

## Chapter 120

Cullen had decided that the less time Jenna had the better. Cadifor called in quite a few favors. But it looked as though they were going to pull it off. The group had eaten dinner, finished their phone calls, and the mating was set for the next day at sunset. Cullen sent as many lycans ahead to the reservation that evening as could be managed. The rest would follow the next day.

There was some argument as to whether Keith would be joining them. He refused to allow Jaylyn to leave the Madadh-Allaidh Saobhaidh and he didn't want to leave her with just omegas to look after her. In the end she insisted that he go and leave her in peace for the night. She had her hands full with Eiros and Eira. Even so Keith decided to remain behind and with Jaylyn for as long as possible. Mostly he held her gently while she slept.

The den was eerily quiet that night. Cullen, Cadifor, Aislinn, and Makeda sat with bottles and glasses in hand in the main room of the penthouse. Cullen and Cadifor had been laughing and telling stories in an attempt to one up each other on situations that had they had been in which were worse than this. Makeda was watching Aislinn hopefully and refilling her glass as it emptied.

When Aislinn stood shakily and walked away from the men Makeda followed her. "Are you alright?"

Aislinn ran her hand over her stomach and looked over at Cullen shaking her head. "I'm nervous, uncertain. Have you ever done this before?"

"Mating? Yes. Once." Makeda's eyes took on a lost look for a moment. "A very long time ago. He's been lost to me for over a century now."

Aislinn looked at her sympathetically.

"No pity," Makeda said with a strange strength. "I choose to believe that what time we had was worth an eternity alone if only for the memories we made."

Aislinn sighed. "I don't like not knowing what to expect. And I especially don't like having to do a public performance."

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"Why? What difference does it make if others watch? Will you behave differently? Do you think you might do something wrong?" Makeda was obviously amused.

Aislinn felt the alcohol spin the room gently about her. "I don't know. I'm just not ready for this."

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Makeda stepped closer to her and Aislinn laid her head on Makeda's shoulder. "You're ready. You're stronger than you think," she said and started stroking Aislinn's hair.

Aislinn looked up and Makeda's hand traveled down her back sending shivers along Aislinn's spine. Aislinn could hear Cadifor and Cullen laughing in the background. Between the wine and Makeda she felt like she was on fire.

Makeda smiled at the look in Aislinn's eyes and leaned closer to her. "How drunk are you?"

"Not as drunk as I should be for what I'm thinking. But drunk enough for it to look like an excellent excuse," she said softly.

Makeda laughed softly and leaned in to kiss her. Aislinn responded much more eagerly than Makeda had expected her to. Aislinn's hand stroked Makeda's cheek and slid back into her hair. Aislinn's lips parted as Makeda's tongue stroked her mouth asking for entrance. The women took turns tasting the wine on each other's lips.

Cullen and Cadifor were so engrossed in their conversation that they missed it all at first. It was the sense of arousal that flowed through Cullen's mind suddenly that caught his attention. It was strange to feel Aislinn excited and not be part of the reason. Cullen looked over at the two of them standing near the fireplace. He sat farther back in his chair and nodded in their direction.

Cadifor followed Cullen's gaze. He chuckled and shook his head. "Leave it to Makeda. I was never able to tell her no. Seems like Aislinn's having trouble with that as well." He looked over at Cullen. "You gonna stop it this time?"

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Cullen shook his head. "As long as she's okay with it I don't see a reason to stop it." He leaned forward as Makeda's hands began to work their way beneath Aislinn's shirt.

Aislinn's skin was burning up. When Makeda's fingers pressed into her flesh along her waist she let a soft moan escape into Makeda's mouth. They stopped kissing and looked into each other's eyes. Molten amber met glowing gold and the two of them smiled. Aislinn bit playfully at Makeda's lips, then stepped back and pulled her shirt off. She dropped it on the floor and much to everyone's surprise she took Makeda by the hand and headed for the bedroom.

A sense of incredible disappointment stopped her as she reached the doorway. She turned to look at Cullen who was watching them head for the bedroom with a frustrated look on his face. She looked at Makeda and the two of them started to laugh. "Well come on then," she said to Cullen. Then she looked at Makeda and doubt seeped into her features.

Makeda read the look easily. "So there's ground rules," she said reassuring Aislinn. Then she looked over at the two eagerly approaching men. "Cullen keeps himself to you. And Cadifor can wait until he's invited. I've got not claims to him. He can do as he likes." She gave him a warning gaze. "But I suggest he stick to known territory for now."

Cadifor laughed and threw his hands up. "If I'm not wanted," he started.

Aislinn looked at Cullen. He felt her uncertainty and nearly suggested that he and Cadifor could go downstairs for a while. She shook her head. "I'd rather someone show me what's going to happen tomorrow." Cullen knew she didn't necessarily like the idea. But she'd rather know exactly what she was in for.*wⓈW.nOV(e)l(w)oⓈ(m).C(o)m*

"I think we can handle that," he said.