

Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 51

Chapter Fifty-One: Daddy's got you

"She feels the same pull that she feels with us when she's with him. His scent is... Unique." Jason said, resting his hands on to the top of the table. I turned to look at Travis and he lifted a dark eyebrow at me. This was new, what could that mean for us?

"Every shifter has a certain smell. What did he smell like to you?" I asked. Something at the back of my mind was worried about what he was about to say

"Was it something you liked?" The bear asked us before Jason could say anything. There was a look in his eyes like he knew something that we didn't

"Yes." Jason answered, linking his fingers together. He still hadn't looked over at Travis and me. I couldn't help but worry about what this could mean for all of us. Did Jason feel a pull to that wolf? Why did thinking that he did make me feel... jealous?

The big doors across from us slid open and Tillie walked into the room with her mother. She had pulled on a pair of yoga pants and they hugged her shapely legs. Her hair was smoothed back over her shoulders. Her eyes were puffy and red like she had been crying. I glared back at her mom. I knew that I shouldn't get angry with her. She was my mate's mom and it wouldn't do to start off our relationship like

that

I mean, we had already started off on the wrong foot with both of her parents, but I didn't want it to stay that way. I wanted her parents to like us because none of us would be going anywhere for a long while. It would be better for Tillie if we all got along.

That was unless her mother was overstepping and had hurt her in some way.

Tillie looked at the bear before her eyes flickered down to the floor. Her cheeks flushed and she tucked her hair back behind her ear. She looked so much younger right now and it made me curious about my mate.

I wasn't sure how old she was. I had figured that she was closer to Travis's age, but seeing her looking like this right now. I wondered if maybe she was younger than him. He was only twenty- three and sometimes, I forgot that he was that young from how he acted. Well, how he acted when he wasn't bratting at me or trying to push Jason into punishing him.

“Baby, I need to sit the tray down. Tillie’s mom said and she jumped, hurrying out of the way so that her mom could move forward with the tray of drinks and set it on the table in front of her mate.

Okay, so maybe her mom hadn’t said anything to hurt her. Not if she was calling her baby. Maybe Tillie was upset over the fact of what her parents had walked into, and that was the reason that she had been crying. When she didn’t move away from the door, I stood up. Pushing my chair back and making my way over to her. I stopped in front of her, reaching down and taking her small hand into mine.

Jason and the others continued to talk, but all of my focus was on Tillie. She looked up at me and I gave her a soft smile, trying to stomp down on what I was feeling to put her first. My mate needed me and I needed to take care of her.

“Baby girl, are you okay?” I asked, stroking my thumb over the back of her hand.

“Y. yeah.” She said, her voice cracking and I brought my other hand up to the side of her face. Caressing her cheek with my fingertips. “No, no I’m not Ryan.”

“Tillie, come here.” I said, pulling her into my arms and holding her close. She buried her face against my chest and I ran my hands up and down her back in soothing circles. “I’ve got you, baby.”

“Daddy.” She whispered and I heard her stepfather stop talking. I knew that he was looking over at the two of us even though the words had been spoken so softly and muffled against my chest.

“Shh, it’s going to be okay. I promise, Tillie. It’s going to be okay.” I pressed a kiss to the top of her head and she wrapped her arms around me. Taking the strength that she needed, when I was sure that she wasn’t going to break down, I leaned back to look at her.

“Thank you.” She said, scrubbing her hands over her face as she sucked in a deep breath. She looked over at her parents before looking at Jason and Travis. Her teeth sank into her lower lip and I could see the worry in her eyes. She was nervous about how this was going and seeing her worried made me want to take her away from here and all talks about Branson’s pack and the hunt.

“Why don’t you come sit down beside me? I’m not excited about you taking another mate, but if that’s what you need, then I get it, and I’ll learn to get past it.”

“Ryan-” She said my name, but I shook my head, taking her hand and giving it a soft squeeze.

“Just know that you are mine and I’m yours, baby girl.”

Tillie pushed closer to me, pressing her lips to mine in a quick kiss before the two of us headed to the table. When we approached the table,

I stepped past my mate. Pulling the chair out for her so that she could sit between Jason and I. Travis looked over at me, his eyes moving to the chair beside him and I shook my head. It wasn't that I didn't want to sit beside my other mate, I just knew that he was very hands on. That wasn't what Tillie needed right now. What she needed was something that wouldn't be so... Intense the way that Travis could be.

Later, I would make it up to him. Right now, she needed me and I was going to be there for her.

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Chapter Fifty-Two: You weren't his mate

Tillie sat down beside Jason and I moved to the other side of her, pulling my chair closer to her so that our thighs touched beneath the table. Jason leaned over, grasping Tillie's hand in his, and I watched her mother stop moving. She had been serving drinks, but she froze, her eyes flicking between her daughter, Jason, and me. She blinked hard before shaking her head and finishing up with the drinks that she had been holding

"Tillie, you won't be joining the hunt. I'll call Branson and tell him to tell this Gideon who you are. That you are my daughter." He said, and I felt my mate bristle beside me. My wolf was worried about her talking back to someone so much bigger than her, even if this man was someone she viewed as her father. He was huge, easily taller than the three of us. His body was bulky and looked like it was pure muscle, his bald head gleaming in the low lights of the room..

"Scott, I-"Tillie said, but he cut her off.

"No, it's final. You are my kid." He growled, banging his massive fist onto the table. The glass that Tillie's mom had sat down in front of him rattled hard, tea sloshing over the side and she shot a glare his way.

"Scott-"She said, her eyes almost blazing like Tillie's did when she got angry.

"No, Jewel. You don't know what it's like for that pack. I won't let our cub go through that... It's too, too much. The entire pack is involved in the hunt. If any one of them caught her before her other mate-"He snarled, trailing off. I knew that he didn't want to think about what those shifters would do with her before Gideon got to her. "Let's just say these men wouldn't be the only ones mated to Tillie. It wouldn't be like when I hunted you."

“Scott. I’m going to be in that hunt for Gideon. No one else.” Tillie said. Her words were spoken very softly and I knew that she was trying to keep her temper in check. No matter how much she was upset with her parents, they were still just that; her parents. I could feel the restraint that she was showing and I couldn’t help but be proud of her. How she stuck up for him, even though he hadn’t claimed her yet. It was like she had done earlier when she told her father that if we left, then she would be going with us.

“Claiming her would be the least of what they would do,” I said, agreeing with him and Tillie looked over at me like I had slapped her. She tried to scoot her chair away from mine. I reached out, grasping her thigh to keep her near me. Being away from her today hadn’t been easy, but having her close to me made everything more bearable. It helped me keep my anger in check and I knew that if she pulled away from me now, I was going to struggle with my next words. “That’s why the three of us have agreed to join the hunt. She won’t be in the hunt alone. We’ll make sure that things go our way.”

“I don’t see Branson agreeing to something like that, kid.” He leaned back, crossing his arms over his chest. The fabric of his white shirt stretched over his biceps and for a moment, I was worried that it was going to rip. Was his body changing because he was angry, or was he always that big?

“Ryan. Scott, his name is Ryan, and he’s one of my mates.’ Tillie said and Scott looked at her, his head tilting to the side before he nodded slowly. “This wasn’t how I wanted you to meet them, but it’s how things have gone.”

“Scott, she’s right. These men are our son in laws; you can’t call them kid or boy. They have names.” Jewel said, setting a glass of tea in front of Travis. He smiled up at her and she rested her hand on his shoulder, giving it a squeeze before moving to sit a drink down in front of Jason. “We should all remember our manners and introduce ourselves, despite the shock we got earlier.”

“Jewel.” Scott grumbled and she glared at him.

“I said manners, Scott.” She made her way back over to the tray, picking up two glasses of tea. The ice cubes clinked against the glass as she beamed over at us. “As you boys already know, our daughter, I’m Jewel Mason, and this is my husband, Scott.”

“Good afternoon, ma’am.” Travis said and I could tell that he was warming up to our mate’s mother. She was so much like her daughter that there was no way to miss it. Jewel had that same spark that Tillie did. Where the room seemed to light up because she was in it.

“You are right, ma’am. I’m sorry.” Jason said, tilting his head down in a show of respect. “I’m Jason Harris, and these are my pack mates. Ryan Walker and my beta, Travis Lopez. I apologize for the way that you found us and that I didn’t bring a gift.”

“A gift. Why would you need to bring anything?” Tillie asked, looking over at Jason.

“Kitten, I’m a strange wolf who has mated with their daughter. It would only be right to bring your parents a gift to show my gratitude for you.” Jason said. His voice was all smooth and I could tell that Scott appreciated what he had said by the way his face relaxed and he looked at my alpha.

“Jason, this isn’t you don’t need to do that.” Tillie said, looking over at her parents. “I mean, Jake never did that.”

“That kid shouldn’t have been with you. You weren’t his mate.” Scott said and Tillie’s shoulders stiffened. She looked away from Jason over to her stepdad.

Well damn. This wasn’t going to be good.