

Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 48

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Chapter 48

Chapter Forty-Eight: Sex Cult?

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“Til, no. I mean, I wanted you to find someone who could love you. It, it’s a lot to be with a shifter and I didn’t want that stress to be put on you. Besides, with Jake, it wasn’t like I could just say ‘hey, Scott thinks you should break up with Jake because he’s a wolf shifter and we know you’re not his mate because he hasn’t marked you yet.’ That wouldn’t have gone over very well.” She let out a long sigh. “And I know you. It would have made you want him more.”

“Mom” i grumbled, grabbing a pair of pants and pulling them on. I let the blanket fall to the floor as I stood straight. “I thought that we were honest with each other because we were all we had. I feel like everything has been a lie.”

“Baby, it isn’t. It’s not like that.” Mom looked up at me and her eyes were shining with unshed tears. “We thought, I thought I was doing what was best for you. It has always been us, but I couldn’t have put this on you, Tillie. Would you have welcomed Scott into your life if you had known?”

Shaking my head, I turned towards the door, feeling my own eyes water.

“I guess we’ll never know if I would have or not. We should get back downstairs. I have a feeling that we need to be there to keep all hell from breaking loose.”

“I wouldn’t worry about Scott hurting your mates, Til.” Mom said, standing up from my bed and coming closer to me.

“I wasn’t worried about that.” I was more worried about my mates hurting my stepdad. Then again he’d had fangs and claws and Jason had called him the bear. So maybe my worries were for nothing.

“Then what are you worried about?” Mom asked, resting her hand on my arm. I pulled away from her touch but I could smell the soft scent of her sandalwood perfume. It made me feel more relaxed and at ease but I didn’t want to feel that way right now. I wanted a better reason why they had been lying to me my entire life.

“Mom... Jason, Ryan, and Travis, they’re not my only mates.” I whispered, resting my hand on the cool metal of the doorknob.

“What?” she gasped, her hand tightening around my arm. Are you sure? What if their pack is some weird sex cult and you’re being lied to and sucked into some kind of, some kind of sex trafficking thing?”

“Mom.” I looked over at her, shaking my head. “Did Scott try that with you? Is that why you didn’t want to tell me the truth because it was a sex cult?”

“What? No. You know I met him when the pipe busted in the basement of your grandmother’s house when we were staying there.”

“So you say, how am I supposed to believe you now, mom?” I asked, pulling the door open and walking into the hallway. “What if you guys staged that so that I could meet him as a human and not as your bear shifter mate?”

“Matilda Marie, why would I lie to you about that?” She asked, crossing her arms over her full chest. Her lips pressed together in a thin line and I could tell that she was getting pissed off at me.

I got my temper from my mom and I could see hers rising, just like mine was. Her cheeks flushed and she sucked in a breath, getting ready to say something else.

“They are not part of some sex cult. You are mated to Scott, you know what it feels like... There is no faking that feeling and I felt it with each of them, including Gideon.” I said, before she could get a second wind to say anything else to me. I wasn’t going to let her scold me and I wasn’t going to let her talk about my mates like that.

“Gideon?” Mom asked.

“Yeah, ummm. He’s part of the pack that apparently lives in the woods.”

“Branson’s pack?” Mom asked and I felt my anger rising. She had known about the wolves in the woods and she had let me go out there without warning me. “But he and Scott have a truce. They don’t come near his side of the woods and he doesn’t mess with them.”

“They do now. Or at least Gideon did.” I said, heading towards the stairs. I didn’t look over at my mom. I was still so upset with her and I knew that if I did look at her, it was only going to make me more upset.

When we got downstairs, the living room was empty and I could hear Jason’s voice coming from the dining room. The doors were always kept closed and I had forgotten that it was there. Just off the side of the kitchen on the other side of the house. It was

the only formal space in the lake house and one that we rarely used because the table was far too big for just the three of us.

Scott, Mom, and I usually ate at the small wooden table in the kitchen. It was more of a small family sitting area, but the dining room had always just been a room that we avoided. It was the one room in the house that Scott hadn't wanted to change. The thick wooden doors were drawn shut but they did little to muffle my mate's angry voice in the open space of the cabin.

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Chapter 49

Chapter Forty-Nine: Sweet tea and wishing for boring

I walked into the living room, making my way to the windows and throwing them open so that the room could air out. It smelled of sex and sweat God, I was still so embarrassed that Scott and mom had walked in on me having sex with Ryan and Jason. Well, I mean we had all gotten off but the sentiment was the same. Ryan had still been balls deep inside of me and Jason had just come in my mouth.

My face felt all hot still and I knew that it was going to take me forever to get over it. This wasn't how I had planned for them to meet my mates. I mean, I still hadn't known if we would ever get to the point of me introducing them and suddenly that choice had been taken away from me by a surprise visit.

It felt like so many choices had been taken away from me lately. Now, I knew so many secrets that I hadn't been prepared to deal with. So I guess that made things a little better, or at least easier to take.

Mom walked past me, heading into the kitchen. The door to the fridge opened and I finished getting the windows open. I was just trying to delay the awkward meeting that I was about to walk into and I knew that but I really was nervous to face Scott now that I knew about him being a shifter. I wasn't even going to try to think about what he had walked into. The state that my stepdad and mom had seen me in.

It was too much. I was ready for things to calm down and get boring. Boring was something that I would never scoff at again. The more I thought about it, the more that I

realized that I wanted that with Ryan, Jason, Travis, and Gideon. Well, after Gideon claimed me and Ryan got over his feelings about it.

I wanted to have boring moments with them sitting on the couch and watching movies. Things could turn steamy and that wouldn't be something that I would be upset with. I was ready for it though, long nights and days with them. Years of just learning one another.

I could hear mom moving about the kitchen and I knew that she would be fixing drinks for everyone. Despite the way that she and Scott had found me with my mates. Mom had been brought up Southern and those manners still came through when company was around. I headed into the kitchen as mom set the big glass tea pitcher onto the heavy wooden serving tray.

Blue glasses were stacked onto the tray and she had put the matching sugar bowl and honey jar onto the tray as well. They were the glasses that mom and Scott had gotten as a wedding present from one of their friends whose name I couldn't seem to remember.

"Would you mind slicing up a lemon?" Mom asked, pulling me out of my thoughts.

I nodded, moving over to the basket of lemons that sat on the counter. Picking up one. I rinsed it off before grabbing the cutting board and laying it flat on to the counter. The wood made a sharp slap against the marble counter. It was harder than I had meant to do it. I looked at mom and her eyes were widened with, not worry, but something close to it.

"Is the tea fresh?" I asked, looking away from her as I leaned over the counter to the big butcher block and pulling out a knife.

"Yes," Mom said and I started to slice the lemon. She paused for a long moment before speaking again. "We came up a few days ago for the full moon."

It felt like I had been punched in the gut. I knew that she hadn't meant for her words to hurt me but they did.

"Was that why he would come up here so often for fishing trips?" I asked, sitting the knife down onto the cutting board and looking over at her.

"Yes, you'll come to find that the closer it gets to a full moon, the more growly it makes him." She said, before sucking her lower lip between her teeth. Her fingers traced the decorations that had been carved into the serving tray. I realized that it was a bear carved into the wood.

How had never noticed it before? The small things like the serving tray it was like there were hints all around me. I had just been blind to them. Or thought maybe I had thought

that it was a hunting thing. Scott had always been big on hunting and fishing so I had lumped that into his decor

“Tillie. I really am sorry for not telling you the truth.”

“I know.” i said, “I just wished that you guys had trusted me. I feel like no one trusts me anymore.”

“Oh, Til, I trust you baby. If we could do it all over again, I would have told you everything. I hated lying to you.” Her bracelet clanged together as she pulled her fingers away from the serving tray.

“Everything?” I asked, lifting an eyebrow and her face flushed

“Well, not everything But you know what I mean.”

Jason’s voice rose and I looked away from mom over towards the closed doors.

“He sounds a little scary.” She whispered like he might hear her and for all I knew, he probably could.

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Chapter Forty-Nine: Sweet tea and wishing for boring

“He is, but just a little bit. He’s the alpha of his pack.” I said, “I think once you guys get to know him, you’ll like him. I hope you guys can get to know them all when things get figured out.”

“I’d like that, baby. You know that’s all we really wanted for you? Was for you to fall in love and be treasured for who you are.” Mom said before putting the lemon slices onto a plate and hefting it up off the counter. “Do you mind getting the doors?”

Nodding, I walked over to the heavy wooden doors, gripping the iron handles and pulling them open.

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Chapter 50

Chapter Fifty: Seems a little late for a hunt since you’ve already claimed ..

Chapter Fifty: Seems a little late for a hunt since you've already claimed her Ryan

I was so aggravated. It wasn't so much that I was upset with Tillie. I just couldn't seem to push past the anger that I had felt seeing someone that wasn't one of us touching her. His hands had been on her. That wolf had been touching what was mine.

What was ours.

I had never thought of myself as a jealous person, but it seemed like my human mate brought out that side of me. Just seeing him touch her like that, the way that she had looked up at him like he was someone that she wanted, had set my blood boiling. My wolf had wanted out. It hadn't liked her speaking with him; him touching her.

He had wanted to go after that man, to rip his arms from his body and punish him for touching what was ours.

That wasn't who I was and I knew that. I had never minded sleeping with someone who was also with someone else. With Tillie, it was different. I didn't mind sharing her with Jason and Travis. They were pack and not just pack. I felt a draw to each of them that went far beyond Jason being my alpha. It had gone beyond Travis being my beta. I was drawn to both of them.

The pull to please Jason had been growing stronger inside of me and I had felt it sharply the morning after we had mated Tillie. Now it was like a presence that I couldn't seem to shake. But he was my alpha and my friend. I had never thought about how it would feel to be with him.

It would be a struggle, I knew. I wasn't willing to give up control in the bedroom and I had a strong feeling that he wasn't willing to give it up either. It wouldn't be like how things were with Travis. There would be no struggle for control before he eventually gave in to me because he knew the pleasure that I could give him. How good I could make him feel submitting to what I wanted.

No, things with Jason would be a fight, and fuck me if I didn't want that with him. I didn't know how Tillie would feel about that. Before anything happened, though, I was going to discuss it with her. I didn't want to hurt her by being with him the same way that I had hurt her when I had claimed Travis.

But I knew that I wanted her to be a part of it. Fucking her while she had given Jason a blow job had been one of the best things that I had ever felt. Even while I was mad as hell.

In a strange way, it was like we were connected through her. I had felt it when he had locked eyes with me. The growling commands and praise for our mate slipping from his

lips as he let out sexy little growls and groans as he fucked himself up into her mouth. Yes, he had told both Travis and I that he wasn't interested.

But I had seen the look in his eyes. I didn't know if sharing her was part of his kink. I was going to find out if it was. If that's what got him off, then that was fine and we could keep sharing her as long as she wanted. I just hoped that it could be more, that he would eventually give in to Travis' advances, and then he would be ours as well.

Damn, it made me hard just thinking about it. I needed to get myself under control, it wouldn't do to get myself all turned on and ready to fight and fuck when I was around Tillie's parents.

One of whom was a very pissed off bear that was glaring at my mate. Damn it, what had Travis said to piss him off so much? Or maybe it was just Travis being Travis. It was probably just Travis being his bratty self. You would think he would know better than to test our mate's father. Then again, Travis liked to test his boundaries with everyone.

I didn't have long to think about it before Jason finally spoke up. His voice was raised and I could feel his anger. "She wants to be in the hunt."

"No, Tillie doesn't need to be in any hunts."

"She's very determined," Jason said, his lips twitching up into a half smile before his lips smoothed out again.

"She is, I take it you boys want to hunt her through my woods?" He said, looking between the three of us. His eyes lingered on my mark on Travis' neck before he looked over at me. "She's already been claimed though, seems a little late to try and hunt her down."

"It's not our hunt," I said, trying to hold back my growl. "It was supposed to be, but plans changed."

"It's the pack in the woods." Travis said with a pout. He was still sulking about not getting to hunt down Tillie and I couldn't blame him.

"Branson?" He asked, his growling wide and the iris flaring with a deep orangy brown color.

"Yes, it seems that Tillie met someone this afternoon who claims to be her mate." I said, leaning back in the sturdy wooden chair. The long table was lined with them and there were bears and moons carved into the legs of the seats. There was a lunar pattern cross stitched onto the cushions that lined the backs of the chairs that was repeated on the curtains that hung over the big windows that looked out over the woods. So much detail had gone into decorating the room.

It was dim, with two lamps on either side of the heavy-looking doors. Their deep green coverings did little to help brighten the room. This wasn't a place for family, this was the bear's meeting table.

I could smell hints of wolf lingering in the air. They hadn't been here recently. I'd say a month or two ago at best. But it was still there with the hints of the forest. Green leaves that were just getting ready to turn brown, soft dirt, and an almost gamy scent that some shifters always seemed to have.

Had Tillie's father met with them in this room? Had those wolves sat across the table from him like we were now? What had they discussed?

"She won't be taking part in the hunt. She's my cub, she's not a shifter." His words were carefully measured and I nodded.