

## Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 96

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#### Chapter 96

#### Chapter Ninety-Six: Girl talk

“Yes, I’m okay. Um,” My cheeks flushed and I felt that familiar pulse of arousal flare to life in the pit of my stomach. How was I going to function like this? How was I going to tell my best friend that there was a claiming bite mark on my ass? That just the pressure against my sore bottom was

enough to make me squirm.

“Til?” Charity asked, a worried look in her eyes. She lifted up her coffee mug and took a sip.

“Travis claimed my ass.” I blurted out, not wanting her to worry when I realized what I had said. I moved my hand over my face, feeling the heat from my cheeks beneath my palms. It felt like I was just digging myself deeper. “I mean, he bit my ass. That doesn’t sound any better.”

Charity sputtered, choking on her coffee. “Your ass?” She said between coughs. Bringing her hand up, she slapped her chest.

I sat my coffee down on to the glass coffee table in front of the couch. Scooting closer to my friend. I clapped my hand on her back. It would make things super awkward if she choked to death because I had told her about Travis biting my ass. I didn’t know if her mate would forgive me if that happened.

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“Char, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to-”

“I’m okay,” Charity gasped out as she caught her breath. “He claimed your ass, huh? So things were like fun kinky?”

“You could say that.” I flushed, thinking about what had happened between Travis, Ryan, Jason, and me last night. How it felt when I was with them. Like I belonged to them.

It was like some higher being had made me for them and them for me.

“So tell me how the smoking hot bartender claimed your ass.” Charity chuckled, licking her lips before sucking the bottom lip between her teeth.

Leaning over, I picked up my coffee mug from the table. I looked at the pale, creamy coffee that steamed in the mug.

“It happened at Savage, in Travis’ office.” I said, swallowing hard. She knew that last night was a first for me. Not just the finding out about shifters, but I had never slept with someone that I had just met.

Let alone three someones.

“Public sex. That’s so hot, keep going.” Charity ordered,

drawing her other leg up onto the couch. She rested her arm over her knee, watching me closely.

“You’re one to talk. I saw how Aaron and you were going at each other in the ladies’ room.” I smirked.

“Touche. But no changing the subject.” She smiled at me and I knew that she wasn’t going to let me dodge talking about my night.

“Travis, he well. Okay so when I was dancing with him and Ryan, I um. I had an orgasm.” I didn’t know why I was so nervous to tell her about this. She was still my best friend, despite keeping the whole shifter thing a secret from me. “They had me like sandwiched between them, and Travis was controlling my movements while Ryan pressed his thigh against me. They were both all talking sexy, growly like.”

“Ohmigod, that’s so hot.” Charity yelled, resting her hand on her chin. “Keep going.”

“Well, I kind of freaked out a little bit because you know. I’ve never done anything like that before with a stranger, let alone two strange guys.”

“Understandable.”

“So we went up to Travis’ office and we were talking

and then he showed me the view of the club from this huge window in his office and he, uh... He told me to watch Ryan on stage.” I said, thinking about how he had told me to watch the other man drumming while he used his mouth and his fingers on me. How it had felt to just give myself to him as he worked me to an orgasm where anyone could have seen me.

“So while you were watching, was he...” She trailed off and I nodded my head, lifting up my coffee cup to hide my smile.

“Yeah, he did and then he bit me, but like it was strange, it didn’t hurt. But it was like a good hurt that made everything feel more powerful. Stronger.” | shivered, feeling that same pulse of arousal just telling her about it was working me up.

“Pretty normal for mates to feel that way.”

“Well, that’s good, but then Ryan came up there and then he bent me over Travis’s desk.” I pressed my thighs together, trying to ease some of the ache. Why did I feel like I was some kind of animal in heat just thinking about the things they had done to me? How they had both talked to me, telling me what to do.

It had been so freeing doing what they ordered me to do.

“That must have been why Ryan jumped off the stage and ended their set. Not that I’m complaining about it. I had my own fun.” Charity laughed, wagging her eyebrows at me. “So what happened next? Because that pic you sent me looked like you had gotten some good dick.”

“It was and I did. Ryan, he uh... Ryan is daddy.”

“Daddy? As in like, call me daddy during sexy times?” She asked.

| nodded, biting my lower lip. “It’s more like, call me ‘yes, daddy I’m your baby girl’.”

The two of us giggled and she took a long pull from her mug, finishing off her coffee and sitting it down onto the coffee table.

“Baby girl, ohmigod. Tillie, dude, that’s so hot. So he’s one of the claiming marks on your throat?”

“Yes, the other one is from Jason,” I answered, bringing my hand up to touch the marks on the side of my neck. “He’s the alpha.”

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#### Chapter 97

#### Chapter Ninety-Seven: Pancakes and pain relievers

“You snagged an alpha? What’s that like? I’ve always heard that alphas are super intense in bed?” She asked, but then frowned. “But then that makes me think about my dad and there are some things that I just don’t need to know.”

Super intense was one way to put it. Being with Jason was like playing with fire. The way that he had kept me so on edge until I felt like I was going to go out of my mind. How everything seemed to fade away and it was just him and I.

The way that he talked to Travis, ordering him to call him sir. It was all just very intense.

I swallowed hard, taking another drink from my mug to avoid saying anything for a moment. I wasn't sure how much I should tell Charity. Normally, I told her everything but I didn't want her to dislike Jason without getting to know him first.

Last night wasn't really just his fuck up, he wasn't the only one to blame. We all were. We should have talked about things like he and Ryan said this morning. Should have talked about safe words and limits.

I didn't really know mine yet, so that was something that we were going to have to figure out. I just knew that I didn't like being pushed as far as Jason had pushed me. To the point where pleasure turned into pain and I couldn't form the words to tell them what I needed.

Charity could be a bit protective of me and I didn't want her to worry about me more than she already was.

"Til, I didn't mean for you to not tell me. I very much doubt Jason is like my dad. But if he wants me to call him daddy?" She teased and I shook my head.

"I think he'd much prefer, Sir." I smirked, thinking about how he had handcuffed Travis to the bed while the other man had called him sir.

"Sir, oh. Sir, I like that. So he likes being in charge?"

I finished off my coffee and sat the mug beside Charity's. Moving back, I brought my hands up. I rested them in my lap, trying not to pick at my nails as I thought about how to word things. If this were a normal morning, I would be telling her what Jake and I did the night before and she would be entertaining me with wild tales from her night. We would share every little detail, down to the smallest things.

Now that I knew she was a shifter, I couldn't help but worry how much she had omitted from the stories of her

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wild sexcapades.

“You okay?” She asked, bumping her knee against mine.

I nodded, pulling my leg onto the couch and resting the bottom of my foot against my inner thigh. “Sorry, I got lost in thought. Tell me about your night with that smoking hot singer.”

“Oh, Tillie.” She gushed, her hand coming up to the side of her neck as she fell back against the couch cushion. Her face lit up and she smiled like she was seeing the sun for the first time. Did I light up like that when I was talking about my mates? “Aaron is everything that I could have ever wanted in a mate and then more.”

“Good, I want you to be happy.”

“He makes me so happy, Tillie. He’s giving and super sweet afterward. But during... During he goes all dom and growly ordering me onto my knees as he does all kinds of nasty things to me. It’s, it’s so, goddess, it’s so perfect, Tillie.” Charity gushed and I smiled, grabbing her hand and giving it a squeeze.

“And these marks?” I said, running my index finger over the red and purple lines.

“They’re the good kind. I promise. It was like a Fifty

Shades of Gray thing, but so much better.” She said, her cheeks flushing as she dragged her hand through the strands of her messy bun. Her eyes went bright as she sat up, looking at me. “He blindfolded me and used the head phones on me so I couldn’t hear anything but the beating of my heart. It was the best night of sex in my entire life.”

I relaxed at her words. This was so much like our normal mornings that it made me feel like things between the two of us wouldn’t change. Even though she was a shifter and we were both now mated to some really hot guys.

My stomach growled again and Charity hopped off the couch. “We should eat something. You have to keep up with your mates and I’m famished.”

“Sounds good.” I pushed myself up to stand, picking up our coffee mugs.

I followed Charity to the kitchen, it was small but cozy. A black Formica table with two chairs sat off to the side. She had already stacked the pancakes into towers and fixed us big glasses of orange juice. A bottle of pain relievers sat next to my glass and I could have cried with relief.

“I hope you like it. Aaron helped me fix them before he left.”

“I will. It smells amazing.” I said, putting the mugs into the sink before making my way over to the table and sitting

down. Opening up the bottle of pills, I shook two out before tossing them in my mouth and dry swallowing. The sweet scent of the pancakes made my mouth water and I couldn’t wait to dig in. “Thank you, Char.”

“Of course, Til. You’re my person. I couldn’t think of anyone I would want to have with me this morning more than you.” She said and my heart felt all warm.

Things with us were going to be okay. We dug into our brunch, making conversation and gossiping about the night before. This was just what I needed after last night. It helped me think things through. I knew what I needed to do after this.

## **Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 98**

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#### Chapter 98

Chapter Ninety-Eight: My boss is a what?

Charity and I stood in front of the open door to Aaron’s apartment. We had finished breakfast and I had helped her clean up the mess that she left in his kitchen. The pain relievers had kicked in and my headache was almost all gone.

“Are you sure that I can’t change your mind?” Charity asked, worrying the hem of her shirt with her fingers. “I’m worried that your guys will blame me for you leaving.”

“Dude, they won’t blame you for me leaving. This is a me thing and no, you can’t change my mind.” I said, pulling her into a hug. “Besides, it’s not like I’m leaving forever. I’ll be back in a few days. I can’t afford to stay away from work any longer than that.”

“You better. You can’t leave me here alone. I’ll come and find you.” Charity squeezed me tighter before stepping back and looking at me. “Being mated looks good on you, though. But I get it, you’ve had a lot thrust onto you. I’ll be here when you need me.”

I stepped back, tugging my purse to the front of me and digging around my bag until I found my keys. “I know and I will. But I’ve got to go. I know that if I stay here, I won’t be able to sort through my feelings about them with out everything being all sexy fun times, and while those are

great. I, I just need some time to breathe.”

"I mean, you could just stay here with me. I'm sure Aaron wouldn't mind another super hot chick hanging out at his place. Or, or you could stay at my place?" She suggested, a hopeful look in her eyes. Charity was giving me puppy dog eyes and it was starting to wear down my resolve but I knew that I needed to get away. If I didn't, I would always wonder if what I was feeling was real or was it just the bond that I shared with my mates.

"Thank you, but I'm pretty sure that they would come over here if I did that. I'll stay at my parent's lake house for a few days. Then I'll come home. I just need some time to process, well, everything."

"You know, you could always just not think about it and enjoy the sex."

"I could, but I have a feeling that they would move me into their pack house and never let me leave the bedroom. And I would always wonder if it was all real. Plus, I don't think my boss would be cool with me never coming into work again." I said, looking down at the dark, polished hard wood floors.

"Tristian won't care. But wonder if what's real? The bond that you guys have, because I can promise you, it's real. We spend our entire lives searching for our mates. They were made to love you and you them." Charity said and I

knew that she was thinking about Aaron.

"They don't know me and I don't know them. Good sex aside, what if we can't make it work?" I didn't look up at my friend. It was a big worry that I was having.

"Til, you're mated. This isn't like a human relationship or marriage. They won't leave you."

Nodding, I pressed my lips together. If I stayed too much longer, I would end up just going home and staying there. "I should head out. I need to call Tristian and come up with an excuse to be away from work for a few days."

"You could just tell him the truth?"

My head snapped up and I looked at Charity. She couldn't be serious. Looking into her eyes, I knew that she

was.

"Yeah, I'm sure that conversation would go over so well. 'Hey Tristian, I need to work from home permanently because my three shifter boyfriends won't let me out of bed. You understand, right?'" I joked, but her face didn't change.

"You never know, he might be cooler than you think about it." Charity said, leaning her hip against the door frame.

"Is, um, is Tristian a shifter?"

Charity didn't say anything, she just stood with her hip cocked looking at me.

"Charity, really? What is he? Is he some other supernatural creature that I wouldn't have believed you if you had told me yesterday?" I asked, running my fingers on my keys and fidgeting with the furry pom-pom on the key ring.

This had me worried. I mean, I hadn't known that my best friend was a wolf shifter or even that they were real. *Maybe my boss was too?*

"He's not a shifter, but it's considered rude to out another creature to a human." Charity said and my mouth fell open. Just how many creatures were in my life that I didn't know about?

Was everyone lying to me or had I just not noticed it?

"Really, but now I need to know."

Charity sucked in her cheeks, hallowing them out before blowing out a long breath.

"You promise you won't act all weird about it?"

"No weirder than normal," I said, tilting my head to this side as I waited for her to tell me.

"I'll treat him just like I al

ways have. He's my boss still."

"Okay, so don't freak out. But you know how he's like over the top flirty with everyone and I do mean EVERY ONE."

"Yeah, I always wondered how he hasn't been fired or ended up in HR on a daily basis." I said, thinking about my boss. I'd lost time of how many times he had hit on me and my coworkers.

"Okay, he's a succubus. A sex demon."

"Shut up, for real?" I asked, but I knew that she was telling the truth. It all made so much sense now. The way he talked to all of us, the flirty way he teased me. "I won't say anything."

"For real, Til. You can't."

"I won't but geez, this is wild," I said, shaking my head. "So demons are real."



“Of course. Tillie, there are so many things out there I can’t wait to share with you.” Charity said, pushing away from the door. “I can’t wait to take you camping now that you know about me.”

I nodded, grimacing. I hated camping, but I would go for Charity. “When I get back, we’ll go camping.”

Charity beamed up at me and we said our goodbyes before I left. When I got to my jeep, I unlocked the door, slipping inside and adjusting the seat so that I could reach the pedals.

Jason was so much taller than me and it was strange having to adjust my mirrors back to their normal spots. I took my heels off, tossing them into the back seat as I put the keys into the ignition and started my car.

I sat for a moment before taking my phone out and calling my mom. I needed to let her know that I was going to the lake house this week. After that, I would call Tristian and try to act as normal as possible to my sex demon boss.

## **Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 99**

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Chapter 99

Chapter Ninety-Nine: Morning run

Ryan

My claws sank into the damp soil of the first floor. Jason and Aaron ran ahead of me, letting out playful yips and growls. Their footfalls were muffled by the damp leaves, but I could still hear them even as they darted around the trees in a strange game of hide and go seek mixed with tag.

I wanted to play like they were, to have that bonding moment with my alpha and my packmate. But I couldn’t.

Running was helping to take my mind off of the worry and shock that was hitting me in waves through the bond that I shared with Tillie. It was a strange feeling and one that I wasn’t used to.

I was trying not to worry about her, but the stress that I could feel coming from her. It made me want to go to her, to take her in my arms and protect her from whatever was making her feel like this. I was anxious that it was Travis, Jason, and I that were making her feel like this.

Things had been nonstop since we had met her and I knew that she was only human. Even if she wasn't being mated to three shifters was a lot for one person. She needed time to take that all in and there was so much that we needed to talk about but we didn't have the time just yet.

We would later. I just hoped that when we did, it wasn't too late.

I needed to relax and just run. My mate was with her best friend. She needed that time; she needed to learn the truth about Charity. I just hoped that she took it better than she had last night with us. Travis was still upset that she would think that he would drug her.

Another wave of some strange emotion hit me again and I staggered. Regaining my footing, I looked at Jason, his wolf was a deep dark gray. His eyes were darkened with worry. He had felt it too. He must have with the way that he stopped running. How he turned to look back at me, his head tilted to the side.

He hadn't said anything about her leaving, but I knew that he was worried that she would run too.

We would hunt her down if she did. That was a given. I knew Travis was almost hoping that she would run. Out of the three of us, I knew my brat liked the chase. He was into the whole primal play thing and there were no secrets about it between us.

He had mentioned it to me before, but I hadn't tried to think about it too much. Now that I had met Tillie, I couldn't

seem to stop thinking about it.

Everything was new between us, but I knew how close to his wolf he was. More so than Jason or I were. I could feel it now, the struggle that he was having understanding why our mate was so upset this morning.

For us, it was just one of those things that we accepted and understood. This was something that she probably wasn't used to. That was okay. With time, she would come to love us just as we were going to love her.

I ran forward and my beast gave way to the chase, pushing my legs faster to catch up with Aaron. The beast was excited about the idea of hunting our mate. He longed for the chase and that was something I hadn't realized that he wanted

Hunting Tillie would test my control, it would test my limits. She was mine, mine to care for. Mine to protect.

I could just imagine what it would be like when I caught her, how I would show her what she meant to me. How I would punish her. I wanted to show her what would happen if she ran from me.

To make her walk that line between pain and pleasure. To see her body writhe on the forest floor as she cried out daddy. Begging me to fuck her, to take care of her.

Which I would, again and again. Until she cried out for me and my name was the only thing that she could think about or say. I wanted to take her to that sweet spot where she would babble for me. Where she would cry out, her pretty, pink pussy clutching at my cock, my fingers, my tongue. Anything. It didn't matter as long as she came for me after a good spanking.

I wanted her to crave the sweet relief and care that I could give her. Afterwards, I would take her inside and bathe her. Soothe her sore body with a warm bubble bath and a massage.

Listening to the sweet sounds that she would make, those soft sighs and moans of pleasure.

I wanted that. To show her that she was mine after a good hunt. I wanted to see what would happen when Travis caught her.

If he would be able to control himself or would he taste our mate before burying himself deep inside of her? Crying out her name as he thrust deep inside of her from behind. His hand wrapped around her throat, forcing her to watch me as he took at a rough pace that had her keening for him.

A growl slipped past my lips and my heart thudded in my chest as I thought about how she would look when Jason caught her. Her glossy hair shimmering darkly in the

moonlight as he forced her to ride him, making her take her pleasure from him. Her hands bound behind her back in soft leather cuffs that were clasped together.

Goddess, the things that I wanted to do to my little mate. The things that I wanted to see done to her. I couldn't help but wonder if Jason and Travis were having the same thoughts as I was?

. 1 darted past my alpha and he let out a howl before tearing off after me. Nipping at my heels. I was getting closer to Aaron. His smaller form moved closer to the tree line and I let out a howl.

An answering howl sounded from up ahead and I knew that it was Travis. I could feel it. His nearness excited me. I let it push me forward, driving me to the lead with Jason hot on my heels. We passed Aaron, making our way past the treeline and up to the pack house.

## **Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 100**

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#### Chapter 100

#### Chapter One Hundred: The Hunt begins

| shifted, popping sounds filled the air as bones cracked and my muscles and tendons moved back into place. Travis smiled at me from the porch, he had pulled on a white t-shirt. His dark hair was brushed back from his face, neatly into place. Three water bottles were in his arms, the condensation dripping onto his tattooed skin.

My mark showed on his throat and I swallowed hard. He was mine.

Walking up the wooden steps to the pack house, I smiled at him. "Did you get the sheets done?"

There was a popping and cracking sound behind me as Jason and Aaron shifted into their human forms. Travis looked away from me, his eyes traveling over Jason's body with a hungry expression.

Stepping closer to my other mate, I pressed my body against his. "Brat, you didn't answer my question."

His bright green eyes moved back to me and his lips twitched as he tried to keep from grinning. "The sheets are all done, daddy. I picked up the clothing and started another load in the wash. The bathroom is all tidy now, too."

"Good, I'll have to reward you later." | growled and his body shook. Smirking, I turned away from him and made my way over to the clothing that I had left on the front porch. Pulling on my jeans, I buttoned them up before grabbing my shirt and pulling it on.

I didn't bother with the buttons, after a run like that. I needed a shower, I couldn't go to see Tillie smelling like sweat and the forest. It would have my beast too on edge after thinking about chasing her or watching the others chase her.

Travis held out a water for me and I took it from him, our fingers brushing against each other. Sparks moved along my skin and this time, I was the one who shook.

“Thanks,” I said, pulling the water bottle back and twisting the lid off. Lifting the water bottle to my lips, I took a long pull from the plastic bottle. Aaron jogged up the steps, taking a water bottle from Travis. He had pulled on his shorts but hadn’t bothered with anything else.

“Congrats on the mating thing.” He said, motioning between the two of us as he cracked open the water bottle and took a long drink. “I don’t just mean with both of you, but with Tillie, too.”

“Same to you, man,” I said, looking at the mark on his neck. “Seems like last night was a good one for all of us.”

“Sure was, though you did fuck up our set.” He chuckled and I couldn’t help but shake my head.

“Sorry about that, you should blame Travis, though. He had our mate up in his office.” I shrugged, looking over at Travis and he shot me a sly grin.

“I regret nothing.”

Jason came up the steps to take a water from Travis. He was fully dressed and looking just as handsome as he normally did. His blonde hair fell around his face in tousled waves that looked soft to the touch. “That was a good run. Thank you, guys.”

“Anytime you want to run, alpha. You know I’m game.” Aaron said, lifting his water bottle with a salute.

“Next time you should join us, Travis.” He said, but his tone had changed. Slipping into that almost commanding purr.

I could hear Travis’ heart beat faster. His tongue moved over his lower lip and he looked down at the floor before looking up at Jason again. “That’s not all I could join you for, sir.”

“Okay, so that’s a thing?” Aaron asked and I nodded.

“We’re still figuring things out with each other and our mate.” I said, finishing off my water and crushing the bottle.

“That’s cool, unexpected. But cool.” Aaron was just as stoic as ever. It was like he saved all of his emotions for the stage. That worked for us, but it made me worry about him. I just hoped that he could communicate with Charity better than we had been with Tillie.

The three of us chatted for a bit before Aaron's cell phone chimed with a message. He moved over to his shoes and shirt that sat beside the porch. Picking up his phone, he walked up the steps to us, his thumb swiping over the screen.

"It's a text from Charity." He said, his brows knitting together as he looked at the screen. His Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed. His hand moved up to pull at the dark brown strands of his thick hair before he looked at us. "She said Tillie's running and she's worried that she might not come back."

"She's running?" Travis asked and I looked over at him. There was an excited gleam in his eyes as he shifted from foot to foot.

"Yeah," Aaron said, looking up from the screen. "Charity's worried. She said that Tillie was going to—"

"No, don't tell us," Jason said, holding up his hand.

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There was a calculating look in his eyes as he looked from Travis to me. "We'll give her a head start and it's better if we don't know. It will make the hunt more interesting."

"We're hunting her?" Travis bounced on the balls of his feet, sharp teeth peeked out from behind his lips and I felt excitement thrum through my veins. Feeding into what my wolf was feeling.

"Yes, we are hunting our mate." Jason answered and I nodded.

There was just one thing that Tillie had forgotten about us. We were wolves and wolves loved the chase, the hunt. We were going to hunt her down and when we caught her, we were never going to let her go...

The End for now

The story continues in *Savage Hunt*, which I'll be doing a cover reveal on my Facebook author page. So if you're not following me, head on over to [facebook.com/janeknightwrites](https://www.facebook.com/janeknightwrites)

Author's Note: Thank you guys for taking this journey with me. I've loved writing Tillie and her mate's story and I can't wait to continue it into book two. *Savage Hunt*, I can't wait to start that adventure with you guys. (Don't worry, it'll be just as steamy as book one :))