

Chapter 11

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Suddenly Risse grabbed her arm and yanked her off toward a corner booth. "Lord Arneuk came in for dinner. When he comes in, if you have his table, everything else gets dumped and you deal with him. Without making it look that way though. It's important cause he's too nice to cut in line with other customers, but he's Lord Arneuk." [www.novelworm.com](#)

Aislinn nodded and filed the information away in her brain with everything else she had been learning and got ready to take a mental picture of 'Lord Arneuk'. When she came around the booth and saw Cullen sitting there with Jenne she stopped as though she had hit a wall. Aislinn felt as though someone had just slugged her in the stomach. She didn't really understand all the emotions that were overwhelming her at that point but she was tempted to turn and run and hide.

Risse looked at her with concern but ultimately moved up to the table. "Lord Arneuk. You haven't been in for the past week. We've missed you," Risse said in a good natured, friendly manner. Aislinn noted that the blonde looked at Risse with distaste and then went back to the menu.

"I've been around, just haven't had time to stop," he smiled back. His expression was strained and Aislinn thought maybe a bit uncomfortable. Then it was as though a blanket of calm acceptance overtook him and he smiled up at Aislinn hopefully. "I see you have a shadow."

"Yes," Risse said with far too much energy. "This is Aislinn. She just started a couple days ago. So you'll want to be patient with her. But she's been doing a great job and learning quick..."

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Suddenly Rissa grabbed her arm and yanked her off toward a corner booth. "Lord Arnauk came in for dinner. When he comes in, if you have his table, everything else gets dumped and you deal with him. Without making it look that way though. It's important cause he's too nice to cut in line with other customers, but he's Lord Arnauk."

Aislinn nodded and filed the information away in her brain with everything else she had been learning and got ready to take a mental picture of 'Lord Arnauk'. When she came around the booth and saw Cullen sitting there with Jenna she stopped as though she had hit a wall. Aislinn felt as though someone had just slugged her in the stomach. She didn't really understand all the emotions that were overwhelming her at that point but she was tempted to turn and run and hide.

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Rissa kept talking but Cullen missed most of it when the air circulation shifted and Aislinn's scent wafted over the table. He took a deep breath, his eyes focused on her, and it was all he could do to keep his wolf contained. Jenna looked up at Cullen as Rissa asked for the second time if he needed a minute to decide on what he wanted. It only took a second for Jenna to register what had distracted Cullen so absolutely. She felt a distinct surge of jealousy run through her. Not that she really cared about who he was actually interested in. She knew that it wasn't her. But the fact that he was being so obvious about it in front of her and that it was just a little nothing of a waitress was annoying.

Cullen's jaw was set. Jenna knew that the minute Aislinn left she was going to be in serious trouble, but Jenna was intent on making it clear that she was more than aware of his interest in Aislinn and that it didn't matter because he belonged to her now. Cullen was almost ready to break Jenna's foot off. But he noted that Aislinn did a very good job of answering all of Jenna's questions without sharing the information that involved Cullen. He also noticed that Aislinn refused to look at him and he figured that if his taking off with Keith that night hadn't ruined his chances, this situation would. He would have to do something about straightening it out the first chance he got. But for now he needed to end the foot job from hell.

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"Jenna," Cullen sharply interrupted her. Aislinn wouldn't have believed that a tone like that could possibly come out of him. "I think that Aislinn has duties to perform."

Aislinn knew a dismissal when she heard one. She immediately took the cue and left the couple to themselves. She could hear the tones exchanged as she left and knew they were arguing, even if she couldn't hear what they were arguing about. She was trying desperately not to care that Cullen was here with that blonde, that he hadn't told her that he was 'Lord' whatever, or that she had nearly slept with him only to watch him take off from her apartment as though it had been on fire. I don't care, she kept thinking to herself. I've got no reason to care. He was just some drunk that I met one night who did me a favor or three. I'm happy that he has a blonde bimbo bitch and I'm not at all jealous. I've got no reason to care.

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