

Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 8

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Chapter 8

Chapter Eight: His favorite redhead in the office

I drove until my heart wasn't racing anymore, almost like my body was on autopilot, taking me onto the highway that led to my parent's lake house.

When I came out of my shock, looked at the clock on the dashboard. It was close to four in the afternoon and I hoped that it would be a good time to call my boss. Reaching over to the passenger seat, I pulled my black and white overnight bag up so that I could reach the small pocket on the side. I pinched the gold zipper and gave it a tug, opening the pocket before blindly digging around for my phone as I kept my eyes on the road.

My fingers brushed against the smooth surface of the screen and I pulled the phone out, lifting it up and holding it against the steering wheel as I swiped my thumb across the screen. There were several missed calls and text messages from Travis, and one missed call from another number that I didn't recognize.

Maybe it was Ryan or Jason?

It wasn't like I wanted to talk to them either right now, but I liked the thought that they were calling me too. That all of them might be worried about me.

I pressed the icon on my screen, pulling up my contacts. Scrolling through the list until I found my boss's name. I pressed the telephone symbol before pressing the speaker button. Sitting the phone into a cup holder in my center console, I listened to the ringing sound as I shot a prayer up to anyone who would listen that he would be okay with me taking some time off.

If he wasn't, I may just tell him to fuck himself after the night I'd had. Tristian and I were friends, but I was already at a crazy point and I knew that we had enough people to cover my workload as small as it was and I had covered for him when he needed me to.

On the third ring, he answered, his voice groggy with sleep. "Hello?"

I sucked in a breath, "Hey Tristan, sorry to bother you on the weekend."

"Matilda, my favorite redhead in the office. I was just thinking about you." Tristian said and I rolled my eyes. "And your smile."

“Tristian, I’m the only redhead in the office.”

“That’s why you are my favorite. I take it this isn’t just a social call?” He asked and I worried my lower lip with my teeth. Although if it is, I wouldn’t be upset.”

“It isn’t, sorry I don’t think I could handle anything more than a work call right now.” I said, hoping that I wasn’t sharing too much with him. We were friends, but this wasn’t something that I could not tell him about.

*Matilda, are you okay? Do you need help? Where are you?” He asked, and I could hear the rustle of fabric as he pulled a shirt on and my cheeks went hot. Had he been sleeping naked?

He was my boss and I didn’t need to be thinking that way about him. It was just what Charity had told me about him being a sex demon that had me overly alert about him now. That and the wild night that i’d had yesterday, it was like Jason, Ryan, and Travis had woken up something inside of me that craved their touch. Making me wonder if it was just something that was with them or how it would feel with other people. If I would feel the same pleasure.

Guilt at the thought hit me hard and I shook.

“Matilda?”

“1. I’m fine. It’s just, I, I need to ask for a few days off?” I said, wincing at the way I stumbled over my words.

“You sure you’re okay?” Tristian asked, worry was clear in his deep voice. Gone was the flirtatious teasing he had started with.

This I could deal with. This didn’t make me feel like I was thinking dirty thoughts about my boss.

“Yeah, I’ve just had some family stuff come up.” I muttered. I hated that I was having to lie to him, but I felt like if I told him the truth, then he would know that Charity had told me what he was. I didn’t want to get my friend in trouble or if it even would get her into trouble since she had told me what he was.

For all I knew, there were secret shifter laws and courts. And I couldn’t imagine sending my best friend to a shifter prison if that was something that really existed. I would have to ask Charity when I texted her later.

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Tillie, is everything okay?" Tristian asked, pulling me from my thoughts and I drummed my fingers over the steering wheel softly, trying not to bite my nails.

"Yeah, if I can have the time off, I'll tell you about it on Wednesday, when I get back." I said, not really sure how I was going to explain to my boss that I was overwhelmed from having three mates and needed time off to breathe. At least not without telling him that I now knew about supernatural stuff that was only supposed to be real in movies or books.

"I expect you to make it up to me when you get back." Tristian said, his voice slipping into that light-hearted flirting that he always did and I relaxed.

"I can work overtime?" I offered, feeling a little more normal now that he wasn't as worried about me.

"Late nights with my favorite redhead?" He chuckled a husky sound before answering.
"Yes, please."

*Tristian." I chided and he let out a laugh.

"I'm just teasing you, Matilda. Be safe and I hope everything is okay with your family."

"Thank you Tristian, I'll see you Wednesday." I said, picking up my cell phone and ending the call.