

Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 6

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Chapter Six: Unknown number

Mates.

Just thinking about the three of them blew my mind. That such a thing as fated mates could be real and that I was one to three wolf shifters. It was crazy, shattering everything that I thought that I had known.

I couldn't help but wonder what my mom and Scott would think about all of this? That was if I ever got around to telling them about the men I was mated to.

If I told them, I bet that mom would think that I had gone insane. I would think that I was if I were her. After hearing that, I would probably start looking into checking me into a mental hospital. I couldn't blame her if she did.

Just thinking about it made me feel like I was in some crazy episode of True Blood. I would have said Buffy the Vampire Slayer, but I don't remember ever seeing any crazy foursomes. Though the vampires did give off those vibes, those yummy, yummy vibes that screamed of great sex between all of them.

Angel and Spike included.

Wait, were vampires real? Fuck, they probably were. I was going to have to find out if I needed to start carrying holy water around at night. If I bumped into any, my luck lately wasn't looking too good. I didn't want to be a tasty treat for some vampire.

Though with everything that had happened, if I did they would probably say that I was their mate too.

My phone buzzed in my hand and I fumbled with the plastic rectangle, almost dropping it before looking back at the screen. I

dragged my thumb over the red circle, rejecting the call.

Letting out a long sigh, I pulled my legs up onto the bed. What would happen if I didn't tell my mom about them being shifters but introduced her and Scott to them as my boyfriends? Would that be something that they would be okay with?

I mean, they had both liked Jake, even if Scott had been snarly and protective at our first dinner together. I could only imagine what he would say to Jason, who looked like he belonged on the cover of a mafia romance book; or Ryan, who was all hot daddy, drummer vibes. Or Travis whose come fuck me gaze was enough to be my undoing.

Yeah, I didn't see him welcoming them in with a friendly handshake. I could see my mom freaking out and pulling out the sage to burn to cleanse the energy. Maybe she would hand me some rocks to keep in my pocket for protection.

Then again, maybe they would work. I had heard crazier stuff in the past twenty-four hours. My phone chimed with a text message and I swallowed hard, my throat tightening and my stomach swirling. The unknown number flashed across the screen again, this time giving me a hint of who it was.

Unknown number: Sweets, please pick up. I know I fucked up and I'm sorry.

Well, that answered my question. The only person that called me sweets was Travis. What could he want? I mean, it was cool that he was starting to understand that I was upset. That I was hurt, but I was still worried that if I took the call I would give in and go back to the pack house with them.

I wanted to go be with them, fucking being an independent woman.

At least that's what my heart was telling me. My brain was another story, telling me that it was too fast. Too soon to be feeling the things that I was feeling with them. That amazing sex and orgasms were not the keys to a lasting healthy relationship.

And that's what they wanted.

Ryan, Jason, and Travis had pretty much told me that they owned me, and deep down, I freaking loved it. I craved their words of praise and the dirty way they ordered me to do what they wanted as I had never wanted anything in my life.

I wanted their attention.

I wanted them to fuck me like they hated me, yet hold me close afterwards. To tell me that I was a good girl.

Moving my thumb over the screen, I switched my phone to silent. I didn't open the texts, but I watched them flash across the screen. If I selected them, Travis would know I had seen them. I wasn't ready to talk to him or the others.

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I worried that if I did, that hearing his voice would make me want to go to him. It was already hard enough not being with them. Being away from them felt like a piece of me was missing and I didn't know how to explain it. It was like someone had cut off a limb that I didn't know I had and I was just trying to keep going.

To push through and ignore the discomfort it was causing me.

Travis: Matilda, please talk to me.

I shook my head, tucking my phone into the front pocket of my overnight bag with the charger. When I got to the lake house, then I would call him back.

Pushing myself to stand, I walked over to the closet. Opening the door and stepping inside of the small space. I grabbed my black and white running shoes from the shoe rack on the floor. They were the shoes that I wore when I went to the gym with Charity and while they were comfortable; I didn't use them enough.

I figured once I got to the house, I could take a walk around the lake to try and clear my head. There were plenty of walking paths on the property that I could spend days exploring them all if I wanted to. Losing myself in the thick woods and the dense forest that surrounded the peaceful looking lake.

Maybe it would help? Everything was just so jumbled when I thought about Jason, Ryan, and Travis. I didn't know what I was going to do.