

### Chapter 33

Aislinn just stood there feeling his hands running along her body and stroking his erection and listening. "Okay," she said curtly. Aislinn was starting to think he was just trying to add her to a pack harem or something. She didn't know what to think. She certainly didn't want to share him, regardless of what the hell he was or wasn't. But she couldn't stand the idea of leaving and never feeling him cum inside her again. Her stomach was in knots and her brain was spinning. "Don't worry too much. A person doesn't survive on the streets for seven years without learning a couple things. I can take care of myself."

He moved his hips into her stroking and his eyes rolled back into his head momentarily before returning to the conversation. She pulled her hand off of him finally, noting his disappointed reaction to the loss of attention. She grabbed up the shampoo and poured some into her hands, sniffed at the nonexistent smell and started washing her hair.

Cullen watched her soap her hair and couldn't help but reach out and toy with her breasts some more. This was taking longer than he should allow it to. "I'm not doubting that you can take care of yourself in most circumstances. But you aren't lycan and they're going to have trouble with that. And although you may be able to hold your own against a human in fight, Aislinn, these women aren't going to be nice enough to stay in human form. That's not how pack rank works. They're going to try to test you and there won't be anything I can really do about it. I probably won't even be around when they decide to mess with you, if they're smart about it."

Aislinn noted the concern in his tone. "Really, Cullen, I'll be okay." She turned away from him and leaned into the water to wash the soap out of her hair. She breathed out heavily. "Just one last thing," she added unhappily. "Not that I won't consider it if it's what you're looking for, but I just want to know up front. Perfectly clear so there's not any confusion. Are you expecting me to join the ranks of all these women you have sex with and just wait around here for my turn in your bed? I mean I was kinda getting the impression that you wanted more than that and I don't want to misinterpret what's going on here."

Cullen realized the mistake he'd made in what he'd said and wished he could go back and reword the whole thing. The hurt in her voice was almost palpable. He stepped up behind her, the water streaming over them as he pressed against her. His erection found its way between her legs and pressed into the slippery wet that was still there. "I've never wanted any of them the way I want you," he said softly into her ear. "I'm not very good at this. But I give you my word that I'm not trying to add you to any ranks the way you think." He pressed his erection as deeply into her slit as he could get it from their angle and listened to her moan. "You are one great big long list of things I've never felt or done before. Every instinct I have is telling me to take you and claim you and it's been all I could do to stop myself from acting on that."

Aislinn wasn't positive what he meant by 'claim' but from the way he was talking she could tell that it was incredibly serious. Aislinn felt his cock pressing into her and after what he had said she needed more of it. Aislinn stepped so that her legs were spread further apart and leaded forward until she had her hands braced on the wall of the shower under the shower head. She looked back over her shoulder to see him eyeing her dangerously. Molten amber flooded his eyes and he was breathing heavily. "What are your instincts telling you to do now?"

Cullen's emotions were too close to the surface. Aislinn just seemed able to push his buttons exactly the right way without even trying. Before he could push the wolf back down he grabbed her hips and plunged into her. A low growl issued from his throat. On arm wrapped around her waist to hold her still and the other arm reached under her to grab and torture one of her breasts while he pounded into her roughly. Aislinn let out an appreciative moan that pulled Cullen's wolf further to the surface and his hands began to shift.

Aislinn felt claws rake her beast. The pain mingled deliciously with the pleasure and she gasped. The water hit them as they moved together. Aislinn tried to adjust her hips to get more of him inside her but she couldn't manage the right angle. She let out a needy moan. "Harder, Cullen," she begged.

When Aislinn's words registered in his mind Cullen felt his wolf slip just a little more and his body shifted further. He felt fangs grow in his mouth and his face shift barely into his lycan form. He was holding it all back by a thread. But Aislinn's moaning and begging was more than he could handle. His wolf wanted her too badly.

Aislinn felt her body yanked upright. Water hit her in the face and she closed her eyes. His arm around her waist was like steel. She felt the claws on her breast leave and then felt her head being pulled to one side. She let him move her how he wanted. She could still feel his massive cock thrusting into her. Her hands reached for something to hold onto but only found the slippery walls of the shower. Then she felt the piercing pain. Cullen bit down on her neck just where it met with her shoulder. She drew in a sharp breath. It was a strange sensation. Something about it brought her over the edge. She felt heat pool in her lower belly and the pleasure rolled over her. Her body trembled with the sensations and she cried out as he forced himself into her repeatedly through her orgasm.

Cullen tasted the blood as it rushed into his mouth. She was sweet and her cries were needed and the combination mingled in his lycan mind as pure pleasure. As she climaxed he held on and forced himself up into her over and over again. Her pulsing walls brought him over the edge. Cullen started to fall forward as he lost control of his muscles through the convulsing pleasure of their orgasm. He released the hand he had holding her head to the side and caught himself on the wall of the shower.

Aislinn was finally able to open her eyes as they moved toward the wall. She only barely registered how close they both came to falling over. She reached out and helped Cullen to catch their fall as he came back to reality. She could feel his hot breath on her shoulder as the pain and pressure from his bite began to sink in. Cullen heard her whimper and pulled his mouth from her. He had left a very definite bite on her shoulder. A strange combination of pleasure and guilt swept through him at the sight of the bloody bite mark on her shoulder.  
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Sarah's voice jarred him out of the moment as she called into the bathroom. "If you both are finished," she said angrily, "I have those clothes you asked for."

"Coach," Cullen swore and carefully put Aislinn down. His wolf completely retreated into the recesses of his mind. At least he's pleased with himself, Cullen thought in annoyance. "We gotta get moving," he said and flipped the water off.

Aislinn gave him a dreamy look over her shoulder as she joined him back in reality. "Yeah, sure," she said with a smile.  
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He stared at her and considered the fact that she seemed pleased with what had happened and briefly wondered if she understood the significance of what he had done. It didn't matter right then. He'd have to have a serious conversation with her about it later. But for now they needed to get dressed and head downstairs.

He handed her a towel as she stepped out of the shower and she wrapped it around herself. Aislinn stopped for a moment to look at herself in the mirror before joining him in the bedroom. She winced at the painful looking bite mark on her shoulder. She could tell from where it was that she'd have trouble hiding it. She had a brief flashback to the first time she had a hickey in high school and wearing a turtle necks and scarves for a week so that no one would notice.

When she got into the bedroom Cullen was already pulling his pants on. Sarah had left the clothes on for Aislinn on his bed and had disappeared. Cullen looked over at the clock and swore again. He was already 10 minutes late. He knew that Sarah would tell Keith what she had walked in on and Cullen would have to go through another round of tormenting as a result. Then he looked over at Aislinn and saw her smiling at him. Her eyes were on fire. He wished that the two of them could run off for a month or so, alone. He wanted time to really know her, talk to her, and spend time understanding her. He wanted to be with her forever. That much he knew. But there was too much happening to afford that kind of luxury right now. Though it had been decades since he'd had the kind of motivation he was feeling right now to resolve an issue facing the pack.

Cullen growled under his breath as he finished dressing and watched her put her clothes on. It was just a pair of jeans and a t-shirt. "I don't have any shoes," Aislinn said as she looked around the room.

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"You don't really need them," Cullen said with a shrug. "We're not leaving the building. You'll find any number of people downstairs missing more than just shoes. I'll get you some when we have a little more time."

Aislinn heard the rush in his voice and nodded. She figured that shoes were the least of her worries right now.

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