

Chapter 133

Aislinn bit her lip and glared at Cullen over her shoulder as he played with her. Cullen laughed and took the phone from her hand, refusing to quit toying with her. "We'll be down in a bit." Keith always asked the same question when he called. Cullen knew the man too well.

"Fine. But do you want anything specific done with the Tairneach in the mean time. They're getting antsy. Jenna's distraught. She keeps asking if she can see her father again. You have any idea what that means?"

Cullen hadn't gotten around to telling the others what Aislinn had told him about how she had dealt with Jenna. "Yeah, I do." His hand slowed in his assault on her body and she looked at him questioningly. "I don't know if she can do it again or not. We'll deal with it when we come down. But you've given us a bargaining chip. That is unless you can get her to give up the books and notes Rafe left behind without arguing."

"I'll see what I can do. I'm pretty bored at the moment. After all the excitement recently this sudden down time is disconcerting," Keith said. Cullen heard some knuckles crack on the other end of the line. "I could do with an interrogation," he said in mock macho mode.

"Don't ruin the fact that she seems willing to call an end to the fighting," Cullen said seriously.

"I'll behave," Keith answered like a kid. "Don't worry. Have fun. Play with Aislinn a bit and then come down to real life. There are a lot of people waiting down here for you. But they're all being patient and understanding."

WŴW.novElworm.com

Cullen and Keith hung up the phone and Cullen tossed it across the room then grabbed Aislinn and flipped her onto her back, knocking the other tray onto the floor beside the bed. Aislinn laughed and tried to get away as he grabbed for her hips.

"Not so fast," he growled and caught her before she could get off the bed.

She giggled and he hiked up her hips, taking a minute to look down at her wet lips before lining himself up and trusting his ready member into her. Aislinn growled happily and pushed back against him. Cullen took his time. Long slow strokes forced greedy moans from Aislinn. She fisted the sheets on the bed and tried to push back on him harder, but he held her hips solidly and tortured her. She wiggled wantonly and he closed his eyes feeling her cunt clamp down on his cock. He brought her to the edge but wouldn't let her come.

Aisinn began begging. "Cullen please," she said desperately. He growled. He couldn't argue any longer. The fluttering of the walls of her sex against his cock was driving him nuts. Her moaning and begging made it impossible for him to resist. He repositioned himself behind her, gripped her hips hard and began thrusting hard and fast. Aislinn's breasts swung with each thrust. She moaned and writhed beneath Cullen. He listened to her voice get more intense and raise in tenor. When he felt her tense beneath him and her cunt clamp down on his engorged cock he doubled his strokes so that they'd both come at the same time. They groaned and their bodies jerked in unison as he emptied himself into her.

Aislinn felt the waves of pleasure flood over her and the heat as he came inside her and she let out one last happy groan before collapsing onto the bed in bliss. She lay there as he fell to the bed next to her. "I don't know how I survived without you," she said in a soft serious tone.

Cullen didn't know why what she'd said reached into him like it did. Maybe it was the way she said it or the way she felt in the back of his mind when she said it. He pulled her to himself and held her tightly in his arms as they lay cockeyed on the bed. He kissed her shoulder and nibbled lightly at the scared mark he had left there. "I love you too," he said softly in return.

They showered quickly, forcing themselves to behave. Though, Cullen couldn't resist a little extra soap on the areas of her body that he liked best. By the time they got downstairs pretty much everyone was in the great room talking about what had happened the night before. Sarah was still laid up so Keith had helped Cadifor deal with the majority of the questions. In the end Cullen only had to smile, nod, apologize for having invited everyone to a battle instead of a mating and play the role of diplomatic host again.

W(w)⊗.nOvElwÖ(r)mm.c@M

The room full of people were in an oddly good mood for what had happed. Lycan's in general didn't mind a good fight as long as they won and since there were relatively few casualties, thanks to the druids, the minimal loss wasn't bringing down the atmosphere. The druids and the lycans mingled and talked. The druids wanted as much information about lycan culture as could be absorbed in an afternoon and there was no one who begrudged them answers after all the lives they'd saved the night before.

There was almost the feel of a family reunion about the place. Cadifor was smiling widely. The entire affair had gone better than he had ever dreamed it could. Cullen stood next to him and just watched all the different alphas and the druids talking in friendly tones.

"Nothing unites people like a common enemy," Cullen said flatly. "Will it continue to be this pleasant once the excitement has died down?"

"Don't be so pessimistic," Cadifor scolded. "A good start is better than what we had, however the start may have occurred."

Cullen nodded and looked around the room. She was standing near the large fireplace at the far end, flirting with Makeda. "Those two have certainly taken to each other," he said with a hint of jealousy. Aislinn looked up from her conversation and met his gaze. There was some amusement in the back of his mind. Then she went back to her talking with Makeda.

"Makeda tends to have that effect on people. I should know. I must say she has taken to Aislinn more than I would have expected." Cadifor grinned. "They do put on a good show. You'd best keep an eye on that one. Someone's liable to try and grab her from you." Cadifor's eyes never left the two women.*WŴw.nOvêlworm.CoM*

"She's already claimed," Cullen reminded him in low tones.

Cadifor laughed and looked at Cullen again. "So she is," he said and clapped Cullen on the shoulder. "I intend to be here for the actual finish of what you started last night. I'll not miss a chance to taste her when you're willing to share."

Cullen nodded feeling increasingly more possessive by the minute. Then there was a quiet voice in his mind. You've nothing to be concerned about, she said to him. Cadifor smells like wet hound dog. Cullen burst out laughing and Cadifor looked at him with curiosity. "Private joke," Cullen responded to Cadifor's quizzical stare.

W(w)⊗.mÓv(ε)⊙woRM.©OM