

## Chapter 156

As the door closed, Mira's phone rang. "What now," she moaned tiredly as she picked up the receiver. "Yes?" She instantly recognized Luther's voice on the other end of the line.

"Milady, some news."

"I assumed that, Luther," Mira responded, her voice tinged with annoyance.

Apparently not noticing her tone, Luther continued. "A few of the cross breeds we took out of the asylum are missing."

"That was the last thing I wanted to hear right now. How long?"

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"Unknown. They were left in their rooms. We're not positive how they got out let alone when."

"Luther," Mira fumed, "you're head of security. Are you telling me that security couldn't handle a few random weres?"

"I wouldn't put it like that. It's not as if we haven't had our hands full. You sent us to find out what was going on with the Circle and the Council. How many men do you think you have?"

Mira found the flat affect in Luther's tone on occasion infuriating. "I'm assuming you're checking the cameras and questioning the servants?"

"We already did. Nothing."

"How?"

"I don't know. Orders?"

At that moment it was a good thing Luther was on the other end of a phone line. "The same as before. But get me some muin answers this time. If you hadn't previously proven yourself to me Luther, you would be in serious danger right now."

"I realize that," Luther admitted.

Hanging up the phone, Mira knew that Luther was more upset with having to give her that information than she was in taking what he said. But that didn't help her growing upset.

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Sarah struggled against the silk binding her naked body, face down, on the four poster bed. Searing heat burned the sensitive skin on her buttocks as Drake dripped hot wax from one of the strategically placed candles over her flesh. Drake took his time torturing her flesh.

Placing a large sliver of ice on his tongue he leaned down and kissed her heated skin. The sudden contrast of cold burned almost worse than the wax, as Drake's mouth trailed kisses across her sensitive skin, over her cheeks, and down her inner thigh. He was working her over especially hard this evening; taking revenge for her spending so much time in the office in Cullen's absence. Sarah growled appreciatively as Drake's warm tongue finally delved between her slick pink folds and into her pussy.

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Drake accepted his position in their relationship a long time ago. When they first met, it wasn't easy for him to deal with the fact that he had fallen in love with the woman who was effectively the alpha female in the Arnauk pack. It didn't matter that she would never mate with Cullen. The problem was that technically she ranked higher than he did.

After numerous arguments, Drake decided that he loved her too much to let his ego get in the way. Besides, he was the only man in the pack who was able to bend Sarah over and make her moan. Every time he was feeling a little inferior, he grabbed her by the hair and worked his frustrations through on her body.ⓈⓌⓌ.Ⓜ.ⓋêⓌ(Ⓦ)óŔⓂⓂ.cⓈ(Ⓜ)

Sarah accepted their sexual dynamic with more enthusiasm than he ever her too. For all the strength she showed in public, she seemed to crave the submission once they were in private. And Drake got to assuage his own ego with the pleasure of finding new and inventive ways to dominate her. Though, they did seem to come back to the wax and ice fairly often.

Grateful for the onslaught of warring sensations on her body, Sarah turned her brain off momentarily and focused on the anticipation of what he was going to do next.

Squealing with surprise, Sarah fought her bonds when Drake dumped half the bowl of ice onto the middle of her back. Suddenly he grabbed her around the waist and lifted her up, a wedge-like pillow was shoved under her midsection, causing the ice to slide up her spine and continue to melt between her shoulder blades.

Gasping and thrashing against the ties Sarah wasn't expecting the sudden thrust as Drake entered her. Moaning, she virtually forgot the ice as the pounding intensity increased.

Rissa stood outside Sarah's door, uncertain as to whether or not she should interrupt. From the sounds of what was going on behind the door, the last thing Sarah was going to want to do was go back to her office. If it had been anyone other than Aislinn, Rissa probably wouldn't have knocked.

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When the moaning got louder and Rissa realized that no answer would be forthcoming, she considered her options. Thinking of Aislinn's obvious upsetting and knowing that her friend was waiting for Sarah, Rissa tried knocking again and this time she turned the knob on the door as she knocked.

To her surprise, Rissa found that the door wasn't locked. The distinct scent of sex wafted out the cracked door, intensified by the growling and moaning. Rissa felt her own wolf rising. Difficult as it was to ignore her surfacing lust instinct, Rissa walked slowly through the door.

Knowing that it was dangerous to interrupt a rutting couple, Rissa held herself instinctually submissive as she moved toward the sounds and scent of sex. She wasn't sure what she expected to see as she turned the corner around the room divider that kept the bed from being immediately visible from the open door. In a strange way she wasn't too surprised to see Sarah tied down beneath the large dark hybrid wolf.

Drake turned toward Rissa growling hungrily. She lowered her head, nearly forgetting why she was standing there.

"Drake," Sarah cried desperately as he pulled away from her and stepped toward Rissa. Sarah writhed wantonly at the withdrawal of her lover's body. She wasn't thinking clearly. Not caring who the girl standing there was, all Sarah wanted was to come. She whimpered pleadingly at her mate as he walked away from her. Drake's large well-muscled, sweat covered, naked form circled Rissa, as she stared submissively at the floor.

Reaching beneath Rissa's chin, Drake's clawed hand raised her eyes to his. He sharled knowingly. The only reason that the little theta would have walked in here was to deliver a message. Everyone knew that Rissa was Aislinn's personal shadow. He could guess that if he let the girl say anything, Sarah would be summoned away. He couldn't have that just yet. Besides, he thought, the pretty little theta might be fun.

Growling, he hooked a clawed finger in the neckline of Rissa's shirt and pulled down, tearing the neck wide enough to fall off her shoulders. "You caaann have heerrr whennn I'm doonnne," Drake drawled through his muzzle. "Take yourrr clothes off."

Feeling the heat pooling between her thighs, Rissa did as she was told. There was no arguing with a lust driven beta in the middle of fucking his mate.