him this mad the entire time I had known him. He was normally so calm, it must have been some of Travis' anger spilling over through the bond that they shared.

I could feel the faint hints of it through the bond that I shared with Tillie, even as I tried to block the feeling away. It wouldn't do to have those feelings clouding my judgment, not when it concerned a hunt.

"She's not doing it. The only hunt she will be doing is the one with us." Travis growled, crossing his arms over his chest. He looked over at the forest but I knew that Gideon was far enough away now that he wouldn't be able to easily hunt him down. At least not if he didn't want Tillie pissed at him, more so than she already was.

"We can't control her." I said, tucking my hands into my pockets and looking out at the lake.

"The fuck we can't. She's too sweet for something like a hunt with Branson's pack. She'll get mated with more than just the one wolf and I refuse to share her with anyone besides you guys."

"Travis is right. Jason, we need to get her out of here." Ryan said, his voice held an edge to it that I wasn't used to.

"You guys don't get her." I sighed.

"And you do?" Travis huffed. "We've known her for the same amount of time and most of it has been spent fucking."

"I like to think that I do. She got pushed too far with us and she felt betrayed. So our mate ran. Now we're pushing her again, only this time... This time I won't let her run alone."

"Are you saying what I think you are saying?" Ryan asked, walking closer to me.

"That depends on what you think I'm saying." I didn't look over at my best friend. He might think that he knew what I was implying but I very much doubted

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