

## Chapter 49

Keith dropped his eyes and looked embarrassed. It was a rare occasion that someone was capable of making the alpha obviously upset. It wasn't any fun to pick if it actually ended up hurting his friend. From the way Cullen sounded after Aislinn's reply there was no doubt that she'd stung him that time. Keith wasn't even sure what she had said that was so terrible. Cullen appeared to have lost his ability to mind read when it came to her. He was usually a savvy diplomat and never showed when someone got to him. Keith often wondered if it was even possible to get under his skin. Keith had never seen Cullen lose his confidence so readily as when he was dealing with Aislinn.

Aislinn looked into Cullen's hurt expression. She hadn't meant anything by her response. "You just took me by surprise," she said apologetically. She smiled hopefully at him and softened her voice, hoping that Keith wouldn't hear her confession. "I don't actually think I'm capable of telling you 'no.'" Aislinn bit her lip. He didn't look like he believed her. Aislinn's brain raced to find a way to repair the misunderstanding and to get his smile back. She felt like her heart was being ripped in half by the upset look on his face.

"It's okay Aislinn," he said trying to sound normal and reassuring. But the look in his eyes belied his voice. "You don't have to spread your legs for me every time I ask. Come on we'll go to dinner." He started to pull her toward the door, trying to change the subject.

Aislinn was overwhelmed with frustration. You stupid jerk, she thought. If I could arrange to never leave your bed I would. Aislinn was so scared that she had just messed things up with Cullen that she did something she had been telling herself she'd never being able to do, no matter how long she might be here. People were always having sex out in public around here. She knew they wouldn't find anything she did embarrassing or unusual. That didn't change the fact that Aislinn had been raised with human ideals and the idea of public sex sent butterflies fluttering through her stomach.

Aislinn stopped him and leaned into him. Her left hand on his shoulder urged him down so that her lips were right next to his ear. "If you don't believe what I said then maybe you'll believe what you feel," she said softly.*wW@.noVeWorm.com*

Cullen could hear a slight tremor in her voice. Her face had flushed and he could feel her hand running down his arm. When her hand reached his she pulled it to herself. With what little confidence she could muster and praying that he didn't pull away from her and make her look like a complete fool, she guided his hand beneath the waistband of her jeans, inside her panties, and pressed his fingers into her slit. When she pulled her hand away to give him more room, his hand remained behind.

She started speaking into his ear again as his fingers slid into her wet folds. "I've been thinking about you all afternoon," she said. "I think that's pretty good proof."

Cullen knew that Aislinn was shy about sex in public. She had been easy to read on that. So it wasn't hard for him to see how far she had to push herself for this little display. The only problem being that his wolf wasn't concerned about her modesty factor and he had been thinking about her as well. He growled with pleasure into her ear and buried his face against her neck as his fingers slid deeper into her heat and his thumb played with her clit. His other arm came around behind her and pulled her against himself so that she could feel the desire growing in his pants.

Their passion was palpable. More than one person in the room was watching the display, entranced.

Cullen growled again as her rapid breathing in his ear spurred him on. "I need you now."

"Alright," Aislinn answered breathlessly without hesitation. His fingers were driving her mad. Somehow she just didn't care about where they were any longer.

In one sudden movement Cullen pushed her against a nearby wall and his wolf pushed her jeans off over her hips. He pulled his cock out of the front of his pants and then picked Aislinn up. His fast movements telling of how much he wanted her. Her legs wrapped around his waist, her back on the wall gave leverage, and in one fluid movement he entered her warm, wet, needy body. Aislinn's growling cat-like moan of pleasure was the sweetest music he ever heard. She sang to his wolf. The beast was even starting to accept being caged while making love to her. Anything to get a taste of her. Cullen was slow about it. Taking his time and pumping into her in long strokes so that he rang more of the sweet sounds out of her.

Aislinn's strange catlike growl had everyone's attention. The couple was far too caught up in the sudden passion overload to notice the looks that they were drawing. Cullen kissed and nuzzled her neck as he slowly made love to her. The onlookers' discussion of what kind of animal made the sounds she was making was getting quite involved. As the couple started to get more intense, the moaning cat-like growl got louder. Finally Cullen forced his name from her with a long hard thrust as she came and he followed her into pleasure.

Cullen braced himself against the wall and held her up. Aislinn's face was buried in his shoulder out of exhausted passion and uncertain embarrassment. When Cullen managed to get a grip on his legs he held her to himself and headed for a nearby armchair. He sat down with Aislinn straddling him. There was just enough room in the armchair for both of them. He smiled at her. His amber eyes meeting her silver and they started kissing again.*wWw.Nov@iW6rM.com*

Cullen's tongue delved into her mouth. He couldn't believe that she had given in to him in the middle of the library. He smiled as she continued to kiss him and he stared at her with an amused considering look.

"What?" she asked breathlessly. Then she ground her hips down on his rapidly rehardening member.

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"You amaze me, mo mhúirnín bán," he said softly. "You didn't have to do that."

She was still kissing him, trying to coax him into round two. "Does it feel like I didn't want to?" She asked in between kisses.

He chuckled and pulled her hips down hard on himself as he lifted up to meet her. A satisfied growl issued from his throat. He was staring into her eyes again. Aislinn stopped her insistent sexual onslaught and stared back at him. Their eyes were mirrors of each other's uncertainty and desire.

When Keith saw Cullen pulling Aislinn's shirt over her head he let out an exasperated sigh. "Looks like lunch is on an undetermined hold," he said to no one in particular. There was a round of laughter in the room that the couple didn't notice. Keith started to check out the books on a nearby shelf. He figured he'd give them a little time before insisting that they get it together. The public show would go a long way with the rest of the pack. The people who loved and respected Cullen would be happy for him, the ones who thought Aislinn was doing something to his brain would see exactly what she was doing and that it had nothing to do with mental manipulation, either way it would get her some more respect. Ah politics, Keith thought as he picked a book and sat down to wait.

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For once Sarah's plane was running on time. That never happened. Sarah and Brinah managed to even catch a taxi in short order and they were at the den well in time for dinner. The Madadh-Allaidh Saobhaidh was not wasted on Brinah. She was shocked into an impressed silence at the den's setup.

They got into the elevator, Sarah inserted her key and hit the button for 14. "I'll show you your room. Then we'll find Aislinn and Lord Arnauk. I'm sure he'll want to have dinner downstairs. He always does." She smiled at Brinah. Sarah was dying to start the conversation and get some answers. But it had been a long morning and then a long afternoon and they were both tired and hungry. But mostly Brinah was in a hurry to see Aislinn. Sarah sympathized. She didn't know what she would do if someone close to her vanished and then popped up again several years later in as much trouble as that girl had managed to get involved in.

"Does the entire pack live here?" Brinah tried at polite, non substantial conversation.

"No, but most spend time here at some point. There's room for everyone if need be." Sarah had arranged for Brinah to have a room on floor 14. There were several guest rooms there and it was a lot quieter than the main floor. They dropped her bags off in a room that Brinah thought might belong in the Hilton. There was a small sitting area with a television, chairs and an overstuffed couch, a walk in closet on the far wall, a private bathroom, and everything was conservative but beautifully decorated in navy and green. The huge bed had large comfortable, inviting pillows and Brinah nearly said that maybe it'd be okay to find Aislinn in the morning.*wWw.mOvéW0OM.Cc(m)*

"Are you sure this is my room," Brinah asked with a smile at Sarah.

"Definitely like Aislinn," Sarah said in amazement. Brinah had the same confident but friendly demeanor that Aislinn was so outgoing with. She was just a bit more abrasive than Aislinn. But Sarah could see Aislinn aging into Brinah quite easily. She shrugged as she looked around. "These are just guest quarters. The casino does very well."

Brinah nodded in amusement. "Lord Arnauk has managed quite well for all of you then."

Sarah knew that Brinah had no clue that Aislinn had gotten involved with Cullen. Sarah hadn't intended to set things up to be any easier for the two of them but she couldn't help supporting her alpha when given the opportunity. "Lord Arnauk does well by all of us. He's a business man, diplomat, warrior, politician, and anything else the pack needs. There isn't a more prosperous or influential pack on this continent," she said with pride.