

Chapter 103

Cadifor came in and everyone stood up. He was actually on the Council. She remembered her father taking Cadifor very seriously. But she had only ever heard vague information about phone calls from the man. Or her father would be summoned by Cadifor somewhere and Brennus Tairneach would jump and run to answer the summons. That all by itself impressed upon Jenna that this lycan was not to be messed with.

Cadifor look almost albino. He was clean shaven and had short, white-blonde hair that was turning silver, pale leathery skin, and frosty yellowish eyes even in human form. He tended to wear a white collar shirt and suit jacket with jeans in a way that only a man with power could manage. He was an ancient. But he still looked formidable. He was smaller than most of the men in the room but the way he carried himself made him seem to tower over everyone. No one knew how old Cadifor was. It was rumored that he had once been alpha of a pack that spanned the entire northern continent. But rumors that old were often exaggerated. He had supposedly given the control of his pack to several sons and stepped down when he grew so old as to not care for running the pack any longer. Jenna had a hard time believing that any alpha would just choose to leave his position. But that was the rumor. Cadifor was one of the original members of the Pack Council and the lycan representative for North America. He had been pissed from the beginning of this meeting. But the longer it took for Cullen to show, the angrier he had gotten. Jenna smiled. Anything to throw Cullen off his game.

Cadifor glared menacingly around the room, and then stepped into the middle of the room commanding attention without having said a word. "Arnauk is on his way. The meeting will begin at nightfall." There was a nodded silent acknowledgement from all the gathered alphas and Cadifor left.

Jenna excused herself from the great room. She had a phone call to make. She had left Maon in charge of urging the druids to finish her job. There were four of them working on it at this point. When Jenna had threatened the lives of the ones she was holding in the basement, the others had promised that they would find her a solution to what she wanted.

Maon answered the phone. "Mistress."

Jenna smiled. She liked hearing him call her that. "How goes my project?"

"They've been working nonstop. Unfortunately we can't tell if they're just making it look like they're doing something or if they're actually making progress."

"I take it that they haven't offered a completed formula yet," she growled.

"No, mistress. But they claim they are close."

"Fine. Find a way to speed them up. Arnauk has finally surfaced. I should be back from this meeting tomorrow. Unless it takes longer than one night to deal with whatever the council wants. Father was never gone that long."

Ww.NöV@wOR.m.cOm

"I'll attempt to have it for you upon your return," he said.

Jenna smiled. "I appreciate your efforts Maon. I'll find some appropriate reward for you," she purred. Maon knew exactly what his reward would be. It was good enough motivation for him to make good on his promise. Ww.Növ@LwOR.m.cOm

Cullen was always impressed by drive. The paved roads stopped miles from the manor. There was no getting out to the manor unless you were driving an SUV or some kind of off road vehicle. A number of the alphas took motorcycles out in the summer. But the scenery was spectacular any time of the year. The roads led up the side of a mountain. The view was incredible. Off the southern roads you could look out over forest and fields. Off the eastern roads you could see the lights of a nearby city. Either way it was breath taking.

The manor itself was immense and imposing. It was all stone work and looked like it had been imported from some bad horror flick. It was too new to look like a legitimate castle. It had all the trappings of modern society. From the heated stone floors to the Jacuzzis in the suite bathrooms. Cullen smiled in amusement. If he were going to go with the castle look he would have really gone with the castle look.

He pulled into the parking area, which was really just a field where cars were left. Then he walked up the stone pathway to the manor. The front doors opened for him and he was ushered to Cadifor's office with a haste that virtually had his head spinning.

Cullen knocked on the heavy wooden door and waited.

"Come in," called an annoyed voice. wWw.NöveIwOR.m.cOm

Cullen winced. He wasn't usually the one who had Cadifor pissed. Ah well, a first time for everything. He considered telling Cadifor what the delay had been. He smiled at the thought as he walked in.

"I'm glad to see you're in such a good mood. Perhaps then this discussion won't upset you unduly," Cadifor growled at him as he walked over to the desk and sat in the chair that Cadifor waved at.

"I'm sorry. I don't have an answer about where the message was intercepted. I left before Keith was able to dig it up." Cullen nodded respectfully and sat down. He had been good friends with Cadifor for decades. Most ceremony was long since dispensed with when the two of them were in private. Cadifor had come to respect Cullen as one of the few lycan alphas at this time who could compare to his own reign.

"I already know. My messenger tells me that your favorite elder took the message, under orders that you were not to be disturbed. What, may I ask, was so damn important that you were not to be disturbed for days at a time?" Cadifor's eyes were on fire.

Cullen had never seen him so pissed. But mention of what he was doing had him grinning again. Cadifor's face grew even more hard, if that was even possible. Cullen decided that the truth was really the only thing that could possibly excuse his behavior and there was no certainty that Cadifor would find it a good enough excuse. "A bitch in heat that I intend to mate with. I don't know how much you've heard about the inner workings of my pack recently," he said seriously.

Cadifor sat back in his chair and his face seemed to relax a bit. "I don't know whether to call you a complete fool or offer my congratulations. Either way, I've been down that road." He growled, thinking about the report and a few things that he had read. "Who?" he said and a curious expression crossed his face.

"Her name is Aislinn. She was one of the victim of Rafe's little quest. She's got druid ancestry. But she's had no formal training. She'd in the reports." Cullen was trying to sound off hand about it. But he knew that the reports were the reason for this meeting. So his being involved with a prominent name in the report may or may not go over well.

Cadior tapped his pen on the desk and shook his head. "Leave it to you to make even mating a complex endeavor."

WWW.nöV@LwöR.m.Com

Cullen smiled and nodded. None of his attempts at mating had gone without some incident. If this one went through, and he intended to make sure it did, then it would be the first. And last, he thought. At least the confession seemed to have put Cadifor's fire out or at least bring it down to a mild burn as opposed to the inferno he had walked into.