

Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 40

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Chapter Forty: Mark me up with those pretty little teeth

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Travis let some of my weight go and I sank down. His cock hit deep inside of me until he bottomed out. I buried my head into his neck, closing my eyes as he pulled out of me until just the tip of his dick remained inside of me before thrusting deep into me again.

“Sweets, fuck, my pussy feels so good. You are so wet for me.” He groaned as his hands gripped my thighs tighter. Working my body up and down on his cock, forcing me to take all of him. It felt so good to have him inside of me like this.

It didn't fix things, but it made me feel more connected to him than I had felt before. Being connected to him like this made me feel like things hadn't changed between us, with Ryan claiming him.

I knew that he still wanted me just as much as he had the first night that he claimed me. I could feel it with every thrust of his hard, ridged cock inside of me.

He growled against my shoulder, nipping sharp teeth against the side of my neck and I felt my pussy clench up as Jason let out a low groan from across the room.

I opened my eyes, looking past Travis until I locked eyes with Jason. He was watching Jason pound into me with a look of possessive need. It heightened my arousal, making my vaginal walls flutter around Travis' cock. I didn't know why it turned me on so much to have him looking at me like that but I was going to enjoy it. I rocked my hips down, biting my lower lip to hold back the needy sound that tried to slip out of me.

“I love that you get off being fucked for them. Knowing that they're wishing they were in my place fucking this sweet pussy.” Travis' words were a low growl in my ear. His hands moved to my hips as he moved my hips every so slightly. The change in angle made his pubic bone brush against my clit, giving me the friction that I needed.

“Travis, don't stop.” I whimpered, loosening my hold on his neck as I stayed looking at Jason. I kissed his shoulder, at the spot where he had let Ryan claim him. Listening as my dark-haired mate let out a low groan. The recliner creaked as he shifted in the seat.

Jason tilted his head down, giving me a smile that was a dark promise of the things that he was going to do to me later. He leaned back against the couch, crossing his ankle over his knee as he draped his arms over the back of the couch.

God, how could he look so hot while watching me get fucked by Travis?

I nipped at the bite mark and Travis' cock jerked hard inside me. A moan slipped past his lips. "Fuck, Tillie. Harder, sweets. Mark me up with those pretty little teeth of yours."

Why did the thought of marking his skin up like he had done mine make me feel so hot? I wanted to do that to him, to sink my teeth into the side of his neck like Ryan had done so that everyone would know that he was mine.

I wanted to do it to the others. I wanted to mark them up so that there would be no mistaking that they were mine. My vaginal walls fluttered and I gripped Travis' shoulders tighter.

Rocking my hips, I tried to get him to fuck me faster. I was so close that it wouldn't take much. Having them watch me like this, feeling what they were feeling, had me so on edge.

It made me feel like any second I would pop. I bite down hard beneath the mark that Ryan had left on Travis. The copper tang of blood hit my tongue and I closed my eyes.

Everything tightened inside of me, and Travis let out a shuddering growl. Fucking himself up into me as I dug my nails into his shoulders. Marking him up as I came.

"That's it, sweets. Fuck feels so good to have your teeth in my throat." His movements became erratic as he lost himself in the feel of my pussy milking his cock. "That's it, Tillie, don't stop. I'm going to cum and I want you to take it all. Fuck." He roared, his fingers digging into my thighs almost painfully as his cock jerked hard inside of me. The warm rush of his semen filling my pussy as I held him tighter to me.

I squeezed my eyes shut tighter, sucking at the wound that I had left on him. A part of me wished that I were a shifter too so that I could claim him as he had claimed me.

I dragged my tongue over the rough edges like Travis had done to my ass cheek. Trying to soothe the pain away as he held me close.

*Fuck, Tillie. That was god damn amazing." He panted, letting my thighs.

"You're not too bad yourself." I chuckled, opening my eyes and brushing my hair out of my face as I lowered my feet to the floor.

“Not too bad?” He asked, leaning back slightly so that he could look down at me. His penis grew soft inside of me, leaving us connected. “If you gave me half a chance, I would ruin you, sweets.

“Like you ruined my pants?” I smirked and his lips spread into a slow smile. Reaching up, I smoothed his hair back from his face. He looked less angry but still like he was ready for more, even though he was soft inside of me.

“Something like that.”

“What’s stopping you?” I smirked, dragging my fingers down his shoulders until I reached his chest. When I did, I tugged at his nipple rings until he let out a low hiss.

“Matilda.” He growled and I smiled up at him, trying to give him my most innocent look.

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Chapter 41

Chapter Forty-One: What the alpha wants

Jason

I watched Tillie and Travis kiss. It was strange but I liked how they were together, just as I liked when she was with Ryan. I wanted her to fall for them the same way that I was falling for her.

It was fast, but things for us usually were. We didn’t move slow, when we found our mate, we claimed them and things went from there. Usually, it was with another shifter, but I was glad my mate was human. She was just what I wanted, a feisty little minx that tempted me in ways that I never thought anyone would push me.

How she would submit to me again. I wanted her like she had been at the club, naked, with her hands bound at her lower back.

Just thinking about it made my cock strain against the front of my slacks. I wanted her; I wanted to bend her over and plow into her tight, wet heat. To feel her pussy squeeze my cock in a vice-like grip as she came around me again and again until she lost herself to the feel of my body moving with hers.

Tillie pulled back from kissing Travis, her fingers toying with the silver hoops through his nipples as she looked up at him through lowered lashes. Goddess, she was such a tease.

“Sweetheart, the things I’m going to do to you... Travis growled, leaning down and pressing his lips to hers again. The kiss was hot and so was the way she tugged at his nipple rings, giving him a bit of pain with the gentleness of her kiss.

I didn’t know if she knew it or not, but we weren’t bothered by the pain. We were shifters and it fed into something dark that our wolves craved. My own beast was rising to the surface from watching Tillie mark up Travis’ skin, he wanted to bear her mark. To feel her teeth in our flesh biting down hard enough to leave a scare so that everyone would know that we belonged to her.

Was that how the other wolf, Gideon, had felt about Tillie?

Did he want her to mark up his flesh the same way Travis, Ryan, and I did? Would he destroy anyone who got in his way for her the way that I knew either of my friends and pack mates would?

There was something about his scent that I couldn’t quite place my finger on. It wasn’t a bad scent, the way it had lingered in the air and on Tillie’s skin. He wasn’t an alpha. I could tell that just from looking at him. I didn’t know what it was about the other man, but I knew that I was going to figure it out.

I had to. Tillie wanted him and I wasn’t going to be the one to tell her that she couldn’t have him. She was worried about him going feral and I knew that I was going to have to look out for her. She was tender and soft. All the things that I wasn’t, I hoped that any children we might have would have that quality about them.

That softness was a hard contrast to how I felt. It would make them good alphas if that was what they wanted to be. If they didn’t, well, that was something that I would address when the time came. I knew that if I needed to, my sister would have no problem stepping up to the job. She was just as strong as I was and even though there would be some pushback from our pack members who weren’t ready for a female alpha. We would get them in line for her.

Or they would leave. It was as simple as that. I doubted that she would force anyone to stay, just like I wouldn’t force anyone to stay that didn’t want to be part of the pack. The threat of being rogue was enough to keep most of them there. Yet, if they chose to go, I had no doubts that most other packs would be welcoming to them. Even if they didn’t run things, the same way that I did. I knew that it would work out in the end.

Travis started to tangle his fingers into Tillie’s hair and I shook my head. If I didn’t stop him, he was going to make her too tired for the hunt, and then she would be pissed at

him. I didn't want her worn out. If she was exhausted, it would be harder for her to keep up with us and for us to keep up with keeping her out of harm's way.

"Travis." I said, pulling him back into the moment and out of the haze of heat that was building between him and Tillie. He looked over his shoulder at me. His eyes were dark, his lips were swollen and bloody from her rough treatment of him earlier. I lifted an eyebrow and he let out a sigh. Turning back to Tillie.

"Looks like Sir wants you, sweets. He's spoiling all of my fun today."

"Or maybe it's you he wants?" He trailed her fingers down his body, looking over Travis' arm at me. "Handcuffs were a very, very fitting look for you."

Shaking my head, I moved my hand in front of me. Beckoning Tillie forward with two fingers. "He does, but he's not who I'm after. Come here, kitten."

"I was right. Tillie and he's all kinds of growly. Travis chuckled, taking a half step back from Tillie. His cock made a wet slapping sound as it fell from her body and landed onto his thigh. "Fucking hot when he's all alpha like that, isn't it?"

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Chapter Forty-Two: The bear's lair

"Yeah, he is." Tillie said. Her voice was all breathless as she looked at my hooked fingers. Her lips parting, she sucked in a breath and I watched the way her eyes seemed to sparkle with what she knew was about to come.

Travis stepped back, tucking his softened penis into his jeans. He didn't bother with the buttons or the zipper, just pulled them up over the swell of his buttocks. Letting the rough material rest on his slim hips. He looked at Tillie with a soft look in his eyes and I saw it. The love that was starting to develop in him for our little human. I wanted that.

I wanted him to fall for her. He would keep her safe if I wasn't around to look after her. It was one of the main reasons that I was good with them wanting to share Tillie with me. Should anything happen to me, Tillie would always be taken care of. She would be there to take care of Ryan and Travis, too. To keep them steady and grounded if they ever had to deal with my loss.

Travis stepped closer to her, lifting his hand up to her face to brush his fingers over the top of her cheek and she looked away from me over to him. "Travis?"

"You should go show him what that dirty mouth can do, sweets." His voice was soft, almost tender. I wonder if Tillie could hear the way that he was speaking to her? Did she know what it meant?

Her cheeks darkened with a blush that made her look so innocent and she nodded at him. Travis stepped away from her, moving to the recliner where Ryan was sitting. He perched himself on the armrest with a satisfied smirk on his face. Ryan reached out, wrapping an arm around his waist and pulling him into his lap. He hadn't looked away from Tillie and I knew that the thing earlier, hearing her talk about another man, was still bothering him.

He would get over it, he had to.

Tillie looked between the three of us before she toed off her running shoes. She locked eyes with me and I lifted my hand and made a keep going gesture as I settled back against the couch. She bit her lower lip, bending down to push the tattered remains of her yoga pants down her long legs.

There was something so intimate about watching her strip down like this for me. Yes, we'd fucked and I'd even made love to her. But this, this was on a whole different level. It was like she was putting on a show that was just for me and I loved every second of it. I knew she wasn't trying to be sexy but she was.

She stepped out of the pants and I could see the trimmed patch of hair between her legs. It was glistening with her arousal and Travis' release and I wanted to bury my face between her legs. To taste that honey-like sweetness on my tongue. I wanted to feel her body shake as she gave herself to me. Her hips bucking as she worked herself faster, trying to take from me what she needed until she was panting and crying out for me. Her fingers locked onto my shoulders as she dug those blunt nails into my skin, marking me up as she had Travis.

She stood straight and let out a needy little whimper. I knew she was feeling the arousal that I was feeling. That it was making her just as horny as it was me. Her blue eyes grew wide and my beast rose to the surface.

Tillie looked like something he very much wanted to hunt down. I got the appeal of what Travis was always going on about now. It took mating with Tillie to spark that need in me.

I was struggling with the same feelings as my wolf. All this talk about the mating hunt had woken something primal in me. Something savage that had every part of me ready to chase my mate through the woods until I caught her. There was just one problem. These woods weren't our home and the smell of bear lingered heavily in the air like we

were in the beast's lair. It was so strong now that we were inside of the house that I had no doubts that this was the bear's home.

I didn't know if the others smelled it too or if they were so blinded by their need for Tillie that it just hadn't sunk in yet. I needed to know though, I needed to make sure that Tillie, Travis, and Ryan were safe. It was going to break the mood a little, but as long as I knew we were safe, I would make sure that she enjoyed herself.

"Kitten, whose house is this?" I asked, wondering who Tillie knew that was a bear.

Tillie frowned, her hands stalling at the hem of her tank top. "My parents, but they don't mind when I use it as long as I clean it up before I head back to the city."

She started to pull the shirt up and I shook my head, stopping her. "No, leave it on and come here kitten." I ordered, relaxing a little.

If they were her parents, then why didn't she know that one of them was a bear? At least now I wasn't worried about her not being safe. I could relax a little and enjoy my mate before the hunt started.

Tillie's frown deepened, but she dropped her hands to her sides and pushed away from the wall. Shaking her hair behind her shoulders, she walked over to me, her footsteps soft as her hips swayed from side to side. God, she looked so damn good like that. Her full breasts bounced with every step and I couldn't wait to feel them in my hands.

"Where would you like me, sir?" She asked, leaning down so that her hands rested on the tops of my thighs.

"I think Travis had the right idea, kitten." I draped my arm back over the back of the couch, making myself comfortable. "Why don't you show me what that dirty mouth can do?"