

Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 46

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Chapter 46

Chapter Forty-Six: That's my cub. That's our mate

"What are you doing to my daughter?" Scott roared from the front door.

He fucking roared.

I had never heard Scott so much as yell but there was no other way to put the sound that left his mouth as anything other than a roar. It was primal and filled with rage. Ryan shielded me with his body, blocking me from my stepdad's view as he tugged my wrists free from the tank top. He spun me around so that I was facing him. His clear blue eyes were wide with worry and something that I hadn't seen yet. Ryan was afraid.

"Tillie, oh my goddess." Mom gasped and I cringed. Fuck, what were my parents doing here? They should have been at home, not here at the lake house, seeing me after I had been fucked by three different men.

Travis tossed Ryan his shirt and he pulled it over my head, smoothing it into place before tucking himself into his jeans as he looked down at me.

"Baby girl, it'll be okay."

"Get away from my daughter." Scott growled. The words came out in a snarl and I looked up at Ryan. My face was flaming and my eyes burning. I wished that the earth would open up and swallow me whole so that I was anywhere but here right now. My parents had walked in when Ryan was still balls deep inside of me and I had just sucked off Jason. This wasn't how I wanted them to find out about my mates.

"I'm afraid I can't do that, sir." Ryan called out over his shoulder and I peeked around him looking at my parents.

Scott stood in front of my mom, his normal deep brown eyes had turned brighter and more wild looking. His teeth were sharp points that were like fangs, but so much bigger and deadlier. I brought my hand up to cover my mouth, trying to hold back the scream that was forcing

its way out of my body.

“Matilda, get away from them,” Scott growled out and I pressed myself against Ryan. It was like some kind of nightmare. He came closer to the three of us and Ryan wrapped his arms around my waist. Moving me so that I was shielded by him. “You don’t know what they are.”

“What are you?” I asked, my heart raced as he took a step closer. I had never been afraid of Scott, but I was now.

“Tillie.” He said, his face falling, but I could still see the anger in the way that he held himself.

Jason moved to stand in front of Ryan and I and Travis flanked him. He let out a growl and I felt that alpha thing he had done before move over me. I whimpered, tucking my face against Ryan’s chest and he tightened his arms. Pressing a kiss to the top of my head. “I’ve got you, baby girl.”

I realized that my entire life had been a lie. It had to have been. There was no way that Scott was human. Not with him standing in front of my mates, looking like he wanted to tear them apart. His brown eyes glowing with rage and fangs that looked like they could shred skin like it was paper.

“You are the bear?” Jason asked and I felt my heart drop. He had to be wrong.

Scott was my stepdad.

Scott was funny and liked building cars, even though he sucked at it. He had stepped into to fill that role as my dad when he had started dating my mom, even though I was a teenager and hadn’t made things easy on him. He had won me over with the way that he loved my mom. With the way that he hadn’t tried to change anything about her and instead had embraced her love of weird rocks and pretty crystals. He had made a home with us and become our family.

He was my dad.

Jason was wrong.

Scott couldn’t be a bear.

“Yes,” Scott said and I felt like the breath had been knocked out of me. “That’s my cub.”

“She’s our mate.” Travis spoke up and mom let out a cry.

“But she’s not a shifter.” Mom said, finally seeming to lose her shock.

“Neither are you, yet you are mated to a bear.” Jason said and I bit my lower lip, trying not to shake. My parents had lied to me the entire time they had been together. Hell, maybe my entire life. How long mom had known about shifters.

“That’s, that’s not the same. Tillie-Mom stammered and I knew that her hands would be fluttering in front of her as she tried to think of the

right thing to say

“Yes, it is,” Jason said. “Travis, would you mind grabbing the blanket off the back of the couch and covering our mate? I think that we all need to have a discussion that’s better with Tillie involved.”

“Oh shit, yeah.” Travis said, stepping away from Jason and hurrying over to the couch. He grabbed the fluffy purple knit throw and wrapped it around Ryan and me. His hands squeezed my shoulders. “It’s okay, sweets.”

How could he and Ryan be saying that? Didn’t they know that it felt like my world was falling apart?

I pulled away from Ryan, wrapping the throw blanket tight around my body before looking over at Mom and Scott. He stood in front of Jason and mom was behind him. His arm was up like he was trying to block her from moving forward. His eyes still burned but his teeth had gone back to normal. His hands were tipped with those scary-looking dark claws though.

“Mommy?” I whimpered and she pushed his arm out of her way, rushing over to me and pulling me away from Ryan and Travis.

“It’s okay, sweetheart. I’m here.” She said, wrapping her arms around me.

“Mrs. Mason, why don’t you take Tillie to her room so she can get dressed?” Jason asked, not looking away from Scott. “We have some things we need to discuss about tonight.”

“You and your friends need to get off my property.”

“Scott,” I said, feeling my eyes burn. “Don’t.”

He turned to look at me, his eyes losing some of their anger as he took in my expression. “Kid?”

“Just don’t. I don’t want to hear it, but if they go... So do I.” I said, warning him before I let mom pull me out of the living room towards the stairs.

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Chapter Forty-Seven: Talking with Mom

Mom and I walked up the stairs and I could feel my mate's gazes on us. I didn't look back at them. I didn't want them to see the pain that my parent's lies were causing me.

They knew about shifter and neither Scott nor my mom had told me anything.

If I had known about shifters and mates, the other night would have gone so differently. I wouldn't have been so hurt about Jake cheating on me because I would have understood things that better. I didn't blame him now after Jason, Ryan, and Travis had explained the mate thing to me a little better. But if I had already known, I had a feeling that I would have known about Charity as well.

That maybe I wouldn't feel betrayed by her for not telling me what she was.

If they would have told me about shifters. I wouldn't have thought Jason, Ryan, and Travis were crazy for talking about werewolves and shifters. I wouldn't have accused Travis of spiking my drink. I might still have run after the three of them claiming but then again I would have been better prepared for what happened.

Mom wrapped her arm around my waist and I looked over at her. Her hair was pulled to the side in a heavy braid that was draped over her shoulder and she had on a loose floral dress. Crystal necklaces were looped around her wrists and neck, but I noticed something that I hadn't noticed before. Beneath the pink and purple stone necklaces was a scar on the side of her neck. It was faded with time, but the skin was pale and marked deep with a bite.

The marks were like the ones that Ryan and Jason had left on my throat. Like the one that Travis had left on my bottom.

My throat tightened and I looked away from mom. I wanted to relax against her. To let her comfort me the way her touch usually did. It didn't. All I could think about was that she had been lying to me for so long. My mom and I had been best friends my entire life. It had been us against the world and she had raised me by herself after the sperm donor she had slept with dipped out because he hadn't been ready to be a father.

This though, it made me feel like my entire life was a lie.

What else could they be lying to me about by omission?

We made our way to my room and mom closed the door behind us. It was so quiet between us that you could have heard a pin drop. I walked over to my overnight bag, shifting the knit throw around so that I could pick up my bag without the blanket falling. I grabbed the handle, lifting it up and turning towards the bed.

“Tillie.” Mom said, her voice soft like she was afraid to say anything.

I swallowed hard, looking at her as I took my bag over to the bed. “Why?”

“Oh, baby. I’m so sorry.” Mom said, stepping deeper into the room. “When I met Scott, you were fourteen and I didn’t want to put more stress on you. He didn’t either, we wanted you to have normal.”

*You lied to me. You knew and you didn’t say anything.” I said, sitting my bag down and tugging the zipper open. I pulled out a pair of panties and the sexy lingerie that I had brought with me got caught on the unsexy underwear before getting caught on the zipper. I looked up at my mom as I tried to stuff the silky garments back into my bag. My mom’s eyes widened and I felt my cheeks burn, knowing how she had found me when she and Scott had arrived. Now she was seeing sexy red panties that I had bought when I was with Jake.

“When you called because you broke up with Jake... Was it because you met those men?” She asked, her eyes moving up to mine.

“Yes, but not in the way you think,” I said, worrying the inside of my cheek with my teeth. “Jake found his mate, which I guess I don’t need to explain what that means to you.”

“He was never right for you anyway. Til.” Mom moved to the bed, sitting down on the edge beside my bag.

“Was that why Scott didn’t like him?” I asked, before sucking in a breath and holding it.

“Yes,” Mom said, clasping her hands together in her lap and looking down. “He was worried that you would get your heart broken when he found his fated mate. Things are... A bit intense when you find your mate.”

“Mom, that’s a fucking understatement if I’ve heard one.” I snapped at her, blowing out the breath that I had been holding.

“Well, most of the time there isn’t more than one shifter claiming their mate. Scott and I both didn’t think,” She paused, thinking over her next words. “We thought that you would meet a nice human boy that was like you and me, baby. A boring human who could give you a white picket fence and I never thought, I never thought, that you would end up with a mate, let alone three.”

Did she not love the life that she and Scott had created? Did she regret it because he was a shifter? I didn't understand. Mom had always

seemed to be happy with Scott. When they had gotten together, it was like he was the missing part of our family. I didn't understand why she wouldn't want that for me.

"So you guys knew and you just let me keep dating him while you still hoped that I would have boring?" I shifted the blanket up onto my shoulders. Leaning down and pulling on my panties, but really I was using it as something to do so I didn't have to look at my mom. I was so mad at her and my heart hurt from her answers.

Scott, I could forgive. But I had thought that mom and I didn't have any secrets.