

Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 91

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Chapter 91

Chapter Ninety-One: Stubborn mate

Jason

Tillie was tucked against Ryan's side as we made our way down the stairs and into the foyer. I knew she had to be exhausted despite the sleep she had gotten. Her legs trembled and I bit back a laugh. She was so stubborn.

When I had offered to carry her down the flights of stairs, she had scoffed at me before stomping off in front of Ryan and I.

It was cute and I had been unable to tear my eyes away from the swell of her shapely ass and hips as she made her way down the hallway. She stopped in front of the stairs, worrying her lower lip as she looked back at us.

Ryan smirked back at me, his blue eyes sparkling with laughter. He knew that she was rethinking her decision, too. "She's still got her fire."

"She's feisty. I think it will take a lot to tame our mate." I said, watching him turn away from me to stroll over to Tillie. He looped an arm around her waist, steadying her as they made their way down the steps.

Ryan's smirk turned to a grin as she leaned her body against him, letting him help her.

I wanted that. I wanted her to trust me the same way she did Ryan. It was a jealous thought and I knew it, but I couldn't help it. I wanted her to be able to trust me to take care of her. I had hoped that this morning would show her that. Or at least let her know that I was worthy of her love.

Last night, I knew that I had gone too far and if she needed me to, I would spend the rest of our lives making it up to her. I would show Tillie that I could do soft and sweet. That I wasn't always hard and demanding. That she could trust me to take care of her needs.

"You coming?" She asked as they stopped at the first landing, pulling me out of my thoughts.

Nodding, I jogged down the steps. Joining them as we made our way downstairs. The house was abuzz with life. Members of the pack passed us, many of them stopping to wish us a good morning or giving Tillie a once over. I knew that we must have been a sight for them. Tillie was coated in our scent. She bore our marks around her pretty little throat. They knew that she was mine.

Later, I would formally announce it to the pack and they would meet her as my mate. For now, though, I was going to let her warm up to the idea of being ours.

A group of female shifters passed us, hungry eyes moving over Ryan and I. Landing on Tillie, with darkened

eyes. Jealousy and anger were clear on their faces. A growl slipped from my lips and they scurried away.

I had never seen this many women in the hallways this early and I knew that word must have spread about our mate fast. That, combined with the fact that Ryan, Travis, and I were sharing a mate, would drive the gossip faster.

It wasn't common to share a mate, yes it happened. Mostly in dragon thralls, but no one had expected that when I found my mate that I would have to share her. I doubted that Ryan and Travis had thought they would have to share, either.

But the other option was going feral. That wasn't really an option that worked for any of us.

I had worried that seeing her with the others would make me jealous and it did. But not as much as I thought that it would.

Mostly, it made me want to join them.

Tillie stopped walking and Ryan looked down at her. "Baby?"

She didn't look at him, her eyes were pinned on the per

son in front of her. Her back went ramrod straight and I looked up at the man in front of her.

"Jake." She gasped and I felt nervousness swirl into me through the bond. That and the painful tug at my heart. "What are you... What are you doing here?" She stammered out the feeling of anxiety grew stronger along with the pain.

Ryan's fingers tightened around her waist and I moved closer to the two of them.

Fuck, I had fucked up again. I should have told her about him being mated to my sister, but I had forgotten about it this morning. Now, she was having that bomb dropped in front of her.

“Tillie, hey,” Jake said, moving a hand up to grip the back of his neck. He looked down at the hardwood floor before glancing up again at my mate. His eyes went to the marks on her neck as he swallowed hard. “I um, I spent the night here last night.”

“Me too,” Tillie said. The tops of her ears turned red and she shook her head. “I thought that you would be with-”

“Nicole, yeah. This is her pack.” Jake said, his eyes moving over to me.

I stepped closer to my mate, taking her hand in mine. Threading our fingers together, I tried to lend her some of my strength and soothe her frayed nerves.

“Her pack?” Tillie asked, her voice growing strangely quiet.

“Yes, Jake mated to my sister.”

Tillie looked over at me, hurt flashing in her blue eyes. It was so quick that if I hadn't been watching her so closely, I would have missed it. She looked back at Jake and I knew that I had fucked up with her.

She pulled her fingers from mine and I wanted to grab her hand back. To not let her pull away from me anymore.

I wanted to demand things from her that I knew I couldn't. She wasn't a shifter. She didn't know how things worked for us. That Jake wouldn't have been able to avoid the pull to my sister any better than I would have been able to stay away from her.

Tillie was mine and so was her pain.

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Chapter Ninety-Two: Driving to his apartment

“So, more than a girlfriend is your sister.” Tillie asked, her voice was lacking the warmth that it normally did.

The muscle in my jaw twitched and I let out a sigh. “Nicole, yes.” I said, knowing that I should have told her about Jake and my sister this morning instead of her finding out like this.

“Does she make you happy?” Tillie asked Jake and he tilted his head to the side.

“Do they make you happy, Til? I wouldn’t have thought you would end up with three men.” He said, it wasn’t said roughly just a teasing tone that I didn’t like, and neither did Ryan. His lips pulled back, his teeth lengthened and his eyes darkened.

“They do. They all do.”

Her words made my heart beat faster and Ryan looked at her. His eyes softened and his beast pulled back from the surface.

“That’s all I want for you,” Jake said, stepping forward. I growled and he stopped, lifting his hands up in front of

him. “I want you to be happy, but if they ever hurt you. You let me know and I’ll take care of it.”

“Jake-” Tillie said, but he cut her off.

“I mean it, Til. You weren’t my mate, but I care about you.” He looked over at me before his eyes moved to Ryan. “I’ll always be your friend.”

“Thanks, Jake, I’m glad you found your mate.” Tillie said, pulling away from Ryan and throwing her arms around Jake. Squeezing him a tight hug, he wrapped his arms around her waist, holding her tight before letting her step back to join us.

I didn’t like the fact that he had touched my mate. But knew that Tillie needed this closer. That the hug was her way of saying goodbye to the relationship that they’d had. I could feel it through the bond that we shared.

Jake turned away from us, heading up the stairs, leaving us alone.

Tillie watched him go, I looked over at her. Watching her eyes tear up as she watched him go.

“Baby girl?” Ryan asked, his voice all soothing and gentle.

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"I'm okay. It was just a better goodbye than last night." She said, reaching out to take my hand in hers. She grabbed Ryan's hand before looking between the two of us. "I'm ready."

"Let's take you to your friend then, kitten." I said, pulling her towards the garage.

Tillie was quiet as I opened the door for her, helping her into the passenger side of her Jeep before buckling her in. I leaned close and pressed a kiss to her forehead. I knew that seeing Jake had to have been painful for her. "I'm sorry, Tillie."

"For what?" She asked, her tone was so different than it was earlier. It was like some of that fire was gone and I hated it.

"For not telling you about Nicole. I found out last night after you were asleep and I meant to tell you this morning."

"It's fine." She said, cutting me off and looking away from me. Well fuck, I had a sister. I knew that fine was not really fine.

"Tillie." I brought my hand up to her chin, turning her head so that she had to look at me. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to forget to tell you."

"Jason, I get it. You're only human- well, you're not human. But you know what I mean."

I smiled, "Yeah, I know what you mean."

Her phone chimed from her bag and she pressed her lips together. "I'm telling you, if we don't get going, Charity is going to lead a search party for me. You guys don't know what she's like when she thinks I'm in trouble."

Ryan let out a laugh from the backseat, clicking his seatbelt into place. I looked back at him, shaking my head and he pressed his lips into a tight line, trying to hold back his laughter.

— I closed the door, walking around the car as Tillie pulled out her phone and sent a text to her friend. Opening the driver's side door, I slid inside the jeep. Buckling the seat belt before shoving the keys into the ignition/

Starting the car, I pulled us out of the driveway. Leaning over, I pulled my phone out of my pocket and handed it to Tillie. Her fingers brushed against mine as she took it from me.

"Did you want me to put in the address for Charity's place?" She asked, swiping her thumb across the screen.

"No, we're headed to Aaron's place. I wanted you to put

in your number so that I could text you later.”

“Aaron, the guy that she hooked up with last night?” Tillie asked, her eyebrows shooting up. “I don’t think they would go to his place. She has a strict rule about not staying the night.”

“I think she might change it for Aaron.” Ryan said and I looked in the mirror at him. He was going to tell her what I knew she wasn’t ready to hear if he didn’t shut up. It wasn’t our secret to tell.

I just hoped that the stress of it wouldn’t be too much for her. The car ride was relatively quiet and before long, we were pulling up to Aaron’s apartment. The brown brick building was old but the neighborhood was quaint, with its short wrought iron fences and tree-lined sidewalks.

It was peaceful in the early morning, sunlight dappled the street as we pulled up to the building. Aaron was waiting outside for us. The Janky singer was clad in running shorts and a black tank top. His leg bent behind him as he stretched. I parked Tillie’s jeep and she looked over at me.

“I don’t think she’s here. It’s cool though, I can drive to her place.” Tillie said, unbuckling her seat belt. She leaned over the center console, pressing a kiss to my cheek. I moved my hand to tangle it in her hair, smiling at the gasp that left her lips. “Jason.”

“Kitten, I want you to text me later.” I was going to miss my mate, but I knew that it was important for her to spend time with her friends. Leaning down, I sealed my lips to hers in a kiss that was possessive, my tongue moved against hers.

I wanted her to remember that she was mine.

When I pulled back, she looked at me, her lips parted and her eyes wide. Ryan opened the back door, getting out of the vehicle, and moving to open Tillie’s door. “I’ll text you when I get home.”

I nodded, pulling the keys from the ignition and handing them to her. Tillie looked at them for a moment before taking the keys from my hand and slipping them into her purse. She turned away from me and Ryan helped her out of the car.

“Baby girl, have fun with your friend.”

“I will.” She said, pressing up onto her toes and pressing a kiss to his cheek. A smile spread across his face as he looked down at her and I could understand all too often why the people who shared mates ended up mating with each other.

A warm feeling spread in my chest, a feeling that was like the beginning stages of a crush. Those moments before you realized that you were falling for someone. It was

the same feelings that she had for me this morning, the same way that her heartbeat raced at my touch.

Ryan let her go and I opened the door to the jeep, stepping outside before closing the door behind me.

Aaron stretched his arms over his head. There were claw marks on his arms and a fresh bite mark peeking out just over the edge of the neckline of his black tank top. He looked happier than when he was on stage playing up to a crowd. Being mated suited him and I was happy that my friend had found his mate.

“Morning, man. Wild night?” He asked, looking over at Tillie and Ryan before smirking at me.

“I could say the same for you.”

“Was a good night for all of us then. Tillie, I don’t know if you got to meet Aaron last night. But this is Ryan’s band mate and one of our good friends.” I said and Tillie walked closer to me.

“Hi Aaron, it’s nice to meet you outside of the ladies’ room.” She smiled a beaming smile up at him, sticking her hand out.

Aaron laughed before shaking her hand. “It’s nice to meet you in the light of day, too. Charity’s upstairs waiting

for you.”

“She’s here?” Tillie said, pushing her hair behind her ear as her eyebrows knit together.

Aaron turned towards the apartment building, his neck stretching out as he motioned up to the second floor of the building. I felt her tense up beside me as she saw those marks. “Your neck-

“I’m apartment 2B.” He said, his hand shot up to the side of his neck and his fingertips grazed against Charity’s claim. “Yeah, things got a little rough last night, but it was all good.”

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Chapter Ninety-Three: Thoughts about last night

Tillie

"We're going for a run, kitten. I'd like for you to pack a bag for later." Jason said as Aaron waved at me before turning away from the three of us.

"I, um. I think I'd like to spend tonight at my place. Alone." I said, worried that they wouldn't let me. They had told me last night that I could go home, but that they were going to go with me. I really needed time away from them to think about what had happened.

"Tillie, I don't-" Ryan started to say, but Jason cut him off. Lifting up his hand, he looked over at Ryan, shaking his head.

"Okay, just let us know when you're ready to come home." Jason said, looking back over at me.

I let out a breath I hadn't realized I had been holding. A part of me was half worried that they were not going to let me go home and try to kidnap me to take me back to their place. While that could possibly be fun for a consensual kinky game, I really just needed time to process everything.

"Okay, but I still want to talk with you baby." Ryan said, his shoulders sagging.

It was scary to think about being away from them and I didn't know why I didn't like that thought. Why it scared me.

"Tillie, go have fun. We'll see you later." Jason said, the corner of his lips turning up in a half-smile.

I nodded as the two of them turned towards the direction that Aaron had headed off in. I watched Ryan and Jason until they turned the corner before looking up at Aaron's apartment building.

The neighborhood was nicer than the one where I lived. A couple ran past me, pushing a jogging stroller. Their pace wasn't very fast, but the way they looked at each other spoke of the love that they shared.

This was the kind of neighborhood that people settled down in. That they had families in.

I made my way up the stone steps, looking at the brown brick building. The white trim around the doors was older but it had been restored. Was this what Charity wanted?

To settle down with someone like Aaron in the city?

She had never shown any interest in doing that before and I had never seen her sleep with a guy for more than a couple of weeks before she moved on to the next one. But after seeing the marks on Aaron's throat, I was beginning to question if I even knew my best friend at all?

Resting my hand on the cool iron door handle, I pressed the lever with my thumb before pulling the door open and stepping inside. The foyer of the building was cool and sunlight streamed through the windows. I made my way past the mailboxes and over to the stairs.

I didn't want to take any more stairs anytime soon, my thighs and calves ached. Really, my whole body ached, but I knew after this I could head home and soak in the tub until I turned into a prune. Letting out a sigh, I kicked off my heels before bending over and picking them up. Normally wouldn't walk around some strange fancy apartment building barefoot, but I was exhausted and the thought of staying in my heels wasn't something that I wanted to do.

Slowly, I walked up the stairs. What was going to say to Charity?

So much had changed from the night before. I had thought that I was going to have a one-night stand with two incredibly hot men. That had taken a turn that I wasn't expecting with another man coming into the mix of things. And them telling me afterwards that this wasn't going to be

just a one-time thing.

That I was theirs.

I had let them do things to me that I have never thought that I would experience. I had done things that I had only dreamed about. The pleasure that they gave me was addictive and I didn't know if I would be able to stay away even if I wanted to.

Jason, Travis, and Ryan had pushed my limits so hard. But I didn't regret my time with them.

I had learned that shifters were real and that I was now mated to three of them and that my best friend might also be one of them.

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It was a lot to take in, they were a lot to take in.

Travis was all rough, primal sex appeal. Giving and taking from me as he growled dirty things in my ear. Promises of pleasure and something so much more.

Things were still not resolved between him and I. But I was comforted with the fact that being mated to Ryan hadn't changed the way that he felt about me or the way that I felt about him.

I just wished that he and Ryan had let me be included in that experience. Just thinking about them together made my insides feel all warm. I wanted to see them loving each other. To share that passion with them.

Ryan...

I had never thought that I would meet someone like him. Someone that would make me feel like I was the most precious thing in the world, yet he fucked me like he hated me and I loved every moment of it.

The way his hand felt on my bottom, how he ordered me to call him daddy. I loved it all. How much he took care of me and looked after my needs. The way that he did the same thing for Travis and Ryan.

I was still upset with him for claiming Travis and I knew that it was a me issue. Not really a them issue. It had just made me feel like I wasn't enough for them, even though Jason had assured me that I was. That he had assured me that them choosing to mate with each other was normal for shifters who shared a fated mate.

It didn't help ease my worries that they wouldn't want me. That they might think that I wasn't enough for them.

Sure, Ryan had said that he want to talk to me later and yes, that did make me feel better. But I still couldn't seem to get past my own insecurities. I had never felt like I was enough for Jake and now I knew why.

We were never meant to be. Both of us had been using the other. Waiting for something else. He had been waiting for his mate. I hadn't known what I had been waiting for, but after being with Ryan, Travis, and Jason. I knew that what I had been waiting for was them. I just hadn't known it yet.

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Chapter Ninety-Four: Rules are made to be bro

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I stopped in front of apartment 2B, looking at the shiny golden letters on the dark cherry wood door. Rock music played inside the apartment and I could picture my best friend. The kitchen was probably a mess, Charity was super bad about cleaning up as she cooked.

The sound of her off key singing was muffled by the door and I knew that she would be dancing while she cooked. She was always in motion, she always had an energy to her that seemed limitless. I had been half way convinced that she had ADHD and no one had noticed it but me.

I could picture her in there with her hair pulled up in a messy bun on top of her head. Her lips spread in a smile as she did her thing. It was a scene I had walked into more times than I could count. I was still nervous to see her, but I knew that I could stand out here all morning.

Biting my lower lip, I brought my hand up and knocked on the door. It was best to just get it over with. I couldn't put this off forever, even if a part of me wanted to. I worried that things were going to change between the two of us.

I was pretty sure that my friend was a shifter. That there was so much about her that I didn't know.

It hurt that she hadn't trusted me with this. There wasn't a part of my life that I didn't share with her. Yet, she had not trusted me enough to tell me her secret. She must have known that Jake was like her, but that was another thing she hadn't told me.

It was beginning to feel like the world that I knew was all a lie. I just hoped there were no more shocking secrets that were going to come out about the world and the people closest to me. I didn't know if I would be able to handle it if there was. Each thing I learned made me feel more and more like this was some very vivid hallucination.

The door swung open and Charity looked at me, wringing her hands together in front of her. Her pink lips spread into a wide smile, but I could see the worry in fear in her eyes that mirrored my own. She looked like I had thought she would. Her hair was all messy, piled on top of her head. Flour was smeared across the top of her cheek

She was wearing an oversized navy blue shirt that stopped at her thighs and her skin seemed to glow. My gaze moved down to the marks on her ankles and the ones at her wrist.

"You're hurt?" I said, frowning at those marks. "Did he hurt you?"

"What, no," she said, lifting up her hands and I realized that the bruises were healing but they wrapped around both her wrists and ankles. "Things got a little wild with

Aaron last night, but it was all consenting.”

“That’s good.” I said, unsure of what I should say. I wasn’t bothered that she’d had kinky sex. I was one to yuck someone’s yum. I just couldn’t seem to press through my worry.

Charity’s eyes moved over me. Taking in the clothing that Jason had given me and the marks on both sides of my neck. She smoothed her hands over the front of her shirt, giving me a smile. “Good morning, Tillie. I hope you’re hungry. I made pancakes and coffee.”

My stomach rumbled at the mention of food, even though my throat felt tight. I didn’t want to be upset with her but I was and she knew it.

“You spent the night?” I asked, but we both knew that she had.

Stepping to the side, Charity waved me in but I didn’t step inside the apartment. I wasn’t ready to yet.

“I did.” The words were stilted like she was worried about telling me what I already knew.

“What about your rules?” I asked, wrapping my arms around my stomach and clearing my throat.

“Rules are made to be broken. Are you not coming in, Til?” Charity asked, looking down at her sparkly blue toe nails before looking up at me again. “I fixed your coffee the way you like it.”

“Are you going to tell me the truth or are you going to pretend that everything is normal and you haven’t been lying to me the entire time I’ve known you?” My voice rose with each word and my eyes burned with unshed tears that were threatening to spill. I didn’t want to cry but I was still so worn out and I had been on a rollercoaster of emotions.

— “Tillie, I’m sorry.” Charity said, stepping closer to me

and raising her hand up to touch me. She had always been touchy feely and I had assumed it was her love language. Now, I knew the truth.

She was a shifter, she had been making sure that others knew that I smelled like her. It made me think of a cat marking its territory. The way they would rub against their owner’s legs.

I held up my hand and Charity stopped, taking a half step back. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I wanted to. There were so many times where I started to.” She said, her hands fluttering up in front of her and

then dropping back to her sides. Like she couldn’t figure out what to do with herself. “I just, I just didn’t want to lose my best friend.”

“You should have told me that you were a shifter. Charity, you have been my best friend, my person for five years. Why did you think you would lose me?”

“I’m still your best friend, Til. You are the other half of me. You know me better than anyone else-” she said, but I cut her off.

“But you didn’t trust me enough to tell me that you’re a shifter?” I asked as hot tears spilled down my cheeks. Not just for her lying to me but for how lonely she must have felt. It felt like the tears would never stop now that I was letting them out. A hiccup slipped from my lips and I tried to take a deep breath.

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Chapter Ninety-Five: The Alpha’s Daughter

“I didn’t want to lose you. I’m sorry.” Charity said, her own eyes tearing up and her nose turning red like it always did when she was trying not to cry. “I didn’t want to lose you and I was scared you would treat me differently because of who I am... What I am.”

“Charity.” I sobbed. How could she ever think that I would treat her any different? She was still Charity Dumond to me. She was still my best friend and knowing she was a wolf didn’t change that.

“Tillie, I’ve never had anyone treat me like you do. Like I’m just a normal college student. Like nothing is expected of me. I’ve never had a friend who didn’t want something from me, some favor or a good word to my dad. But you’ve always just treated me normal, like a sister and I didn’t want to lose that. I didn’t want to lose you.” She sobbed.

"I, I'm still upset with you," I said, dragging my hands over my face as I sucked in a stuttering breath. "But I'll never stop being your person. Your best friend, just like you, will always be my person. Well, I guess I should say my wolf. I'm not going anywhere."

Charity rushed into the hallway, she was so fast that I hadn't even seen her move. Her arms were around me,

pulling me into a hug that made my bones rub together. Her face pressed against my hair and I felt warm tears soak into my shirt. "I love you, Til."

I dropped my heels, letting them clatter to the floor before wrapping my arms around my best friend. Breathing in the comforting, soft, fruity scent of her perfume. "I love you too, but Char. No more secrets."

The two of us stood in the hallway, crying and hugging and I knew that our friendship would get past this. That we would be okay.

"No more secrets, I promise. But there is something that I need to tell you." She said, pulling back to look at me.

"Please don't say that you are my mate. I don't think I could handle a fourth mate." I chuckled.

"What? No, wait, what? You've got three mates?" she asked, pulling back to look at me.

"Yeah, last night was a really weird night for me," I said, pushing my hair away from my face as I looked down at her. "Let's head inside and I'll tell you all about it. What did you need to tell me?"

Charity worried her lower lip, stepping away from me. I could tell that she was worried about what she was about

to tell me but if it was something big, this was the time to do it. "I'm the alpha's daughter."

"Strange. You don't look old enough to be Jason's daughter."

"Wait, you're mated to an alpha?" She asked.

"Yeah, Jason said he was an alpha. Travis and Ryan both called him one. They're like his best friends. Though he told me Travis was his beta and I think that there is a lot of stuff for me to figure out on what that means." I shrugged, reaching down to pick up my shoes.

"So Jason is like in charge of his pack and Travis is like his-right-hand man. Stepping in to take his place if he should need to." Charity said, leading me into the apart

ment.

“Hmm, that’s interesting. *Maybe you can explain all this shifter stuff to me?*” I asked, hoping that she would agree. It was so much easier to hear this stuff coming from her. The way that the guys explained it was so matter of fact. Charity just had a way with words that made me feel like this was something I could understand.

“Of course, you’re my bestie. Anything you need.”

Closing the apartment door, I took in the living room. It

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was spacious and light spilled in through the large windows. A black couch and loveseat sat in the middle of the room in front of the television. A large sound system sat off to the side, with a bass guitar and an acoustic one framing the big speakers. Framed album plaques hung on the walls for bands that I had heard of but never seen.

I sat my heels on the floor by the door before padding over to the couch and dropping my purse onto the cushions. He had a bright red shag carpet on the floor that felt all cushy under my feet and I stretched my toes into the soft material. Charity moved over to the sound system, hitting some buttons on it to turn down the music so that it was at a more comfortable level.

“He’s got a nice place. So, like, what does it mean to be an alpha’s daughter?” I asked, watching my best friend walk into the kitchen. “If that’s rude or something, just let me know.”

“It’s not rude.” Charity called out and I nodded even though she couldn’t see me. She came back out, carrying two steaming mugs. The sweet scent of the coffee hit me, making my mouth water. “It’s just that people are always trying to use me to get to my dad. Or they’re nice to me because they think it will help their standing with him. I just, I grew up with no friends and you are kind of the person to see me for me and not my father’s daughter.”

“That’s so messed up, I’m sorry you went through that.

But, I mean, I’m cool with you being you. I don’t care who your father is. As long as he keeps treating you like he does.” I smiled at her, I knew that in the past things had been hard with her dad. They had gotten better this past year and I hoped they stayed that way. “Things are just confusing and I’m still trying to figure stuff out.”

“Here you go. I figured we could both use a strong coffee after last night.” Charity handed me the cream-colored mug and I lifted it up, smelling the tropical scent of coconut and chocolate.

“Smells good. Is this coconut creamer?” I asked, taking a sip.

— “Yeah, it’s some fancy stuff that Aaron has.” Charity

said, walking over to the couch and sitting down, crossing one leg beneath her bottom. She motioned over to the spot beside her.

I sat down, letting out a sharp hiss. My bottom stung, but pleasure shot through me at the same time. I shifted onto the cushion, trying to find a way to take pressure off of the ass cheek that Travis had sunk his teeth into.

“You okay?” Charity asked and I wondered how I was going to explain this to her