

Chapter 109

Jenna watched the others all head in different directions. She knew she wouldn't be missed. She hadn't been wanted in the first place. She stopped and looked at herself in a large mirror on the wall. She studied her curves, her hips, her breasts. She looked at her eyes and her full lips. Her heart was racing with excitement. She looked back in the direction that everyone had come from to see if there was anyone else around.

When she was confident she wouldn't be seen, she headed for the front door. Jenna let herself out and couldn't help the little jog in her step as she headed for her jeep. She pulled out her phone as she got into the car and texted Maon to let him know to expect her before morning.

Cullen and Cadifor mounted the stairs and headed for the third floor. Cadifor led the way through the richly decorated halls to another wing of the manor. Cullen nodded respectfully as she passed a couple Council members in the hall. The Council stayed in a separate area from the rest of the lycans who came to the meeting. It was nice seeing the men and woman acting like real people, talking to each other, and interacting as opposed to staring ominously down their noses in silence. Cullen had been one of the few alphas invited back on occasion.

They all watched with interest as Cadifor led Cullen to a great room where a number of women were seated and talking quietly. Makeda stood and walked over to them, eyeing Cadifor. "You're meeting over," she asked as she slid an arm around Cadifor's back and pressed against him. Every time Cullen had seen her it had been from a distance and always with a powerful lycan.

Makeda was incredibly beautiful. She had dark skin, long raven hair, and nearly solid black eyes. She was wearing a black sweater that clung to her ample breasts and was just short of her black jeans so that her stomach showed in the gap. She was barefoot and there were gold rings on her toes. Cullen could scent lycan on her. She virtually radiated it. Cullen got a strange Yin Yang impression as he looked at the nearly albino Cadifor standing next to the raven beauty.

"Mmm," she cooed. "I like your friend," she said with a strong African accent and smiled winningly at Cullen. For one brief instant Cullen had to remind himself that he had his own beauty waiting back at the den.

Cadifor grinned. "Unfortunately for him he is taken, finally."

"Shame," she said and winked at Cullen. "Perhaps you could ask permission." She placed a finger to the corner of her mouth and bit it gently as she continued to eye Cullen. "Cadifor doesn't mind when I bring extra friends to bed." Soft, seductive amber swirled in the depths of her eyes.

He laughed as shook his head. "I already know the answer to that. Try me again in a few decades once she's gotten used to the way of things in pack life. Even then I'll not guarantee she'll be willing to share."

Makeda gave a pouting face and looked back to Cadifor who just shrugged at her. "I'll deal with you later. I have business to complete. I need to speak with Nora." Knowing the sound of dismissal the Makeda eyed him then left to rejoin the others.

Cullen considered the group. "Council mates?"

Cadifor looked over the women. "Most of them. There are some of our guests as well."

After some quiet talking an ancient looking woman stood from the small seated group. A young woman appeared from nowhere and followed her as the old woman walked toward Cullen and Cadifor. The girl seemed ready to catch the older woman if she were to fall. Cullen studied her as she approached. Patience and time seemed to emanate from her. She had iridescent blue eyes. Cullen felt as though she knew his mind the instant she made eye contact with him. Her long silver white hair was in an intricate braid down her back. She was wearing a simple tan linen dress that hung to her ankles. Across her shoulder and cinched at one side of her hip with a silver knot broach was a sash of green, blue, tan, and black tartan.

She smiled at Cadifor and Cullen in a grandmotherly way. "I was told you wished to see me. Am I to be introduced to the striking young man who has the women so enamored?"

Cadifor nodded respectfully and Cullen imitated the gesture. "This," Cadifor said, "is Cullen Arnauk. We spoke of him."

"Ah, the one who has stolen away Brinah's granddaughter. Perhaps then she will not be completely lost to us," Nora said with a sparkle in her eye.

"Cullen," Cadifor continued, "this is Nora Mong Senach."

Cullen considered what she had said. "Then I can assume that what I've heard about the Circle having eyes and ears everywhere is true?"

Nora's eyes seemed to bore through him. But she didn't answer his question.

Cullen wondered if she was reading his mind. "How do you know of me and Aislinn?"

"Brinah has joined the ancients now. Her knowledge has been added to those of us who know how to find her. I believe Aislinn has talents that lie there as well."

Cullen knew immediately that this was going to be one of those conversations that involved a lot of nothing being said. He readied his brain for innuendo overload. "I was given a message for you."

Nora's smile had Cullen wondering if she could read his mind again. "And where did your message come from?"

"Aislinn dreamed it," he said reluctantly. He didn't like the way she had suggested that the Circle may have access to Aislinn through him somehow. He assumed through the new alliance that seemed to be forming.

"You don't trust me," she said as she stared at him. "There is nothing you could tell me she is capable of that would surprise me or make her important enough for us to attempt to take her from you. All our people have the ability to choose the life they wish. She has already made her choice. What is your message to me?"

Cullen breathed a bit easier. But he still didn't like it. He didn't know if Aislinn would want to take advantage of the ability to learn about the druids now. Even if they didn't try to take her from him, he was faced with the sudden realization that she may want to go. Cullen growled. He hated uncertainty. "Aislinn was told in a vision to find Nora Senach and tell her that they were using bone dust of a dire wolf. She figured that you would know what the message meant."

Nora's eyes took on a weary sadness that was almost palpable. "Yes, I think I do know. It is a shame that Rafe brought our peoples back together in this way. I would have preferred a less destructive reunion. Ah, but the fates do as they please. What do you think that means Lord Arnauk? I believe you've been puzzling over it since you were told to tell me."