

## Savage Hunt by Jane knight Chapter 5

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Chapter Five: Matilda, please pick up

Tillie

Towelng off my hair, I stepped out of the bathroom. I had taken a super long, hot shower. Taking special care to clean the bite marks that Jason, Travis, and Ryan had left on me. I had coated them with Neosporin, hoping that it would help lessen the scarring that I knew was going to happen.

I didn't know why the bites hadn't hurt as bad as they looked. The marks had bruises around them, my skin was covered with molted shades of green and purple. They looked like they had happened days ago. They weren't as tender as I thought they would

be.

If I hadn't known that they were only a day old, I would have assumed that they were days, if not weeks, healed. They were healing so much faster than any scrapes or cuts that I had ever gotten before, and I didn't know if that was some neat side effect of being mated to shifters or what. I just wished that it had helped heal my sore body the same way.

I couldn't win them all.

I clutched my toiletry bag beneath my arm, taking it over to the bed and putting it into my overnight bag before zipping up the golden zipper of the black and white bag.

The mirror on the back of the bathroom showed me my reflection. The white bandages on my neck were a sharp contrast against my skin, clashing with my black tank top and gray yoga pants. I had taken the time to clean and bandage the marks, even if they were healing. It would suck if they got infected because all three of my mates seemed to enjoy licking those marks.

Just thinking about how it felt when Ryan's tongue had moved over the mark made my body tighten. It had been just as good when Travis had bitten my bottom, his tongue soothing over the skin, making pleasure shoot through my body.

Just thinking about how it felt made my heart race and my body ache for them. To feel Jason's hands guiding my hips as he sucked the flesh between his teeth before sinking his sharp fang-like teeth into me.

Damn it, if I kept thinking like this, I was going to give in and go back to them.

The heat of the shower had relaxed me, easing some of the aching I had felt earlier. But it was nothing compared to the heat that I felt rising along my skin just thinking about how I felt when I was with them.

Rolling my shoulders, I dragged my tongue over my lips. I pulled the towel away from my hair, taking it over to the hamper and hanging it on the side. It was full of my work clothes, all boring office clothes that made me feel frumpy and unsexy.

I hoped that Jason, Ryan, and Travis never saw me in those outfits. If they were going to be around, then I was going to have to buy some clothes that didn't make me look like a librarian and not the hot kind.

When I got back from my little trip, I was going to have to do some shopping and some laundry. I had been putting it off most of the week just because I hated lugging the hamper down the three flights of stairs to the basement.

Normally, this would be the day that I would take care of laundry and all of my household chores. But today, that felt like too much work and I was ready to get on the road.

My phone chimed out from its place on the nightstand filling up the silence with the happy tones. I dragged my fingers through my hair, trying to untangle the strands as I walked over to the nightstand.

Looking down at the screen, a number flashed across it that I didn't recognize. I picked the phone up, unplugging the charger as the call went to voicemail. I frowned as the screen flashed, letting me know that I had five missed calls and four voicemail messages.

Who could be calling? No one besides my mom left me voicemail messages. Everyone that I knew usually texted if I didn't answer.

Sitting down on the bed, I worried my lower lip. Maybe it was Travis, Ryan, or Jason? Ryan had my number and I figured that he would probably share it with the others. My phone vibrated in my hand before letting out a chiming sound. Someone was texting me, maybe it was mom.

0.00%

20:24

Chapter Five: Matilda, please pick up

Scott did say that had left the house without her phone again. –

Leaning over, I unplugged the phone charger from the wall. Wrapping the cord up as I read the message on the screen.

Unknown Number: Matilda, please pick up.

I put the charger in my side pocket. Well, it wasn't a wrong number unless they were calling someone with the same name as me.

Swiping my thumb over the screen to unlock it. I watched another message pop up on the screen. What if it was Ryan, Jason, or Travis?

What was I going to say to them? I wasn't ready to tell them that I was going away yet. I was worried that if I did, they would try to

change my mind and not give me the space that I needed to figure everything out.

I wasn't ready to talk to them yet. I had planned to go through my sent text messages once I got to the lake house and let them know that I was okay. I didn't trust myself not to give in to them if they had asked me to stay.

The phone buzzed again and I rubbed my feet against the hardwood floor. I could always just turn my phone off and ignore it until I got there but I still needed to call my boss. It had to be one of my mates.