

Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 36

Savage Hunt by Jane knight

Chapter 36

Chapter Thirty-Six: A round of two before the hunt?

“You’re planning to run with her?” Ryan asked and a breeze blew through the trees, making the water’s surface ripple. I couldn’t seem to look away from the water or the tree on the other side of the lake. It was the same tree that I had seen in the picture.

The one that was marked up by a bear. I could smell the scent of him all over the land and I knew that he had been here recently. I wondered if Tillie knew who the bear was and if she was aware of what he was. Given that she hadn’t known about her best friend being a shifter, I very much doubted it.

“I’m going to run with her.”

“Are you leaving the pack to do that, alpha?” Travis asked, almost snarling out the word alpha as if it painted him to do so.

I looked away from the water. “No, I’m not talking about running away with our mate. I’m talking about the mating hunt. I wouldn’t leave my pack, but I can’t, I won’t let her do this alone. I’ll run with her and keep her safe.”

“Will Branson let you do that? I mean, it is a mating hunt for his pack. He might not let you join.” Ryan asked, pulling my attention over to him. His skin had smoothed back to normal and he no longer watched me with eyes that were far too dark to be human.

“He sort of invited me earlier. At the time I turned him down, but Tillie seems set on doing this and I won’t let her be hunted alone like that. Like you guys said, it’s our job to keep her safe.” I looked at both of them, my lips curving into a half smile. “Besides, I think she would be pissed if I tied her up and kept her from joining the hunt. Did you see the way her eyes flashed?”

“It was fucking hot. I wanted to pick her up and throw her over my shoulder and remind her who she belongs to.” Travis dragged his fingers through his hair, separating the neat strands and making them fall over his forehead. He leaned back on his heels, looking over towards the house. “It’s our job to keep her safe, but she keeps making it harder than it needs to be. I don’t get it.”

“She’s human. I know Ryan reminded me earlier but I think it’s something we all forget at times.” I answered, shrugging my shoulders. That was the only thing that I could think of and it wasn’t just Ryan and Travis who kept forgetting it. I kept having to remind myself that she was human and that all of this was new to her.

“Will Branson let the three of us join his hunt?” Ryan asked, looking out over the water. “I trust you to keep her safe, but I know I would feel better if we were all out there keeping her safe.”

“If he doesn’t, then I guess we will be joining them anyways.” I said, pulling my hands out of my pockets and cracking my knuckles. “She’s our mate.”

Travis nodded, turning away from Ryan and I. His stride was long as he stalked over towards the SUV.

“Where are you going?” I called out, watching him open the door to my car. He leaned inside, pressing a button before standing tall and looking over at us.

“I’m going inside to grovel at my mate. Hopefully, we can go around or two before the hunt starts and I’ll smell enough like her to throw off any others who think they can take what’s mine.” Travis growled as he stomped around to the back of the SUV. Pulling the door open, he grabbed his bag before heading over to the lake house.

“Brat,” Ryan said, shaking his head before he looked over at me. His teeth sank into his lower lip as he tried to hold back a smile. “It’s not a bad idea.”

“He’s got a point. I think she might set him on fire first, though.” I smirked before moving over to my car and collecting my bag. Ryan did the same and together we made our way up the porch steps to the quaint-looking lake house.

It was bigger than I thought it would be from the few pictures that I had seen online that Tillie had posted. This was the kind of house where you raised a family. There was plenty of land around us for shifting and running free, I’m sure whoever it was that Tillie knew that owned this house knew that

I needed to talk to Branson and made sure that he was okay with us joining the hunt. If he wasn’t, I was about to break treaties and alliances that we shared but it had to be done. Tillie was ours.

There was no way that I could let Tillie join in a hunt without us there to protect her. I didn’t like the idea of her letting another wolf claim her, but if she felt so strongly about it, then I knew that I would have to accept it or risk losing her.

That wasn’t something that I was willing to do. I may not want to share her with anyone else, but losing my mate wasn’t an option either. At least, if we joined the hunt, the three

of us could make sure that things would play out in favor of our mate. We could protect her from any others who might think to take what is ours.

Thad to admit that the smell that had clung to her skin and her sweater after we had reached her didn't bother me. In fact, if anything, it intrigued me. It was a warm, sweet vanilla and something else. Something tempting that lingered on the back of my tongue, not as much as Tillie's scent, but it wasn't bad, to say the least.

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 37

Savage Hunt by Jane knight

Chapter 37

Chapter Thirty-Seven: Vanilla and Bourbon

Tillie

Pacing the floor of the living room, I glared at the window that overlooked the water where Jason, Ryan, and Travis stood talking. Like they hadn't just shown up at my stepdad's house and messed up my time alone and scared Gideon away.

I knew I should feel guilty for talking with him, but I couldn't. Gideon needed me and I had the feeling that I needed him too. That even though the others didn't know him yet, I had a feeling that they would feel the same pull that I was feeling if they just met him. It just felt right when he touched me. I got those same butterfly like feelings in the pit of my stomach and my heart beat faster.

I just wished that I could make them see that. Crossing my arms, I looked out the window. Watching my mates as they looked out at the water. Travis was still furious and I could see that anger beating against the back of my mind like a steady drum. It was feeding into my own anger and I knew that I needed to figure out how to block that feeling or I was going to end up saying or doing something that I didn't want to do.

That wasn't who I was, but damn it when he had glared down at me. His hard chest pressed against me, his eyes all dark. It did something to my insides that I didn't know I liked yet. It was like something inside of me wanted to do what he wanted, even as I had fought against the feeling.

I wasn't going to give into that feeling. I couldn't, I couldn't back down from him about this. The things I felt for Gideon were like what I felt for Travis. What I felt for Ryan and Jason. I could no more turn my back on them than I could on him.

Travis glared at Jason and I could see his lips moving. They were pulled back into a snarl and it looked like he was in pain. What had Jason said to make him look at him like that? Like he had betrayed him. Anger flashed through me, white hot and burning. Making me feel like the air had been knocked out of me.

I wrapped my arms around my waist, closing my eyes and trying to block out that feeling. There was a calmness in that storm of emotions and I knew the moment that I felt it, that it was coming from Jason.

Jason. He was an alpha. He had been worried about going feral when I met him at Savage. If anyone could understand my worries for Gideon, it would be him. I needed to talk with him, to see if there was any way that I could get him to help me with the hunt.

If anyone would be willing to accept Gideon, I had a feeling that it would be him.

Hopefully, he would be able to help me talk to Ryan and Travis. They had to understand. I mean, they were shifters, too. Both of them knew about going feral more than I could ever know about it.

Travis stalked away from Jason and Ryan, moving to the SUV. He shouted something at Jason but I felt something different from anger. Something like understanding. I didn't know what had happened out there but I felt relieved that maybe I would be able to talk to him without wanting to have super angry sex with him now.

He made his way up the steps of the porch, his footsteps were heavy on the old wood. Jason and Ryan stood beside the lake talking as Travis opened the door and came into the cabin.

"Sweets." Travis called out and I turned away from the big window to look over at him. He closed the door, dropping his black duffle bag off to the side. It was the same bag that he had used the night before last. The one that he had pulled the sex toys out of. I hated the way that my lower belly tensed up like there was a coil tightening inside of me at seeing that bag.

It was an excitement that I had not thought I would be feeling at thinking about those toys that he had brought. The toys that Ryan and Jason had used on me. What was wrong with me?

"What do you want, Travis?" I asked, wrapping my arms tighter around my body. I should feel like this, I shouldn't be this turned on right now. Yet, I was.

"*Tillie, I'm sorry." He said, walking into the living room until he stood in front of me. "If you want this, this wolf-"

"Gideon. His name is Gideon." I corrected him.

“Gideon, if you want Gideon. If you feel the same thing that you feel for him when I touch you. Then I’ll learn to live with it.” He reached out, gripping the back of my neck. Pulling me closer so that my body was pressed against his.

I uncrossed my arms, licking my bottom lip. His touch made me feel the same way that Gideon’s had. My heart raced and I felt my nipples tighten, scraping against the thin cotton tank top that I had pulled on after my shower. “I do.”

He leaned down, his nostrils flaring as he breathed in my scent. His eyes slipped closed before he brushed his nose along my jaw. “Vanilla and booze.” He growled, trailing his nose along my skin until I shook.

“Travis.” I whimpered, feeling goosebumps rise along my skin as he moved his nose lower.

“No, not booze. Bourbon, the expensive shit.” He groaned, his tongue darting out to trace along my jaw and then down to my neck before he let out a growl. “Fuck, Tillie. You smell so god damn fuckable. Is it me my pussy is wet for, sweets?”

Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 38

Savage Hunt by Jane knight

Chapter 38

Chapter Thirty-Eight: Do it again

Travis.” I whimpered, moving my hands to his waist. I needed to touch him, to feel his skin hot beneath my fingers. I moved my hands beneath his black t-shirt. The cotton was soft beneath my fingers as I dragged it out of my way. His fingers tightened on the back of my neck and I bit my lower lip. trying to fight back a moan. I wanted to be mad at him still. But it was hard to stay mad at him when all I could think about was having him inside of me.

“That’s right, Tillie. You’re mine, aren’t you, sweet girl?” He growled, nipping at the mark on my neck and I moaned low in the back of my throat.

“Yes, but you can’t use sex to make me not be mad at you. Even if I’m yours.” I said, trying not to shiver at the way his teeth moved over my skin.

“I’m not trying to make you not mad at me. You know you are hot as fuck when you’re all mad like you were. Makes me want to fuck you so hard, to be deep inside my pussy so I can fuck that anger right out of you.” His words were rough as moved a hand up to

my shoulder, pushing my sweater down my arm. I shook my arms, letting the sweater fall to the floor so that I was standing in front of him in my tank top and yoga pants. "Tell me, sweets, do you really feel like that about him?"

I pulled back, looking into Travis' face, trying to gauge how he was feeling. I mean, besides horny. It seemed like he was always ready to go, even outside when we had been arguing. I had felt it. Tracing my fingers over his abs, I nodded. "Yes, I wouldn't say that I was willing to be claimed by another unless I meant it. From what you guys have told me, it seems like a forever type of thing."

"I'll try not to be jealous then." His lips pressed into a thin line as his thumb stroked up the side of my neck. "You won't be in the hunt alone. We all will be there."

"Do you mean it?" I asked, a slow grin spreading across my face.

"Yeah. Matilda, you are mine. I won't risk anyone else claiming you. That's not one of us or... Gideon." His lips curled into a snarl and he closed his eyes.

"You said you wouldn't be jealous." I pouted, biting my lower lip as I moved his shirt up higher, splaying my hands over his torso so that I could touch more of him. A heat spread between us that I had felt building up outside when he was glaring down at me.

"I said I would try. Sweets, you keep pouting at me though and I can't make any promises." He smirked, wrapping his fingers around my throat and pulling me closer so that his lips pressed against mine. The kiss was searing and demanding. His tongue moved into my mouth, almost like he was trying to stake his claim and remind me that I was his.

pushed his shirt up, dragging my hands up his back. He deepened the kiss, his tongue moving against mine as his muscles flexed beneath my touch. The door opened up and I heard Ryan and Jason come into the house. Their bags hit the floor as the door closed behind them. Jason let out a low chuckle as he moved deeper into the house.

"Looks like Travis isn't wasting any time making sure he's covered in our kitten's scent." Jason said, moving to sit on the couch so that he could watch Travis all but fuck my mouth with his tongue. His fingers tightened around my throat and my heart started to beat faster at the thrill that went through me.

"He's got the right idea to throw anyone interested in her off of her scent and confuse them." Ryan said, moving to sit in the big armchair that sat beside the couch.

I scratched my nails down Travis' back, biting at his lower lip until he groaned against my mouth. His fingers dug into my throat and he pulled back to look at me. His eyes were dark with lust as he ran his tongue over his now bloody lip.

“Sweets. That wasn’t very nice of you.” A dark smile moved over his face and his eyes seemed to burn into mine. He loosened his hold on my neck and dropped his hands to the hem of his shirt, pulling it over his head. He dropped the shirt to the floor, letting it fall to the floor to join my sweater at our feet.

“I’m just reminding you who you belong to. You don’t want me to do it again?” I teased, pressing up onto my toes to nip at his bloody lip as I brought my hands up to his chest. Tracing those hard muscles until I reached the small silver loops that pierced his nipples. I tugged at both of them as I kissed him so hard that I knew my lips would be bruised. If he wanted to use the sexy shifter thing of his to try to control me, then I was going to make it hurt.

His hands moved to grip my ass and he moaned into the kiss. His hard length pressed into my lower belly as the moan turned into a growl and he pulled back. “Fuck, sweets. Do it again.”

Author’s Note: Sorry about the delay on the chapter. Our dog ate a cherry and we had no idea that he had. It turns out that those are toxic to dogs so we had to rush him to the vet. At the time we didn’t know that he had eaten one until it came up. So we spent all of Saturday at the emergency vet. We’re back home, Potato (the dog in question, pics available on my FB) is feeling a ton better and back to his stubborn self. I’ll be working hard to get another chapter up today so we’re all caught up. Thank you guys for understanding <3

Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 39

Savage Hunt by Jane knight

Chapter 39

Chapter Thirty-Nine: Daddy is right watch your mouth before I put it to..

Chapter Thirty-Nine: Daddy is right, watch your mouth before I put it to use

“It seems that Travis likes some pain.” Ryan said. There was a hint of something in his voice that, if I didn’t know better, sounded like excitement. Did he like knowing that Travis liked the pain as much as I did? Was it a shifter thing?

Maybe it wasn’t. Jake had never liked sex when it was rough. He was always worried that he was going to hurt me, so he wouldn’t let me hurt him.

I tugged hard at Travis’ nipple rings and he thrust his cock against me, letting out a low groan as his lips moved against mine. His hands squeezed and kneaded my ass

cheeks, pulling at the rounded flesh. He swatted my bottom where he had claimed me and I felt a slick heat pooling between my thighs.

“That’s right, sweets, this ass is mine.” He groaned against my lips and I bit at him. “Going to fuck you so good. I can’t wait to be inside you, filling you up with my come. Then I’m going to push it back inside of you before you fuck Ryan and Jason for me.”

“Travis.” I whimpered, letting go of his nipple rings so that I could grip his shoulders. He moved his hands down the backs of my thighs, lifting me up so that I had to wrap my legs around his waist or risk falling to the floor. His hard cock pressed against me through the thin fabric of my yoga pants, stretching the cotton tight against me so that I could feel the rough scrap of denim against the tender parts of my sex.

“That’s right, Tillie. Tell me who you belong to, sweetheart. Tell me who makes my pussy wet.” He growled, kissing a hot path along my skin until he nipped at the side of my throat over the claiming mark that Ryan had given me.

I whimpered his name, grinding my pussy against him. It felt like I was in some sort of heat and I just needed him to fuck me to ease the ache that spread through my lower belly.

“Mmm, you feel so good in my arms. I can’t wait to be inside my pussy. Can’t wait to feel you milking my dick.” His teeth teased my neck before his lips soothed the roughness away. Travis walked forward, each step causing a friction that made me writhe in his arms. He carried me until my back hit the wall and I was pinned between his hard body and the wall beside the big window that overlooked the lake.

Travis gripped my thigh with one hand, rocking his hips into me as he pulled my tank top up over my breasts. His lips and teeth teased my skin as he worked his mouth lower. He placed open-mouthed kiss over my breasts, making that heat in my belly grow stronger. “You’ve got the most beautiful and perfect tits I’ve ever seen. I bet I could make you come just from sucking on these tits.”

“Travis, I-” I babbled, his hand felt so good as he massaged my breast. His head dipped down so that he could swirl his tongue over the soft tip before sucking my nipple into his mouth. “Oh god, fuck.”

He bit down and I jerked forward. The pain intensified the pleasure, my head tilted back against the wall and he scraped his teeth over the tight point. Laving his tongue flat over the bud to soothe the sting.

“Not god, baby girl. That’s all Travis making you feel that way.” Ryan said, he leaned forward in the chair. Resting his hands on his elbows as he watched Travis tease me. “Watch your language. We only want to hear pretty things coming from those lips.”

“That’s for them, kitten.” Jason said, his voice all commanding and growling and making my pussy clench up. “When you are with me, want those dirty words. You can use whatever language you want with me, Tillie.”

Travis chuckled, letting my nipple slip from his mouth with a wet pop. “i don’t need comments from you two. Daddy is right though, sweets. Watch your mouth before I fuck it.”

“Why don’t you fuck me then?” I asked, trying to sound commanding but failing as the words trailed off in a moan. “Shut me up, Travis.”

“Oh sweets, all you had to do was ask,” Travis smirked at me, shifting me around in his arms so that he could reach between our bodies. He undid his jeans, freeing his hard dick and pressing it against my covered pussy. “Tell me, Tillie. Do you like these pants?”

“What?” I asked, not understanding, his thumb brushed against the front of my yoga pants. Stroking me with firm circles against my clit that made it hard to think about anything but the way he was touching me.

“Do you like these pants? Because I’m about to fuck them up.” Travis said, his fingers moving up to the seam at my crotch, giving it a sharp tug. “You know what? Fuck it. I’ll buy you some new ones later.” He said, before ripping the cotton fabric of my yoga pants with a sharp sounding tug.

I would have gotten angry with him, but it was hard to do when he thrust his hard cock deep inside of me. “Travis, fuck.”