

Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 4

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Chapter Four: She's human

When Ryan and I trained together, I was going to give in a bit easier. Well, not all the time. I couldn't make it too easy for him or it wouldn't be as fun as it had been before.

I knew that soon I was going to let him pin me down in a different way. A way that was going to lead to both of us panting and hot for each other.

I could just imagine how he would look, his long hair pinned back, or maybe he would leave it down so that it fell around the two of us. Trapping me with his scent. Sweat dripping from his skin as he hovered over me. His hands pinning my shoulders down to the mats that lined most of the training room floor. His hard erection pressed against mine, sending delicious sparks of pleasure through my body.

Fuck, I needed to get myself under control or I was going to hunt Ryan down and act out that little fantasy.

He probably wouldn't react very well if I interrupted his training session for a round. Then again, maybe he would punish me?

A shiver worked its way through my body and I looked out the window, rolling my head from side to side. Listening to the pops my neck made as it cracked. That could be fun, having him spank me like he had our mate.

I had never let anyone spank me. Not that I was against it or anything, it was just something I usually did. But the thought of having his hands on my body like that. His hand moving over my bottom before he pulled it back to leave sharp stinging slaps against my ass and the back of my thighs.

Fuck

It made my dick twitch to life just thinking about it. The only thing that would make my little fantasy better was if Tillie joined us.

I bet her cheeks would flush with that pretty little blush of hers. The soft scent of her cherry candy-like arousal perfuming the air around us as she sat on the weight bench

watching us. I wanted to think that she would join in on the fun, or maybe she would want to watch.

If we got to act on this, I hoped she would join in. I wanted to feel her hands on my body, to touch her for Ryan to watch the two of us together.

I wasn't sure if working out was something that she enjoyed, but maybe we could help make it fun for her. Not that I wanted to change anything about my curvy little mate, I just wanted her to be able to take care of herself if we weren't around.

"It's hard for me too," Jason's voice was low. It didn't matter, I could hear his words just fine in the quiet of his office. Like they were a hammer. The wheels on his computer chair squeaked as he rolled back away from the desk. "I know that she is upset and everything in me wants to go to her and try to fix it. To show her what happens if she thinks she can run from us, even if it's for a few days."

"You want to tie her up again, don't you?" I asked, biting my lower lip as I turned to look at him. My mind was going wild with the possibilities of that, of how it would feel to hunt her with someone else. I knew it would add a competitive element to the hunt for our mate.

"I do, but I don't want to drive her further away and it just might. She needs time without us. No matter how hard it is." He smirked at me, his eyes darkening before he spoke. "Besides, it will make the hunt all the more thrilling if we let the anticipation build."

"Huh?" I didn't understand what he meant. How could she need time away from us? We had spent our whole lives looking for her.

"What is it?" Jason asked, his head resting against the back of his chair.

"Why does she need time away from us?"

"I didn't get it at first either, but Ryan reminded me of something that I keep forgetting about our mate." Jason said, unlacing his fingers and standing up.

"What's that?"

"*Tillie is human." Jason said, like it was the easiest thing to remember in the world. Which I didn't get, of course, we knew she was human. She didn't smell like a shifter, she didn't move like one. She was graceful but it wasn't the rolling walk of a predator that

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we all seemed to have.

“Jason, we don’t forget that. We can’t.” I said, speaking slowly. I didn’t know if he was being dense or what?

“Yes, we do. Think about it, Travis.” He said, moving closer to me and looking out the window. “We were brought up in this life. Knowing that somewhere out there was a fated mate that the goddess made for us.”

“Yeah.” I said, tilting my head to the side as I thought about what he was saying.

“We were all told those stories of how when you meet your mate, you just know. You feel that instant spark, that connection. She’s human.” He said and for once I stayed quiet, listening to what my alpha had to say. “She didn’t grow up knowing that we were looking for her. That we were out there. That shifters even existed beyond the realm of make-believe stories. That may be the ones who mated with her, would mate with each other.”

His eyes flicked down to the mark on the side of my neck. He was fucking right. I hadn’t thought about it that way. My shoulders slumped and I looked away from Jason. It all made sense to me now, how she had acted this morning. What she was feeling.

Yesterday, she hadn’t known about mates and shifters. And here we were dumping it all in her lap because she was ours. I wanted to kick my own ass. I hadn’t thought about how all of that would make my sweet girl feel.

Turning away from Jason, I made my way to the door.

“Where are you going?”

“I’m going to call Tillie and hope she picks up.” I said, twisting open the doorknob and stepping out into the hallway. I hoped that

she would talk to me, I wanted to explain so much to her. To help her understand what all of this meant.