

Chapter 100

"How are the arrangements for their mating coming along?" Keith asked.

"It's set. We just need the couple to come out of hiding. Then we get to put up with them disappearing again," she groused.

"Oh well," he said in resignation. "It's not like he doesn't deserve to get something good. And at the moment there's nothing pressing to stop it. I've got the retraining of the out of shape troops dealt with. You've got the new quasi-omegas relocated and assigned only semi-demeaning duties. Jenna's been quiet and there's no new info on that front. Even the southern border's quiet. Terrick's the only problem and he's always been a problem."

Sarah growled. "I don't know. Terrick's really pushing it this time. Cullen's going to have a lot of explaining to do."

The phone rang and Sarah grabbed it. "Sarah, what?"

"Cadifor," the voice said. "Where's Arnauk?"*ˈwɪ.ʃw.ˈN.ʊveɪ(ɪ)(w)ɔrm.(e)ɔːm*

Caoch, Sarah swore to herself. Muin Pack Council. "He's indisposed. Can I get him and have him call you back?"

"It better be soon," came the angry voice. Then there was a click.

Keith raised his eyebrows. "Who could that have been that you'd be willing to go get Cullen?"

"Pack council."

"You've got to be kidding. That was too short for him to have told you what he wanted."

Sarah nodded. "It must be important. He didn't even offer to tell me. Obviously I'm not good enough to know what it was about." She stared at the phone with concern. "You never should have said that we didn't have any problems at the moment. You jinxed it." Sarah stood up to head for the door.

Keith jumped to go with her. "I'm coming too. I'm suspicious that he's been dragging it out for the fun of it anyway."

"If he isn't there's a chance we'll get attacked," Sarah said off hand as they walked down the hall for the elevator.

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"Yeah, then it'd be better if there's two of us anyway. Don't know about you but last I checked I couldn't take him one on one," Keith said with a grin. There was more than one reason Cullen was the alpha. "He did manage to bring down a were bear lion thing recently. I'd guess he's been keeping up on his training even if the rest of us weren't overly concerned for it."

Sarah nodded. "Well hopefully he's worked out enough aggression that he'll at least listen before attacking. Doesn't matter," she said as they walked into the elevator and she inserted the key. "He's got to know that Cadifor is looking for him. This isn't one he can ignore until he's done fucking Aislinn."

Keith chuckled.

"You've been waiting for a reason to interrupt. Why do you get so much pleasure out of this?" Sarah was only letting him come along because he was right about the possibility of getting attacked.

"Because I haven't been getting any and I don't like knowing how much he's getting," Keith chuckled.

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Sarah shook her head. Her stomach was turning as the elevator headed for the penthouse. She didn't relish dealing with Cullen if he was going to attack her. Why the hell did it have to be Cadifor? Couldn't have been any of the others could it?

Aislinn was exhausted. Cullen hadn't let up since that evening in the shower nearly a week earlier. The routine had developed rather quickly. Sex, sleep, sex, eat, sex, sex, sleep. Once in a while he let her get to the bathroom. At least two of those trips had involved Aislinn running from him. That resulted in a broken bathroom door. He was completely unreasonable. And it annoyed him that she was able to remain partially reasonable. In one of his brief moments of clarity he figured that it was the druid half. For as much as lycan's were instinct driven, druids had always been portrayed to him as logic driven. If Cullen were being more reasonable he would have thought that it was a good balance. At the moment however it was bothering him that she was able to apparently turn it all off when she wanted.

He was in the main room pacing. Aislinn was finally coming out of heat and she had managed to convince him that a shower would be a good idea. She had also worked into that a need for her to shower alone. After about 5 minutes of her being in the bathroom, door or not he was considering dragging her out. This was a vast improvement from the day before. She never would have gotten the water on.

Aislinn smiled as she felt his frustration. Five more minutes, she reassured him, knowing it would take longer than that, and was rewarded with a mental growl. She laughed. She would have been just as happy to let the omegas come in, clean the place up, and change the bed sheets at this point. How much longer is this going to keep you worked up like this?, she asked him.

Cullen forced himself to be rational for a moment. You're almost done. I wouldn't be capable of waiting impatiently if you weren't. Probably by tomorrow, maybe tonight. He sighed heavily. He was torn between being relieved and disappointed.

Aislinn smiled again. Haven't you had enough yet?

Mo mhúirín bán I don't think I can ever get enough of you, he responded sweetly.

That was enough to get Aislinn to cut her shower short. She felt much better having been allowed to clean up a bit. She had been dying to shave and put deodorant on for a couple days now. Even if she knew he was just going to mess her up again. The minute she came out of the bathroom, toweling off, Cullen grabbed her around the waist, threw her over his shoulder, dropping the towel, carried her across the room, and then dumped her across the back of the couch.

Aislinn giggled. She had to admit that she was still feeling a need for him even through the soreness that seemed to be a perpetual state of being at the moment. Her hands were on the couch seat cushions and her rear was up in the air, with her feet dangling just above the floor behind the couch.

"Perfect," Cullen said and his eyes shifted to molten amber. His body shifted into his hybrid form as he fell to his knees behind her. He stared at her sex for a moment. He could still smell the soap she had cleaned herself with. He leaned in close to her sex and he could smell himself on her.

Cullen growled his excitement and Aislinn could feel his breath on her lower lips. She couldn't see what he was doing but the waiting for him to make his move was driving her crazy. She could feel her cat clawing at her mind and she forced it to be patient. She was enjoying her moment of control. It had been a rare thing this week.

Cullen watched her shiver as she waiting for him to do something to her. He growled again. The fact that he was able to torture her like this was a testament to the fact that her heat was ending. He reached up and stroked her thighs gently, letting his claws draw white lines down her damp skin. Aislinn drew in a sharp breath and adjusted her position on the couch to keep her balance.

Cullen's eyes were focused on her sex. He watch her move and leaned in to smell her again. Aislinn whimpered as she felt his breath on her. He was so close. She wanted to push back so that he'd touch her but there was no way with the position she was in.

He was pleased with her need and frustration. He stared at her neatly shaved pussy. The outer lips were bare except for a patch she left on her mound. He let his tongue snake out and lick at the crease between her inner thigh and her outer lips. She whimpered some more and tried to wiggle so that his tongue would touch the parts she wanted touched.

He took his time, working his tongue over her smooth outer lips. You made me wait. Turn about it fair play, he teased. He dragged his tongue up to her butt and nibbled at each cheek, causing her to giggle and wiggle as he watched. He was enjoying his game, but watching her sex was getting to him. Finally he leaned in close and let his tongue stroke her pink inner lips poking swollen and inviting out of the folds of her sex.

Aislinn moaned appreciatively at the touch, hoping that would spur him on. Cullen managed to hold himself back though. He gently ran his tongue over the pink lips, lapping at the outside and working his tongue into the groove between the inner and out lips of her sex being careful to avoid her clit.

Aislinn was going crazy. Cullen watched her wiggle and listened to her needy moaning and whimpering. He was thoroughly enjoying this game. "Uh, Cullen!" she demanded, trying to get herself off the couch so that she'd be able to be more active in what was happening.

No you don't, he growled into her mind and gripped her thighs tightly, keeping her from getting enough leverage to move. But he gave her a little more attention in return for behaving. Cullen pushed his wolvern nose into her slit and parted her inner lips as he breathed in her scent and his own.

"Ahh," Aislinn moaned. "Cullen please," she begged.

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