

## Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 66

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Chapter 66

Chapter Sixty-Six: Little Omega

“Yes.”

“Yes, what?” Travis asked, his voice going an octave lower. Pulling at something deep inside of me, reminding me that Travis wasn’t just bossy. *My* dark-haired mate was all alpha, even if he let Ryan take control. Even if he was Jason’s beta, Travis was still an alpha.

“Travis.” I whimpered and he tilted his head down, looking up at me.

“Do you want everyone to watch you fuck daddy while I claim him, sweets?” Travis said, his voice more of a growl. Gideon let out a whimper beside me, his sweet, rich scent filling the air.

“Yes, I want that.”

“Good, because I think your little omega might just come on the spot from listening to me talk to you about it.” Travis’ gaze flicked over to Gideon and he smiled a dark smile that was all predator. It made me think about what he had said about being with an omega. The pleasure that they could give and take. How would he look with Travis slamming into his ass, burying himself deep inside of Gideon as I watched the two of them?

How would Ryan and Jason feel about that? I hoped that they would be okay with that because it was something I very much wanted to watch.

“Isn’t that right, little omega? You going to come for me?” He asked and Gideon let out a half moan, half whimper.

Something moved over me, like a warm wash of pure power that made Gideon’s fingers tremble around my ankle.

“Travis.” Jason growled, matching that powerful feeling around us and I moaned before biting my lower lip. Damn these alphas.

“What’s the matter, sir?” Travis asked, turning those hungry eyes towards Jason. He stepped forward and had Jason not been holding me, I would have stepped back. The need to run from Travis was intense, beating against me like something bright and hot.

Jason’s chest vibrated with a low growl that I wouldn’t have been able to hear, but I could feel it as he held me close in his arms.

“Nothing.”

Gideon made a strangled sound, and I got it. I totally got it. Being between these two very dominant men was very, very intense. I felt so on edge like I might melt into a puddle between them and looking over at Gideon, I could tell that he felt the same way. It excited me to know that he was just as affected as I was by how Jason and Travis were talking to each other.

“Nothing, sir?” Travis’ lips twitched and he looked down Jason’s body. Taking in the sight of his erection that I felt bounce against me with every step forward that he took. “I would have taken that ‘nothing’ as an insult if your body wasn’t saying something else. I know you got off on watching... I say your face when you and Ryan shared Tillie this morning. You can lie to yourself if you want. But your body betrays you, sir.”

I looked away from Travis, and over to Jason. His jaw was clenched and his gray eyes had grown dark with his wolf. His lip pulled back and sharp teeth lined his mouth. He looked like he was about to snap at any moment. I

“W, w, we should get home.” I said, my voice barely above a whisper. A part of me was afraid to break the tension that was boiling between the two of them.

Jason looked down at me; his adam’s apple bobbed as he swallowed hard. His dark eyes bore into mine for a long moment. He glanced towards Gideon, his lips tilting into a frown before he looked at me again.

“You’re right, kitten. Let’s get you two home so we can take care of Ryan and get cleaned up.” His voice softened as he spoke to me and I let out a breath I hadn’t realized that I was holding. He looked back to Travis, “This discussion is tabled... For now.”

“I look forward to continuing it, sir.” Travis said before striding across the lawn and up the steps of the porch.

Something sat on the wicker furniture beside the door and I squinted, realizing that it was clothing. Four neat little piles of clothing were stacked onto the loveseat.

Jason let out a tired sigh and I wrapped my arm around his shoulder, giving it a squeeze. The day hadn’t just been long for me; it had been a long day for my mates as

well. They had driven up here, probably driving through the night and then they had been thrust into a hunt.

Not the kind of hunt they wanted to be a part of, only to learn that I knew I was supposed to be mated with Gideon too. That had to be a lot to take in, and I guess maybe it was their goddess' way of paying them back for all that they had put me through.

"You okay?" I asked, leaning my head against his shoulder as he carried me to the porch.

"Yeah. I just, I'm not sure how I'm supposed to feel about all of this?" He said, his face smoothing out and his teeth returned to normal.

"The hunt and mating or the Travis-Ryan thing?" I asked and he gave me a half smile before looking over at Gideon, who had looked down at the ground like he was worried that Jason was going to say something that he didn't want to hear.

"All of it. I don't regret what's happened, it's just been... A lot."

I nodded and Gideon looked up, his shoulders relaxing. "So you're not mad about having to-

"You being claimed by Jason?" I asked and he bit his lower lip before nodding.

"I'm a little jealous that he made you come for him, but I'm not bad about it... Watching the two of you together, it was really sexy." I said, feeling my cheeks heat up.

"Sexy, huh?" Jason chuckled and I dipped my head down so that he couldn't see the blush that moved up to my hairline. "I'll have to remember that for later."

## **Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 67**

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#### **Chapter 67**

#### **Chapter Sixty-Seven: Bears, wolves, and peach cobbler**

The four of us got dressed, Jason holding Ryan for Travis while he pulled on the oversized flannel shirt and shorts. They were Scott's clothing and they seemed to swallow my mate's slim forms. It was a small gesture, but it made me feel like maybe mom and Scott were warming up to the idea that I was with Jason, Ryan, and Travis and very soon! would be with Gideon too. I knew that it was more than likely that my

mom hadn't wanted to see everyone naked. But I liked to think that maybe they were coming to terms with everything.

Travis finished buttoning up his shirt before he looked over at me. "It was nice of them to put clothing out for us. Think that means they like us?"

I smiled, nodding at him. It made me feel good to see those stacks of clothing. Reaching down, I picked up the pile of clothing that my parents had left out for me. I didn't need them, but after a hot shower, I would put them on. My body ached and a shower sounded like one of the best things in the world. Well, that and something to eat.

My stomach growled and I realized that all I'd had today was a cup of coffee and a few sips of sweet tea. Gideon moved over to me, the big green and black flannel shirt hanging off his shoulders. He raised his hand, reaching out to touch me before shaking his head and dropping his hand to the side.

"What's wrong?" I asked, worried that I had done something to make him not want to touch me

"I just, I don't know if I'll be able to control myself if I touch you." He said, looking down and biting his lower lip. "I know we still need to go in there and I just... I don't want to make a bad impression with your parents."

"Gideon." I said, wishing that I could say something to comfort him. I wished that I could take him into my arms but he wasn't like my other mates. He didn't seem as in control of himself as they did and I wondered if that had to do with him being an omega? From what Thad gathered from the conversations of today, he wasn't used to holding back from pleasure. Giving or receiving it and right now, we needed to go in there and deal with my parents before sexy times could start.

I went to take a step closer to him, to close the distance between us and his eyes shot up to my face. He shook his head, a look of panic filling his face. "No, Tillie. I-"

"It can't be any worse than our meeting with them." Jason said and I looked over, shooting him a smile. He was trying to lighten the mood. It wasn't working, but I appreciated it all the same.

Gideon looked over at Jason, swallowing hard before nodding. "You're right, but I'd rather not chance it."

I took a step past Gideon. I wanted to touch him, but it could wait until we had more time. Making my way over to the door, I let out a sigh before pushing it open and stepping into the house. My mates close behind me. The smell of meat cooking hit me and my mouth watered. Garlic and pepper mixed with the smell and I heard Travis let

out a groan behind me. There was another smell, though, a sweet smell that made me worried. My stomach rolled and I hoped that maybe it was just something wrong with my nose.

“That smells fucking amazing.”

“Language, young man.” Scott chided from the living room; he was sitting on the recliner. He shifted around, looking at me and I could see the moment he realized that I was okay. How his massive shoulders seemed to fold in and he let out a long breath.

“Kiddo.”

“Scott.” I said, swallowing hard. There were so many things that I wanted to say to him but I didn’t know how I was going to say it. The relationship with both of my parents had changed so much and it scared me.

“I’m glad you’re okay, Tillie.” He said, moving to stand. He winced, looking over towards the kitchen. “Your mom has been cooking... She made cobbler.”

Oh no. Mom was a good cook, but baking wasn’t something that she could do. At best, her cakes and cobblers were mushy and overly sweet.

“Is she upset?” I asked, worrying the inside of my cheek with my teeth.

“A bit, but she was more worried about you than anything.” He said and I nodded. Scott looked at Ryan, his lips pressing into a thin line as his brown eyes squinted slightly.

“That one okay?”

“Yes, he just needs some rest. I could force the shift but it would wake him.” Jason said and my stepdad nodded. “Lucky kid.”

“Cobbler? That sounds amazing.” Travis said, shifting Ryan into his arms. He had taken him back from Jason after he had gotten dressed. “Ryan will be upset he missed out.”

Scott and I shared a look and I winced. “Jewel isn’t much of a baker. She means well though, so pretend to like it.”

“It smells good.” Gideon said. His voice was soft and Scott looked over at him. His head tilted to the side as he studied the wolf beside Jason.

“You’re from Branson’s pack?”

“He was,” Jason spoke up. “He’s ours now.”