

## Chapter 106

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He smiled knowingly at Aislinn. "She didn't tell us anything. But most of us can guess. She chose a very specific few to deal with it. You have no need to worry," he said reassuringly.

"Alright. I guess if Sarah said so," she answered nervously.

He nodded at her.

"Yeah, I'll be down here for a little while. I'm going to get something to eat and talk with Sarah."

His smile broadened. "There's not much left in the kitchens at the moment. We've had a lot of people around here lately. If you like I could get someone to bring you something from the Taigh-Oèsda," he said eagerly.

Aislinn was going to refuse at first. But he looked so happy about it. "I hate to have people doing all this for me. Cullen may be used to it. But I don't know if I like it."

"That's half the reason we don't mind. What would you like?"

"I guess just a steak and a salad. Medium rare," she said reluctantly. It was going to take her some time to get used to stuff like this.

"I'll take care of it," he said and then headed off.

Aislinn walked over to Rissa, momentarily forgetting that she had been trying to get away from Rissa. "I feel so bad. He's trying to be helpful, but I still don't know everyone's names around here. Who was he?"

"Travis. His mate's name is Lisa. He's a good guy and sweet."

"I can tell," Aislinn said.

Rissa grabbed hold of her arm again and returned to her original intent. Aislinn followed her into the great room and was pulled down onto the couch into a seat that another woman happily vacated.

All Aislinn could think was that she didn't have the rank to be doing stuff like that. Vicarious rank really sucks, she thought. "You don't have to do that. I can sit."

Rissa stopped her. "No you sit there. So," Rissa said with a grin and someone in the room turned the TV off, "where you been this week?"

Aislinn looked around at all the expectant faces. She felt like there were about a million eyes boring straight through her head. She counted seven people. She cleared her throat. "I wasn't really feeling well. I was in bed."

Rissa growled. "Come on. I believe you were in bed."**w(w)w.(n),vElw(o)rm.co.M**

"Okay, so Cullen was there too once in a while," Aislinn said. She suddenly decided that she was not going to let Rissa play her. And the minute she got the girl alone they were going to have a serious conversation about respect and rank. Gods, maybe I am getting used to things around here. "What are you getting at Rissa?"

"It's just weird for two people to disappear like that. I mean there are reasons for it," she said with raised intonation as if the implication were obvious.

Aislinn sighed in exasperation. "I hate to disappoint you all. But I really wasn't feeling well. I was force fed some shit that turned me into a werecat and then my grandmother was killed. I attended a funeral and when I got back here all I wanted to do was crawl into bed and stay there. Cullen kept an eye on me."

Aislinn's tone was too convincing for Rissa's liking. In fact the entire scenario she had just proposed was incredibly plausible. "That's no fun."

"No it isn't." Aislin smiled to herself through the serious look she was giving Rissa. Technically she hadn't said anything that wasn't true. She just implied different slant to it. "Now, can we all stop staring at me as if I've grown a third eye and go back to watching television?"

There were a few head bows as if she had given an order, the TV came back on, and Rissa apologized. "I don't really know what I was thinking Ais," she said.

Aislinn leaned over to Rissa speaking very quietly. "You don't seem to have any concept of correct timing or decorum. We're friends and I'd like to stay friends. You were the only person to give me the time of day for a long time. But if you want to keep our friendship on the same level it was on, you need to start thinking about how to act with an alpha. Cause technically, I don't get to be an omega any more. At least that's what they tell me."

Rissa looked over at Aislinn wide eyed and nodded gravely.

"Now," Aislinn smiled and settled in for the movie, "what are we watching?"

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Jenna was given the seat next to Cullen. It had belonged to Brennus. Cullen watched the pretty blonde take the seat with a resigned sense of change. He stared at the back of her head and Aislinn felt a distinct sense of loss and sadness filter through their bond. She closed her eyes and tried to let him know that she cared. Cullen was surprised to feel the sympathy returned and he smiled inwardly. Their bond had to be stronger than he had thought for her to have caught his upset and then answered. He was so wrapped up in his own thoughts that he nearly missed the beginning of the meeting.

The lycan alphas from his area sat at one side of the table and around the opposite side gathered Cadifor and the Pack Council leaders from around the world. This was the room that made sure that the human population at large never found out about the lycan population. The men and women didn't all get along. But they all agreed on one thing. A human lycan war was out of the question.

Cadifor tossed a pile of paperwork onto the table that Cullen recognized as the reports he had sent in. "So here's the reason you're all here," Cadifor began.

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Slamming doors and loud insistent growling told Aislinn that her movie night was over. The entire group in the great room looked up to see Terrick headed for the elevator. Anger radiated from his eyes. There were some amused glances exchanged in the great room and they all settled back into their respective seats to go back to the movie.

Aislinn put her take out box from the Taigh-Oèsda down on the table and got up to head for Sarah's office.

"Hey Aislinn," Christoff called after her. She turned around. He was a younger lycan. He had smiled at her with a more than friendly look a couple times that evening. But he was too smart to even consider hitting on the alpha's mistress. "You gonna finish that steak?" he asked enthusiastically and one side of his mouth turned up in a half grin.

"No," she laughed. "It's all yours." Aislinn headed down the hall as Cristoff and one of the other guys in the room descended on her leftovers like a couple of squabbling siblings.

Sarah's door was closed and Aislinn could hear venting coming from behind the door. She almost left. But she couldn't help the feeling that she needed advice now. So she tentatively knocked on the door. The room fell silent and then Sarah yelled for her to come in.

Aislinn cracked the door and poked her head in. "I don't mean to interrupt," she offered. "It's really just a quick question. I hope."

Sarah sighed. "Not a problem Aislinn. Come in. We've just be dealing with one of the problems Cullen left behind. That always tends to result in arguing."

Keith growled. "I still say we throw his ass in the muin holding pen."

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