

## Chapter 14

Cullen turned and headed down one of the halls to a guest room. He never took any of the girls up to his actual rooms. Again, this was mostly to keep any of them from becoming too attached. He walked into the room and immediately took off his coat and shoes discarding them on the armchair off to the side of the door. When his shirt and pants followed in short order Celia knew that his comment had been even more serious than she had taken it. He was never this quick about undressing.

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When he turned to her and she saw his angry face and his ready hard-on she knew that he was on a mission to get off and that was it. She felt a little scared. He had never inspired fear in her before. Without missing a beat he approached her and ripped her white t-shirt up and off. He only took a moment to run his hands down her breasts, waist, and stomach before unbuttoning her jeans and forcing them down over her hips. The fact that she wasn't wearing underwear only served to reinforce in his mind that he had picked right for this.

Without a second thought to foreplay Cullen whirled Celia around and pushed her onto her knees on the bed. His eyes shifted and his wolf growled angrily at the fact that this wasn't the woman it wanted as Cullen climbed up behind her on the bed. He grabbed hold of Celia's hips and pulled her back onto his cock as he thrust it forward, not even checking to see if she was ready for him.

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Celia winced at his intrusion. She braced herself for the worst and spared herself a glance back at the angry lycan pounding into her from behind. One look at Cullen's face and Celia wished she had just taken it and not looked. He was staring at the wall above the head of the bed. His eyes were on fire and she imagine that this was the face his enemies saw just before he ripped their throats out.

Falling back from her into a sitting position Cullen watched Celia slump down on the bed, burying her face in a pillow from the head of the bed. He knew that she didn't get anything out of what he had just done to her. Feeling guilty for using her like that he growled at himself and got up off the bed. Cullen rubbed his face with both hands and tried to block out everything that had happened that evening.

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