

Chapter 173

Tairneach manor was deserted, dark and boarded up. The Council had ordered the pack disbanded and the property forfeit. Jenna wondered which of the neighboring alphas were vying for her territory. This was precisely what her father had been trying to avoid for the past decade. Jenna could feel the rage searing through him.

"It's around back," she said simply.

Jenna, Devon, the rhino-cat woman, and the black suited driver all walked around the manor. The once well lit grounds were dark and cold.

"Keep an eye out," Devon said. "Cadifor may be watching for her here."*WuW.mO(é)Lw(o)mm.coM*

"I would think this would be the last place he would expect me to go," Jenna growled.*wVw.novè/WóRM.com*

"It seems that most of your thoughts are wrong lately. I suggest you keep them to yourself until you are asked for your opinion," Devon responded.

The back of the property was lit only by the moon. They walked the length of the pond that Jenna had described to a gazebo that bordered the edge of the forest that covered the rest of the territory.

Walking directly to the back seat Jenna instantly noticed that the board she had buried the notes beneath was ajar. Pulling the board aside she got down on her knees and dug in the soft earth beneath the gazebo. Nothing.

"Jenna?" Devon questioned with growing annoyance.

"It was here," she said. "Right here." She started to dig more frantically in the dirt, creating a hole much deeper than the one she knew she had left the notes in. Finally she sat back, breathing deeply, shaking her head. Defeated. Completely defeated. Her last card was gone. She had nothing left to bargain with.

Brennus growled, You should have listened to me, in the back of her mind. She knew that he was close to giving up on her.

Devon stared at her wide eyed and silent, rage etched in all his features. The moon shining on his scales reminded Jenna of a horror movie.

"You might as well kill me now. If the notes aren't here then I don't know where they are."*VVW.NóVw(ω)rM.čOM*

The level of resignation and sincerity in her voice was enough for Devon to believe her at the moment. "I'll decide what to do with you when we get back in one piece, if we haven't been discovered by Cadifor by coming out here, and after I determine what the NSA is going to do to me. But you are correct in thinking that your lifespan may have been seriously shortened by this. If I discover that you have lied to me, I can't even begin to describe the pain I will put you through."

Cadifor slammed the door as he entered his room. "I am so tired of talking to Lycans who are more concerned with politics than getting things done. No one wants to act until they hear from one person or another. If someone tells me that we need to wait for confirmation before we charge in one more time," Cadifor growled furiously. "At this rate the notes, Jenna, the weres, and anything else that might be wrong is going to get worse."

Lounging on the bed Makeda was attempting to finish a fairly long novel. Better to hid in Cadifor's room reading than to deal with the Council. "See, this is why I left the council years ago. It's not worth the upset."

Cadifor couldn't help but notice the new lace lingerie she was wearing. One of Makeda's favorite hobbies involved new articles of revealing clothing.

"What are the chances," she purred, getting up and sauntering over to Cadifor, "that you'll let me help you forget the Council for a short time?" Makeda pushed the sports jacket he was wearing over his shoulders and down his arms, letting it drop to the floor.

There was no way that the vision of the beautiful dark woman wearing hot pink lace couldn't affect him. Her shoulders were bare save for the spaghetti straps. He knew she would not be the least bit interested in the problems of the Council. She never wanted to hear about the meetings or anything remotely troubling. In fact, Makeda's only real interest was sex. Cadifor thought she was perfect. There was nothing he loved more than to completely ignore duty by laying between her legs.*wwW.novèLWOm.cO.M*

"It's a shame that you never wear these things long," he said bending his neck to kiss her shoulder. He pushed the spaghetti strap off her shoulder and began working his way down to a lace covered breast. The pink against her dark skin was incredibly erotic. "Have I mentioned to you how easily you could change my favorite color to pink?"

Makeda sighed happily as he untied the bow between her breasts. He peeled the lace back, cupped one hand beneath her breast. Makeda leaned back from him as Cadifor bent further to wrap his lips around her nipple. She ringed her fingers in his white blonde hair.

Sweeping her up into his arms, Cadifor carried her over to their bed. Frustrations of the day melted. He pulled his shirt and pants off. Staring into Makeda's deep brown eyes he crawled across the bed into her arms. Kissing her deeply he ran his hand along her arm down to her fingers and pulled her small hand to his swollen cock. She wrapped her fingers around him and began to stroke gently.

He bit at her lips, peppering nips and kisses along her jaw and down her neckline to her collarbone. His lips found the old scar on her shoulder from her lost mate. He had his own mark that echoed her loss. He wondered briefly if mating was something she would consider again. The thought surprised him.

Pulling back from her briefly he stared at the beautiful woman in his arms. Her dark skin sharply contrasted against his pallid white. In so many ways she complimented his personality and life. He never thought he would consider taking another mate. But Makeda...

She smiled at him. "You've a strange look on your face, lover. Usually you are much more forceful than this. I have to wonder why you have yet to tear this beautiful lace teddy off me. Don't you like this one?" She teased him and stroked his cock a bit more insistently. That part of him at least seemed as eager as ever.