

## Chapter 69

Cullen threw his bedroom door open before most of the rest of the pack was up. He couldn't believe that all his injuries seemed to have healed overnight. Whatever that stuff Brinah had made was he figured he should get it put on tap.

The only lycans who were awake that early after the night they had were the omegas, who were getting breakfast ready and finishing the clean up, and the others who hadn't slept the night before. Most of them were people who had lost mates in the fight. Cullen felt a strange guilty, bitter jealousy. At least they had mates to lose, he thought angrily.

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Cullen went down to his office. There were several handwritten notes on his desk. Cullen recognized Keith's scrawl. The first one said, "Don't wake me up on pain of death alpha boy!" Cullen couldn't help the grudging grin. He tossed that one in the garbage, considering going and waking Keith up on principle. The second one said, "The feds showed up after you went to bed. I handed them the cats for safe keeping and made the report. You're welcome. Not to say you probably won't get a phone call. Did that make sense? Who cares I'm tired." The third said, "Word was sent to the den with a list of the deaths." The fourth said, "Arrangements for the memorial service, including pyres for burning the bodies. We're giving it three days to allow for everyone who lost someone to be contacted and get here." The fifth said, "Anything else you want, take care of it yourself. Although I would point out that your schedule looks pretty clear to me. Leaving you a few days to straighten out the mess you made with the lovely were-mysterycat girl who is currently sleeping in the omega's quarters. By the way, I assigned someone to keep an eye on her. Just in case."

Cullen sat the last note down. Keith should be the alpha, he thought. And he was serious. Not that any of the things his friend had taken care of wouldn't have been handled personally under different circumstances, but Cullen wasn't entirely sure that he ever wanted to have to deal with all of this ever again if he couldn't get Aislinn back. He created this pack so that lycans could be safe and have families. What the hell's the point if I can't have one of my own? It took so much for her to trust me. Now I'm starting all over again with a strike on the record, her grandmother dead, and who the hell knows what Rafe did to her. He was staring out his window. He had a tendency to do that when he was upset and couldn't stop thinking.w(w)W.№óVeIwoRm.c©m

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Aislinn got out of bed. She figured that she should get up, find some clothes, and figure out what she wanted to do before she'd have to face anyone who would make it difficult. She stood up and turned on the light. She felt remarkably good considering what she had been through. If it weren't for the bags under her eyes and the headache from all the nightmares this would have been a relatively good morning.

She looked in the long mirror on the back of the closet. She still didn't look human. She examined herself in the mirror. Tears filled her eyes. Well, if he wanted me to leave before, now he'll really want me to go away. She couldn't believe, even a small bit, that he would want some kind of cat-thing when so many of the female lycans in his pack were interested. Maybe Celia can have what she wants now. She wiped the tears off her face and pulled herself together. She had spent seven years of fear and running not crying. She didn't need to make it a habit now.

She had no idea how to make herself look human, but she didn't want to leave the room looking like this. Or at the very least without finding some clothes. She opened drawers and the closet looking for something to at least wrap around herself so that she could go find a bathroom. When she didn't find anything she contemplated the sheet on the bed. I don't even have a toothbrush. Finally frustration got the best of her. She was feeling trapped. Aislinn threw the door open and looked out into the hall. She waited patiently hoping that someone would come walking by and she could ask for help.

When a pretty dark haired girl came walking down the hall Aislinn stepped out to talk to her. The girl yipped and backed up. Aislinn almost growled at her out of spite. Here she was looking like one of those things that had invaded and killed people. No wonder she had scared the girl. "Don't," Aislinn said holding up her hands, "I just need some clothes and maybe a toothbrush. I'm on your side."

Recognition flowed over the girl's face. She bowed her head submissively and blushed. There wasn't a lycan on the reservation who didn't know who Aislinn was, what had happened last night, and how their alpha felt about her. "I'm sorry, miss, I didn't recognize you. I can get you some clothes," she said sweetly not raising her head.

"Um just Aislinn, okay? Uh... what's your name?" she said not sure how to handle the girl's suddenly overly respectful tone.

"Milis." The girl looked up and smiled broadly. Usually the higher members of the pack didn't ask the names of omegas for something as simple as getting some clothes. They'd just send the omega running. "What would you like?"

"It doesn't matter. Just clothes." Aislinn answered with relief and quickly added her size to the statement. Milis nodded and headed off down the hall.

Aislinn went back into her room. She sat on the edge of the bed. Her stomach growled and she really needed the bathroom. She hoped that Milis wouldn't take too long. Aislinn's prayers were answered when Milis returned almost as quickly as she had left. She had some jeans and a plain white t-shirt, a bra and underwear, and socks and shoes. "Thank you so much Milis."