

Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 86

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Chapter 86

Chapter Eighty-Six: Sweet kisses and a note

Ryan pressed a kiss to my shoulder before nodding. "It was when we came in here, baby girl. I wouldn't worry about your parents hearing anything, though. They left around the time that you got into the shower with Jason."

I relaxed against him. It helped to know that Scott hadn't heard everything that had happened between my mates and I. If he had, I didn't know how I would ever be able to face him and mom again. Sure, she didn't have shifter hearing but he would have probably told her and they had already seen more of us than I ever wanted them to see.

Ryan squeezed my bottom one last time before moving to follow Travis out of the room. Jason shot me a look before he too moved to follow them and I was alone with Gideon. Picking up a pair of leggings, I pulled them on before turning to look back at my mate.

He hadn't moved, his-honey-colored eyes were still locked on me. It was almost like he was nervous to be alone with me now that he had claimed me. I could feel his worry in the bond that we shared. Moving away from the dresser, I made my way over to him.

"Are you okay?" I asked, resting my hand on his forearm. He

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clutched the clothing in his arms tighter, biting his bottom lip.

"Yeah, it's hard to be around you when all I can think about is how it feels when I'm inside of you." Gideon said, looking into my eyes. He moved his hand over mine, those sparks of pleasure danced over my skin at his touch. "I want you more than I've ever wanted anyone in my entire life, Tillie."

"Gideon." I whispered, pulling the clothing from his arms and setting it on the bed beside us. Wrapping my arms around him, I buried my face into his neck to breathe in the clean, sweet scent of his skin. He smelled so good, my mouth watered and for a moment I wanted to trace his skin with my tongue. To feel him shudder beneath me as I moved my tongue and lips along his skin until I reached the mark that Jason had left on his throat.

I wanted to leave a mark on him, too. To bite him as he had bitten me so, to claim him.

It was a strange feeling and one that I hadn't expected to feel. I wasn't a shifter like them, but I wanted everyone to know that he was mine even if Jason had claimed him too. I didn't want there to be any doubts for him because I knew that we were meant to be together.

Slowly he wrapped his arms around me, his body relaxing against mine before he kissed the top of my head with a soft press of his lips. "Tillie, I don't ever want to be away from you. You make me feel like I'm supposed to feel."

"You won't be. Gideon, you are mine. No matter what happens, you'll always be mine." I said, pulling back to look up at him. "I promise that I will always take care of you."

"Tillie." His eyes shown with unshed tears before he tilted his head closer to mine, pressing a kiss to my lips that I returned with a gentle touch. My other mates were strong and demanding, but this sweetness. This sweetness was a good balance to everything that they gave me. With Gideon, I knew that things would always be tender. It was what we both needed.

Pulling away from Gideon, I helped him get dressed in Jason's clothing. Pressing soft kisses to his skin as I helped him button up his shirt, I wanted him to know how special he was to me. All of my mates were special, but I had the feeling that Gideon hadn't had an easy time with his previous partners and I wanted him to feel safe with me.

When I was finished, I took his hand in mine. I lead him out of the bedroom and down the stairs into the living room. Blankets and pillows were spread in front of the couch. It reminded me of when I was a teenager and my mom would do this when I would have friends over for sleepovers. It made me feel like she was accepting of my mates and me being together. The thought made me feel like this was okay with them and she would learn to accept my mates easier than Scott.

She had to understand what it was like, she was mated to a shifter. If anyone could understand, it would be my mom.

I guess this solved how we were all going to sleep together. Jason was seated on the couch and Ryan and Travis were sitting on the recliner, leaning against one another. Travis seemed to almost hover beside Ryan. He had teased him earlier, but I knew that he was still worried about our mate.

Seeing him laying on the ground knocked out had scared the crap out of me. I could only imagine how Travis must have felt watching him get hurt. The anger that he must have felt. I was just glad that they weren't upset at me for Ryan getting hurt. I still blamed myself even if they had told me not to, but I was going to make it up to him when he was feeling better.

Gideon and I walked closer to the couch and Jason held up a piece of paper for me. A smile playing at his lips that made him look boyish. When he smiled at me like that it was like everything in the world just seemed to melt away.

“Your mom left you a note.” He said, holding the white sheet out to me. The small flowers in the corner were some of the stationary notepads that I had gotten my mother last year for mother’s day. Each sheet had a different wild flower and it had

just seemed so fitting for her.

I plucked the note out of his hand, reading my mother’s big loopy script.

Tillie,

Scott and I went out for a walk in the woods. Dinner is in the oven, feed your mates. We’ll see you in a bit for cobbler.

Love you,

Mom

I smiled at the note before grimacing. Mom wanted to feed my mates, which was a good thing. The cobbler, though, I was

going to have to warn them not to try it.

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Chapter Eighty-Seven: Family

Ryan

I followed Jason and Tillie into the formal dining hall. It was the same space that we had talked to her father in earlier. I could tell that being in here made Tillie nervous from the way that she kept looking around the room, her shoulders down slightly like she was waiting for the boogymen to jump out at her. Tillie left the room, making the excuse of fixing up our plates. Jason had followed with Gideon hot on his heels.

When he had all entered the kitchen earlier, it had been pretty obvious that the table in there would have been a tight fit for all of us. Jason had suggested coming in here, but I wished that we could stay in the kitchen. There was just something about the space that felt right, like it was made for those moments together that the other room lacked.

The table, though, wasn't big enough.

It was a small wooden table that looked well used and would be the perfect size for intimate dinners between Tillie and her parents. But not for all of us. We would have been crowded close together and though we wouldn't mind it, if her parents showed up there would be no place to join us. The last thing we wanted to do was make them feel like we didn't want them

around.

I was looking forward to the day when Tillie's dad thought of us as part of his family. I knew that Travis wanted that, too. That it was all that he had ever wanted.

He and Maddison weren't close and I couldn't blame him. She didn't seem like she would be easy to love, much less like. It was his sister though, so I knew I was going to need to learn to get along with her for him. His parents weren't around and family was something that he craved.

Tillie, Jason, Gideon, and I, we could give that to him. It wasn't a traditional family but that didn't bother me and from how he acted; I knew that he already thought of Tillie and me as family. I had seen it in the way that he had protected her today, the way that he had protected me and Gideon.

With me, I knew it was because he was mated. Gideon though, I knew it was because he was Tillie's. It had been hard for him to accept that he was going to have to share, but once he did, he was all in and nothing was going to change that. It was just how Travis was and it was something that I loved about him. :

It was harder for me to accept that she was taking another mate. I hadn't wanted her to. I was already sharing her with my best friend and Travis. It had felt like too much, but when I had seen that spark of fire in her eyes when she talked about him.

How she had said she knew that she was his mate. I knew that I couldn't tell her no, just like I couldn't tell Travis and Jason that they couldn't be with Tillie.

The only other option would have been death. He was an omega and when I'd heard that; I had known that I was going to suck up my feelings about it and I was going to make sure that he was safe. Because he was Tillie's and at the end of the day, if he got hurt it would hurt her.

That was the last thing that I wanted and looking at him now, I understood why she felt so drawn to him.

He wasn't like us. This man was delicate, his wolf had been just as gentle when I had seen him in the woods. The caregiver in me had known in that moment that he needed someone to take care of him. He wouldn't have made it on his own, not with that beast on his trail. He was too soft and I knew that he wouldn't have survived the mating and claiming with Jamison.

That beast had been too close to going feral when I'd put myself in front of him. Blocking the smaller wolf from the tawny wolf who was out for blood. Travis told me of how he had turned feral on them.

How he and Jason had taken him down like they had so many others, my heart hurt for him. I couldn't imagine what it was like to turn feral, but I was glad that they hadn't let him hurt the omega. My family was safe.

Travis helped me sit down at the big formal table and I nodded my head in thanks. I hated that I was having to lean on him so much, but my body ached so much that even my bones hurt.

Travis was an alpha, but he was mine. He called me daddy and while I knew he meant it to tease me.

I was going to look after him and take care of him. Because it's who I was and he was mine, just like Tillie. Just like Jason and now Gideon. The relationships were all different, but that didn't matter. They were mine and I was going to do everything that I could to keep them safe.

We were endgame. *We were family.*

I had meant it when I said it earlier, but I'd been worried that seeing Tillie with Gideon would be too much for my beast. When we found them in the shower together, I had let out a sigh of relief.

My beast didn't want to hurt him for touching her. I just hoped he would be okay with his brother touching her if that's what was going to happen, because I knew that I couldn't tell her no. She was my baby girl, and everything in me wanted to spoil her.

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Chapter Eighty-Eight: I'm kidding... Mostly

Tillie came into the dining hall holding two plates. She sat down a plate in front of me that was loaded with two burgers and homemade french fries. It smelled amazing, I shifted in my seat, looking up at her. Her damp hair hung down her back and the soft scent of her shampoo and body wash mixed with her own unique scent.

It mixed with our scents in her and it comforted my beast in a way that I hadn't expected it to. It filled me with a happiness that I could see practically mirrored on my mate's lovely face. The soft light of the lamps that Travis was turning on in the room to chase away the darkness of the early evening seemed to make her glow.

She looked so good like this. Her face was scrubbed clean and there was a tiredness to her eyes but she was the most beautiful thing that I had ever seen

It was confirmed for me. I was crazy about Tillie.

I grabbed her hand. Stopping her from moving to sit beside Jason and Gideon as they came into the room. She looked at me, her eyes moving down to our joined hands before flicking back up to mine. "Ryan?"

"Come here, baby." I said, pulling her closer.

Tillie let me pull her over to me. I brought my hand up to her cheek bringing her lips closer to mine. She moved her hand to my shoulder, bracing herself as I moved my fingertips over the side of her face. Tracing my fingers over her soft skin until her lips parted for me. I pulled back from kissing her and she looked down at me, her cheeks flushed with a pale blush.

"What was that for?"

"Just wanted a kiss from my baby girl is all." I said, watching her lips tilt into a smile before she bit her lower lip.

"Daddy."

"Mmm, I could watch him kissing you all day, sweets." Travis said, making her look over at him. She gave my shoulder a squeeze before letting me go and moving to sit beside Jason. If I'd had my way, I would have sat her in my lap and fed her dinner that way but

I knew the others wouldn't have liked it. I also needed to take care of myself so that I would be able to take care of her later.

Tillie settled into place across from me and I turned to watch Gideon sit a plate down in front of Travis. His eyes shifted between me and Travis as he did so, almost like he was worried that I would get upset about it. He fidgeted with the hem of Jason's shirt before he spoke. "I, um, I just wanted to say thank

you."

"For what?" Travis asked, looking up at him.

"For protecting me from Jamison out there." Gideon looked down at the table. "Both of you... You didn't have to do that-

"Gideon." Tillie started to say, but I stopped her with a shake of my head.

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"I've got this." I said, leaning closer to the omega in front of Travis. "Gideon, you are part of our family. It's what I would have done for Tillie. It's what I would have done for any other of these guys."

He shifted from foot to foot, looking up at me. His eyes shone and his lower lip trembled. "I know, but I don't know how to thank you for what you did out there. Either of you, you kept Jamison from claiming me. You took him down when he went feral. Travis protected me, and now you guys let me claim your mate."

"I can think of a few ways you can thank me." Travis chuckled, leaning back in his seat to wink up at Gideon. I reached over, gripping his thigh in warning. If he wasn't careful, he was going to scare him away and I had a feeling that it would piss Tillie off.

He looked over at Travis, worried for a half a second. I knew that look. He didn't understand that Travis was kidding... Mostly.

"He's kidding." Jason called out, making Gideon relax. "You'll come to learn that Travis is, well, he's Travis."

"He's a flirt." Tillie said.

"I'm only kidding if he doesn't want to." Travis rumbled beside me and Tillie shot him a glare. I tightened my grip on him and he looked over at me. I lifted an eyebrow at him and he let out a long sigh. "Fine, I'm kidding. You guys are spoiling all of my fun."

"I'll make it up to you later." Tillie said, smirking at him.

His leg shifted beneath the table and I looked down, watching her toes trail up his leg. He let out a low growl, sucking his tongue behind his teeth as he watched our mate. "Promise, sweets?"

"Mmm." she said, picking up a french fry and biting into it. "I promise. You should eat though, if you arrive before me-" The threat hung in the air and I could feel the arousal that her words were making Travis feel.

"Kitten." Jason smirked. "It seems like you are growing some claws. I like it. If you want, I'll cuff him down for you."

"I still feel like I'm being threatened with a good time." Travis' voice was husky, but what he said made Tillie giggle. "You should sit down and eat with us, little omega."

Gideon turned away from Travis and I. He hurried around the table to sit beside where Jason had put his plate. He slipped onto the seat, tucking his leg beneath him before looking around at us.

"Thank you." He said softly and I gave him a smile.

Jason picked up his burger, taking a bite of it and that was all the signal that we needed. The meal was had with flirtatious banter. It was comfortable and I looked forward to more meals like this with all of them. When the topic of Gideon's brother came up.

Tillie was open with us about her feelings and I could feel the need in Travis growing with her confession.

Gideon looked like he was unsure of what he should say until Jason spoke up. "If you don't want her to be with your brother, you can say it. We're open with each other. It's the only way that we will be able to make all of this work."

He relaxed before tracing his fingertips over the wood grain of the table. "He's my brother."

"He's also sex on legs." Travis said beside him and I reached over, smacking his inner thigh.

"Do you think that might be why you want him?" I asked, looking over at Tillie.

"What do you mean?" –

"Do you think you wanting him is because of the bond you share with Travis or do you think it's more than that?" I asked, soothing the spot that I'd swatted on Travis' thigh.

"I, I don't know."

As things wrapped up, I heard the front door open and I knew that it was Tillie's parents. Jason went still across from me, his eyes flicking to the open double doors. Tillie stiffened beside him, her foot dropping to the floor from where she had been teasing Travis with soft touches that had him squirming beside me. We turned to look towards the kitchen and I held my breath.

I wasn't sure how her parents were going to act towards us, but I knew that I wanted them to accept all of us.

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Chapter Eighty-Nine: Don't trust the cobbler

Tillie

Scott sat at the head of the table with mom off to the side of him. He was trying to hold back a grimace as he looked down at the peach cobbler on the plate in front of him. A scoop of ice cream was melting into the desert but he still hadn't touched it.

"Honey, eat your cobbler before the ice cream melts." Mom said and I watched him swallow hard before he nodded, picking up his fork.

Jason and Travis had cleared our plates away when my parents had come into the dining room. Mom had brought the cobbler, with Scott walking behind her like he was headed to a funeral with the blue and silver dessert plates held in one arm and the vanilla ice cream in the other.

My mates sat looking at their dessert as well. Travis had a strange expression on his face as he looked between me and Scott, trying to figure out what was going on. He watched Scott take a bit of his before picking up his fork and digging in.

"Oh, hey, this is good." He said before scooping more of the gooey peach mixture onto his fork and taking another big bite.

I winced, watching him inhale his food before picking up my spoon and taking a small scoop of the ice cream. At least I knew this one was supposed to be mushy. Scott and I

shared a look as he slowly chewed the bite that was in his mouth. Mom reached over, swatting his shoulder. "You are going to make Tillie's mates think that I don't know how to cook."

"Think?" He asked and she smacked his arm again.

"It's delicious, ma'am." Gideon said, his soft voice rising as he cleared his plate of the cobbler.

Mom beamed over at him before glaring at me and then at

Scott. "See it's not that bad, you two."

"I still don't trust it."

"You shouldn't, kiddo." Scott warned, pushing the plate away. "You shouldn't."

"Thank you, sir. For reaching out to Alpha Branson." Jason said, he had tried a bit of the dessert and promptly put his fork down beside the plate. He took a large gulp of water, washing the food down without trying to taste it. "And dinner was very good, thank you, ma'am."

"Of course, I don't know why the pack in the woods still had that practice. I understand the want to hunt and claim your mate, but not with your pack."

I snorted at his words before looking down at my plate. It felt like I had my own pack now and with these guys I wouldn't mind them chasing me down and claiming me.

"Tillie?" Mom said and I looked up at her before shaking my head. This wasn't something that I wanted to share with her.

"Nothing. So, when are you and Scott heading back into the city?" I asked, reaching over and taking Jason's hand in to mine.

"Trying to get rid of us so soon? I thought we might spend the night."

"Jewel, I think we should head out soon." Scott said, looking at my mates and I.

"Nonsense. I want to get to know Tillie's mates. Make sure they'll take care of our daughter." Mom pressed her lips into a thin line and Scott looked at her, his lips quirking as he tried not to smile at her. It was one of those sweet moments where he was trying to be gentle with mom but she was sticking to her guns with what she wanted to do.

"I promise you that she will always be taken care of. If not by me, then by my beta, my best friend, or our omega. Tillie will always be cherished." Jason said, his thumb stroking over the back of my knuckles, his words made me shiver. He didn't know it, but

they already made me feel safe and loved. Even if it was to soon for me to fall for these men. I knew it was true.

Scott nodded before looking back at mom. "Jewel, we should get going."

"Scott." She grumbled, leaning back in her chair and glaring at him.

"It's not that I don't want you here, mom." I said, looking down at the table. "But-"

"She doesn't want us here right now, honey." Scott said, before reaching over and pulling my mom's hands into his. "Remember our mating when I chased you-"

"I don't want to know." I said, looking between my parents. "Ever about that part."

"Til-"

"Ever." I repeated and Travis let out a bark of laughter. "We do need to talk. I mean, not right now, but when we get home."

"I think that would be a good idea." Mom said, looking down at her and Scott's joined hands. "We'll take care of the dishes before hitting the road."

"We can do it." Travis and Gideon said at the same time.

"I think the kids have got it, honey," Scott said, moving to stand. Mom frowned up at him, but let him pull her out of her seat.

"Men and if you guys are sure." She frowned, looking over at me.

"I'll text you when I get home. Jason has to get back soon and I've got to go back to work." I said, thinking about what Charity had told me about our boss. How was I ever going to look him in the eyes now that I knew what he was?

Jason's fingers twitched against mine and I looked over at him. I knew how he felt about me working, even though it was something that I enjoyed. I doubted that with four mates I would be able to keep up with them and my work load.

Mom pulled away from Scott, walking over to stand beside me. I stood up, letting her pull me into a tight hug. The smell of her perfume brought me comfort, as it always did.

"Travel safe, mom."

"You be safe, too. Remember that even though your mates are shifters, your grandmother and I raised you to be strong." She pulled back to look at me. "Til, you are stronger than you realize. Don't let them push you around."|

"I won't mom. Love you." I whispered.

“Love you, too baby.” She said, giving me one last squeeze.

My mates and I walked my parents out to their car, seeing them off. Jason and Scott spoke in hushed tones before my parents

got into their car and pulled out of the driveway. I was filled with bittersweet feelings watching them go. There were so many things that mom and I needed to talk about, so many things that I wanted to ask her.

In time, it would get easier. My heart would hurt less with her and Scott lying to me and I hoped that things would return to normal with us.

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Chapter Ninety: What daddy needs

My mates and I made our way into the house. Ryan let out a yawn and I knew that he was done for today. I couldn't say that I blamed him. I was exhausted myself and my belly was full. A quick nap sounded like an amazing idea right now.

“Travis and I will take care of the dishes.” Jason said, giving

Travis a look that left little room for argument. He turned away from us, making his way towards the kitchen.

Travis looked over at Ryan, tilting his head to the side and lifting an eyebrow. It was like they were doing that mind reading thing that I had accused them of doing at the club the night that they had claimed me. Ryan waved him off and Travis turned away from us, moving to follow after Jason. It was good that they were talking. This was something that they needed to do after their talk in the woods.

Well, talk was putting it nicely. Travis had a way of saying things that just seemed to push all of Jason's buttons and I didn't know if that was a good thing or a bad thing yet.

I knew that Travis wanted Jason to join in the bedroom fun stuff. I'd heard him offer it to him more than once. But it didn't seem to me like something Jason wanted with him. I wasn't sure if he felt the same way about Ryan, but there was a tension

there that the three of them needed to figure out.

It seemed to me like Travis was always in a wanting state or at least he had been in the few short days since I had met him. Maybe it was just his personality or maybe it was just like Jason had said and it was something that he and Ryan had always been dancing around. That both of them mating with me had pushed them together, I was beginning to wonder if maybe Travis was insatiable?

Then again, maybe it was a good thing that I had so many mates. I was only human and keeping up with all of these men seemed like it might be a full-time job. But, I knew that it was something that I wanted. I couldn't imagine not being with any of them. Each man brought something in to my life that had always been missing.

With Travis, it was a crazy level of heat that made me feel free to seek my pleasure with him. With Ryan, it was a feeling of knowing that no matter what he would always understand what I was feeling, that he would always take care of my needs even when I didn't know what they were.

Jason gave me something I hadn't known that I wanted before. I hadn't known that I wanted someone to dominant me and take control over me so that I didn't need to think about anything when I was with him. Sure, we were still figuring things out but I knew that more trust would come with time. We would each learn more of what the other craved and I couldn't wait.

Gideon gave me a tenderness, he needed me in a way that no other person had ever needed me before. I found myself wanting to take control with him, to be the person that he could be sweet with

I knew one thing though. What Ryan had said about Gabe was true. I needed to figure out if those feelings towards him were my own or if they were coming from my mates. Gideon didn't want to leave his brother and Travis just plain wanted him. I wasn't sure what I was feeling towards the handsome shifter.

Ryan wrapped an arm around my shoulder, pulling me close before he pressed his lips against my temple. "Why don't you come snuggle with me, baby girl?"

I nodded, letting him pull me over towards the living room. Gideon stayed by the door and I worried my lower lip before looking over my shoulder at him. "You coming?"

Gideon shook his head, looking over at the door. "If it's okay, my brother should be here soon. Can I, um, can I wait for him outside?"

"Yeah, but if you want to join us-" I said, letting the offer hang in the air just in case Gideon felt like taking me up on the offer. Ryan tightened his hand on my shoulder and I knew that he wouldn't mind sharing me. At the same time, I knew that he wanted me to himself for a moment.

"I will." Gideon said, looking between Ryan and me before opening the door and stepping out onto the porch. The door closing softly behind him.

Ryan and I made our way into the living room before settling down onto the massive pallet that Scott and mom had laid out for us. Pillows were stacked against the bottom of the couch and thick blankets were laid out to give us some cushion on the hardwood floor. I helped Ryan sit down in the middle of the pallet, his back propped up on several pillows. He relaxed, letting out a wince and I watched him. Trying my best not to fuss over him even though I wanted to.

I had seen how nervous it made him when Travis had done it earlier and I didn't want to make him upset. He looked up at me, almost as if he could sense my worry, before holding his arms open for me. "Come here, baby."

Moving closer to Ryan, I crouched down beside him. He reached out, grabbing my hand and pulling me closer to lie down beside him. I cuddled up against his side, letting out a soft sigh at the feel of his body against mine. Just having him beside me like this feels good. Today had put me through a whirlwind of emotions and I was glad to have a moment to just rest with him.

I rested my head on his chest and he dragged his fingers through my hair, letting out a soft groan. His fingers moved over my shoulder and I felt the tension leave our bodies.

"This is what I need." His voice was groggy and he brought his other hand up, covering his mouth as he yawned.

"What's that?" I asked, shifting around so that I could look at him.

"This, this is what I need. You right here with me." He brought his hand up to the side of my face and I leaned into the touch. "Tillie, you make everything better, baby."

"Ryan." I whispered, my heart beating faster at his sweet words.

"I mean it." He whispered, leaning closer to me. "You are mine, baby." He pressed his lips against mine, kissing me with soft brushes of his lips that made my toes curl into the bedding.

I wrapped my arms around him, holding him closer. He leaned back, resting his head against the pillows. His dark, long lashes slowly drifted closed. I rested my ear against his chest. Listening to the steady, strong beat of his heart. I let the sound relax me and before long we were both asleep.