

## Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 81

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#### Chapter Eighty-One: Just for us

Tillie cried out, coming again. Her pussy squeezed my fingers, fluttering around them as I bit down deeper into her flesh. I was trying not to go too deep, but it was hard to control myself in my excitement. Pulling back, I looked at the wound on her, feeling a swell of pride that I never thought I would feel.

She bore my marks and it was like a painting against her pale skin. The world would know that she was mine if they ever saw the mark on her thigh, which I didn't want anyone but us to see this mark. It was like our own little secret but that made it more special. They would be able to smell the claim on her but this, this was just for us.

Leaning closer, I ran my tongue over the wound, helping it heal as she came down. Even though I had come, I was still hard for her. That was one of the good things about being an omega. It didn't matter how much I came, I could keep going and I had no plans to stop until I was inside of her.

I wanted to feel her tight heat wrapped around my cock and squeezing me just like it had my fingers. Knowing that her mates would be watching us... I hadn't thought that I'd been in to being watched before when I was with Jamison and his friends.

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But this, this didn't compare to that in any way. This was pure and it filled me with excitement that they wanted me there with her. That they weren't going to try to pull me away from our mate. I could feel how much she and Jason were both enjoying this. I could smell the trace scents of Ryan and Travis as they watched us from the bedroom. Everything about this just felt right.

I pulled my fingers from her body before pressing a kiss to the claiming mark that I had just left on her. Pushing myself up, I pressed opened mouth kisses against her belly, tracing a path up to her lips. She whimpered out, her hands moving from my hair to my shoulders. "Gideon, I need to feel you."

"Mate, you will." I answered, loving the way that she was looking at me. Her big blue eyes were glassy and she looked like she was high from being with me. I could understand that feeling, being with her was like nothing! had ever felt and I knew that it

would never be enough. I was going to spend our lives worshipping her and it would never do justice to the way that she was making me feel. I pressed my lips to hers in a gentle kiss before leaning back and turning her around, my fingers grazing her skin. Now that I had touched her, I never wanted to stop.

Tillie braced a hand against the tiled wall of the shower. Reaching back, she gripped my throbbing dick in her fist and I bit down on my lower lip. Holding in the moan that

would be much too loud. She notched the head of my cock against her entrance and my hips bucked forward and then I was inside of her.

She pulled her hand away, bracing against the wall as she rocked herself back onto me and I moved my hands to her hips. My cock sank deeper into her and my eyes fluttered closed as I savored the feel of Tillie taking me deeper inside of her.

I pulled out slightly before thrusting back into her. Heaven, this was heaven. Feeling her wrapped around my cock, it was like I couldn't get deep enough. I needed more from her. I gripped her hips, pulling her back until she took all of my length.

"Oh fuck." Tillie moaned, writhing back against me, her back arching as she moved herself against me taking what she needed. "Gideon, touch me."

I moved my arm around her waist, leaning my body over hers as I brought my fingers down between her thighs.

Circling her clit with my fingers, I worked my cock inside of her. Loving the way that she felt, how she moved with me.

The connection that I felt with Tillie was like nothing I had ever felt before. It drove me faster, making my movements rough as I tried to bring her the same pleasure that she was giving me. My fingers glided over her clit, brushing against

my cock and I bit my lower lip, leaning my forehead against her back. She felt so good that I cried out, my cock jerking deep inside of her as I came.

I didn't stop moving. I needed her to come. She tensed beneath me and I kissed a hot trail up her spine, feeding everything I could into the bond that I shared with her. Tillie cried out, her fingers lacing with mine at her waist as her cunt clamped down on my dick. She started to go limp and I held her tighter, keeping her from falling as she rode out her orgasm with me. I let her body pull me into another orgasm, pumping myself deep into her until I felt like there was nothing left for me to give her.

Standing there, holding her. I felt completely spent for the first time. Being with Tillie was like everything that I had always hoped things would be with my mate. She pulled her fingers from mine as she stopped trembling and I loosened my hold around her waist. Pulling my fingers away from her trembling sex as we both shook.

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#### Chapter Eighty-Two: The good kind of sore

Tillie

Pulling away from Gideon, I stood straight. His hands moved over my hips before traveling up my back. He kept

his palms flat and his fingers splayed out like he was trying to touch as much of my skin as he could. He leaned closer to me, pressing his chest against my back before kissing my shoulder with a soft kiss.

“Thank you, Tillie.” He whispered and I looked over my shoulder at him. His eyes were glassy with unshed tears and I felt my heart ache for him.

Shifting around, I brought my hand up to his cheek. Stroking the soft skin of his face. I worried my lower lip, “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I just- I never thought being with my mate would feel like this.” He whispered, his face moving closer to mine. I closed my eyes, letting him kiss me. It was like he was trying to tell me things that he wasn’t yet ready to say.

I moved my arm around his waist, trying to give him as much reassurance as I could. He let go of my lips, looking down at me with that same almost sad expression on his face. His brows were drawn together and there was a wrinkle forming between them. I brushed my fingers over that spot. I didn’t want him to worry about anything and I wished he could tell me what it was that was bothering him so much.

“Gideon.” I whispered, wishing there was something that I could say that would help him. “I’m not going anywhere.” I tucked my head against his shoulder and he nodded, his hands moving up my waist.

“Thank you.” He whispered again before leaning away from me. He looked over at Jason, his lower lip trembling, before he spoke again. “Thank you, alpha.”

I looked over at Jason and his lips twitched into a soft smile. “It’s Jason, you don’t need to alpha me. You are both mine. I take care of what’s mine and I always will.”

It was exactly what Gideon needed to hear. I could feel his body relax against mine and the tension release from the bond that we shared. I didn't know what had happened in his previous pack. The one he was with before us must not have treated him right for him to be so hesitant with us. That was okay. I knew that Gideon was my mate too and I was going to do everything that I could to show him just how precious he was to me.

Jason moved out of the shower and I started to reach for

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my loofa, that hung on a hook beside the taps. Gideon brushed my hand away, picking up the bright pink poof and the bottle of body wash. He uncapped the pale purple glass bottle, lifting it to his nose and breathing in the soft scent of vanilla and lavender. His nose wrinkled at the smell and I couldn't help but giggle.

"You don't like it?"

"It's okay. It doesn't smell like you." He said, dumping some of the clear liquid onto the puff before sitting the body wash down onto the ledge of the shower. He wasn't wrong. The soap wasn't the one that I normally used but I had snagged it from my mom's bathroom last night.

"Maybe you and I could go shopping and you could help me pick out one that you like better?" I suggested and he smiled at me. It was a soft, bashful smile that made my heart beat faster. I liked seeing him smile like that.

"If you want."

"I do." I said, watching him as he brought the loofa up to my neck. He took his time gentle cleaning the claiming marks that my Jason and Ryan had left on me. Each touch made my skin tingle and my body tighten.

When he was done, he moved down to my breasts. Taking special care to clean them before running his thumbs over

the tight points until I let out a sigh of pleasure.

"Do you like that?" He asked, tilting his head to the side and I nodded. He dropped the puff to the ground, both of his hands moving to cup my breasts and I arched my back. Pressing myself tighter into his touch as he plucked at my nipples.

“That doesn’t look like you are getting her clean.” Travis called out from the bedroom and I bit my lower lip. I had forgotten that he and Ryan were there watching the two of us. There was a sharp thwap. “Ryan, damn it.”

“Stop interrupting.” Ryan grumbled and I watched the tops of Gideon’s ears turn red before he leaned over, picking up the loofa. He was gentle with the bite mark that he had left on my inner thigh and I couldn’t help the way that I whimpered when he slipped the rough loofa between my legs to clean the outer folds of my pussy.

His eyes shot up to mine and he gave me a worried look. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, just a little sore. But the good kind of sore.” I reassured him and he pressed his lips together before making quick work of cleaning me up. When he was done, I took the loofa from him and washed the dirt from his body with the same care that he had shown me.

His skin was smooth and unmarked, besides the mark on his neck that Jason had given him. I liked that he had marked us in the same place. It was almost like having a matching tattoo with him.

I turned off the water and he stepped out, grabbing the not ripped decorative bath towel from the rack and handing to me to dry off with. I realized that there wasn’t another towel out as he stood there watching me.

“Beneath the sink is another towel. We’re going to have to go shopping soon for more. If we stay here, we’ll be running out quickly.” I said and he shot me a look.

## **Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 83**

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#### Chapter 83

#### Chapter Eighty-Three: Talking with her mates

“We’re staying here?” He asked, turning away from me and making his way over to the cabinet beneath the sink. He opened the white cabinet, pulling out one of the fluffy white towels and using it to dry himself off. Gideon watched me in the mirror and I wanted to ask him if that upset him. I was afraid of what he would say.

This was one of my favorite places in the world and I had hoped to be able to share it with my mates. Granted, I thought it would be something I shared with them much later. But I wanted them to feel comfortable here.

“Just for a little while.” Jason called from the other room. “I have to get back to the pack.”

“And I don’t think your dad likes us being here too much or it could be that we’re fucking his daughter.” Travis said and I finished drying off, looking over at him and Ryan as they lounged on my bed. From there, they had a direct view of the shower and they had been able to watch everything.

“He will learn to like you guys.” He was going to have to so was mom. My mates were just that and I didn’t want to do this without them. I couldn’t imagine being with anyone but them. Well, Gabe to but I was going to bring that up later. I

didn’t know how Gideon would feel about hearing that after he had just claimed me.

Or how Jason would take it after the possessive way he had tied me up and fucked me in the shower.

I finished toweling my hair dry as best as I could before moving back over to the shower to drape my towel over the shower rod. Gideon came over, hanging his towel beside mine and I reached out, giving his hand a squeeze.

“I’m happy you’re here.” I said, feeling the tops of my cheeks heat up.

He gave me one of those heart-fluttering smiles before threading our fingers together. “Me too.”

Gideon and I made our way to the bedroom. Travis had pulled on a loose pair of dark sleep pants that hung low on his hips. He leaned back against the headboard of my bed, pillows were stacked up around him. He was watching me as he trailed his hand up his chest.

“Sweets, watching you and Gideon fuck.” He toyed with his nipple ring, eyeing both of us like he was the big bad wolf and he wanted to gobble us both up. “It was fucking hot.”

Ryan lay beside him. He was dressed in a pair of basketball shorts and a ripped black concert t-shirt. The big moon

that was falling apart with a wolf’s head was emblazoned on the front. It was a Cannibal Moon shirt and I wondered if he liked the band too? They were one that I often listened to with Scott when I hung out in his garage, offering what little help I could while he worked on his Mustang.

“Thank you?” Gideon asked, his finger twitching in mine.

I looked over at him, realizing that we were the only two naked in the room. Jason had pulled on a pair of black slacks and a white button-up shirt. I was beginning to think that

he didn't have comfortable lounging clothing besides the sleep pants I had seen him in yesterday. Maybe I was wrong. I mean he did mention training with Ryan and the others before.

I couldn't imagine that would be comfortable in dress slacks and nice button up shirts. Then again, maybe he liked to be ready for anything.

Jason did the bottom buttons of his shirt, leaving the rest of them undone so that glimpses of his pale tattooed flesh peaked out of the collar. He picked up a stack of clothing that he had sat beside Travis. Moving over to Gideon and me, he held up the clothing for Gideon.

"Put these on. We'll go get your things from Branson's before we head home."

I pulled my fingers from Gideon's and he reached out, taking the clothing from Jason and looking down at the dark fabrics. He held it to his chest before looking up at our mate. "Thank you, but there isn't much to get. Gabe will be bringing it later."

"You sure?" Jason asked, his brows knitting together. "We don't mind picking up your stuff."

"I'm sure. I talked to him when you two were in the shower." He paused for a long moment, looking over at me before looking at the others. "He didn't sound like himself."

"What do you mean?" I asked, worrying the inside of my cheek with my teeth. Had he been hurt and Gideon didn't want to tell us? Had something happened to hurt his brother?

"H, he seemed sad. I don't know how to explain it." Gideon Jooked away from me, his jaw flexing as he locked his eyes on the floor.

"Hey, we'll figure this out." Travis said from the bed and I nodded. He was right, we would. "I bet he just misses me and Tillie."

Ryan shot him a glare and moved his hand to rest it on Travis' leg. "You think you're being cute, brat..." The threat hung in the air and I swallowed hard. Even when he was worn out, there was still something about Ryan that just made me want to go to him.

"Daddy." I whispered, looking at him with wide eyes. "Maybe he does miss us? He seemed quiet taken with

Travis."

"Baby girl." Ryan said, his gaze flicking over to me before he tilted his head to the side. He ran his tongue over his lower lip, closing his eyes.

“Endgame, daddy.” Travis whispered, squeezing his fingers softly against his thigh.  
“Besides, if we play with him, you can watch us.”

“Travis.” I growled. I hadn’t told the others how I was feeling yet and I didn’t want to hurt Gideon or Jason. I’d planned to talk to them after we had eaten. Looking over at Jason, he pressed his lips together, lifting an eyebrow up at me. Gideon watched me too, but with a different look in his eyes.

I sighed, turning away from him and moving over to the dresser. This conversation would be better had if I wasn’t naked and preferably after dinner.