

Chapter 25

"I'm afraid to ask how you know about that," he replied. Then he just couldn't help himself, she was awake, she didn't seem angry with him, and he didn't care about anything other than tasting her right then. He leaned down to her and nuzzled her nose with his own a moment, testing her reaction. When she didn't pull away or push him off of her he pressed his lips to hers and kissed her softly at first and then deeper as she kissed back. It took a little coaxing and she parted her lips allowing his tongue to dip into her mouth and slip along her teeth and tongue. As the kiss continued she felt waves of electricity surging through her body. Heat pooled in her stomach and she twined her leg around his then moaned softly into his mouth when he pushed his hips against her.

They parted briefly, staring into each other's eyes and trying to read the emotions there. Aislinn smiled at him. "I guess this means you're not married then."

"No, that didn't work out," he said with half a chuckle. www.novelform.com

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"Mhmm," Aislinn continued. She could feel his need for her pressing against her thigh. She rubbed against him, teasing him a little. "And how did I get here?"

"Rissa brought you here last night. I asked her to check on you and she found you unconscious. So she brought you here to keep you safe."

"And she put me your bed to keep me safe," she grinned.

Cullen smiled back at her and pressed his hips against her in response to teasing. He growled softly. "Not exactly. I suppose I'm to blame for where you ended up sleeping," he admitted.

"And who dressed me?" Her eyes were on fire. He wanted to sink into those eyes. www.novell.com

"Again I guess that would be me," he said. Then quickly added, "but I behaved myself."

Aislinn leaned into him and nuzzled her nose along his jaw line then kissed and nibbled at his neck. When he started growling again she giggled. Aislinn started running her hands along his chest and the growling grew more intense. Suddenly he grabbed her wrists and pushed her back onto the bed. When her eyes met his again she could see that they had shifted and she was staring at his wolf. She wasn't prepared for the intensity in his eyes that she was met with and her breath caught in her throat. Did he really want her that badly?

"Aislinn," he said, his voice guttural and deep with passion. "You need to be sure here. Too much farther and I won't be able to stop this."

She swallowed. She wanted him but the look on his face and the sound of his voice was frightening. They were both breathing hard and fast. Cullen waited. He didn't want to take this somewhere she wasn't ready or will to go. Aislinn was scared. She wanted this to be real so badly. Cullen started to pull away from her when she didn't answer. As he began to move back she realized that he was ending it and she couldn't handle that. She grabbed his shoulder to stop him from leaving her and kissed him heatedly.

When Aislinn kissed him Cullen felt his wolf overwhelm his senses. He pushed her back down onto the bed and immediately his hands found their way beneath her t-shirt, along her waist, and cupped beneath her breast. His thumb made small circles around her nipple, playing with the hard bud. He growled softly against her mouth. He needed a better taste. He could smell her arousal and he wanted to know her scent that well. She whimpered when he broke the kiss but he growled insistently at her and she lay still to see what he was doing. The blankets were tossed off to the side and Cullen pulled the t-shirt up as he moved his head down to lick at one of her nipples.

Aislinn's breath caught in her throat. She watched as his tongue stroked her flesh. Soft, wet, warmth flooded from her breast, through her body, and pooled between her legs. Finally she let the air out in a moan that seeped into his mind and sent chills along his spine. He moved down her stomach, trailing his tongue across her skin and leaving a wet path. Aislinn watched as he tore the waist band of her panties and pulled them from her body, dropping the ragged material to the floor next to the bed. Then he leaned down and pressed his face to the triangle of space at the top of her thighs. He stayed there breathing a growling for a moment. The warm air of his breath tickling her skin.

Finally he couldn't take it any longer and he pressed her legs apart so that he could look at her. She watched his face, how his eyes swirled with passion and his heated expression. This is how it should always be, she thought. Everyone should be wanted like this. Cullen's control was stretched farther than he had ever had to take it. It was all he could to convince his wolf that while he could have her, he had to go slow and he had to remain in this form. He could feel the annoyance in his alternate half. Cullen could only hope that Aislinn would eventually understand and placate that part of him.

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Cullen leaned down between her legs and began alternately kissing, licking and nibbling her inner thigh. Her scent was overpowering. It seeped into his soul and called to his wolf like no one ever had. He worked his way closer and closer to his ultimate goal. If he gave the wolf any more control he knew that he wouldn't have bothered with the little pleasantries that were making her moan so deliciously. Normally with women it went differently. The wolf was set loose and once he'd been sated the man would be allowed to play. But Cullen still wasn't sure what he was dealing with here. He didn't even really know how much she knew. She appeared to have figured him out, but that didn't mean she understood what it meant to be a lycan's lover, that her body was capable of handling what the wolf would do, or that she would be willing to let him be like that with her.

Aislinn thought she might explode if he didn't stop teasing her. He was being sweet and gentle and coming so close to touching her and then not. Finally she couldn't handle it any longer and she reached down, grabbed his head by the hair and pulled his mouth to her center. Cullen growled with pleasure at her little show of force and took hold of her hips to hold her still while he let his wolf have that taste he had been fighting for. Aislinn arched her back and moaned her appreciation as his tongue delved into her cunt and lapped at her copious juices. His tongue ran from her core to her clit and then he sucked her clit into his mouth. Her fingers twisted into his hair almost painfully and pulled him to her harder.