

## Chapter 74

Jenna walked down the stairs into what had been a basement wine cellar. But Rafe had turned it into more of a dungeon torture chamber. She was considering having the place burned. It smelled of blood and terror. Along the wall where there had once been numerous wooden racks holding bottles of carefully chosen, rare vintage wines were now rows of naked, battered, whimpering women.

"Let them all go," Jenna said without emotion.

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Large lycan's circled through the room pulling chains off of the tired, beaten, women. Jenna may have been a bitch but even she saw some things as going too. She'd have her revenge but not like this. She still owed Cullen Arnauk for embarrassing her at their mating and the idea that two men had wanted Aislinn over her had Jenna seething with jealousy. Not to mention she felt like she still had something to prove. But kidnap and torture wasn't her style.

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The women were given clothes and ushered to the great room to wait for cars to take them back to the Madadh-Allaidh Saobhaidh.

"Mistress," one large lycan said as he approached Jenna and nodded his head respectfully. Maon was burly, even for a lycan. He had a head full of dirty blonde hair that he pulled into a loose pony tail. His eyes were wild green and he always wore a suit coat. Jenna had considered mating with him. But her father had never approved. Still that hadn't stopped her from spending more than one long night in his bed. If she was to remain head of this pack he was one of the ones she would need. "What about the couple cats that were left behind. We've got them locked up for now. Do you want anything in particular done to them?"

Jenna heard the innuendo in his voice. She smiled at him sweetly and reached up to stroke his stubbled chin. "Keep them locked up for now. I may need them later." She walked back up the stairs and he followed her. "Make sure that all of our people who Rafe mistreated are taken care of. I want everyone in this pack seeing me as a savior." Maon nodded and left her side to deal with his orders.

Jenna ascended the main stairwell of her home. She headed straight for the room that Rafe had taken as his own. It had been her father's room. On the one occasion that Rafe had brought her to his bed she had noticed a mess of papers and things on her father's desk and she was curious to see if it was all still there.

She pushed the door open. The room reeked of Rafe, but there was still a hint of her father's scent left and it brought a tear to her eye. She pushed the upset into anger and headed for the large mahogany desk. There were several scrolls laid out and a couple books. It was all written in gaelic and would take some time for Jenna to wade through. She knew the language but only barely. Her father had forced her to learn when she was a child. *www.NóVe1Worm.com*

Jenna flipped through the papers looking for something to tell her what they were. Rafe must have thought they were important or he never would have kept them. The man had been very methodical.

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Cullen and Aislinn woke to the sound of a small animal shuffling in the bushes nearby. Aislinn stretched against him and she felt his member slide from her body. Cullen groaned in disappointment at the apparent end of their morning.

Aislinn lay there with her eyes closed for a moment. She felt as though the ground was pulsing beneath her. It was a pleasant sensation. Kind of like a forgotten memory or something on the tip of her tongue. It felt familiar but she couldn't quite remember what it was and she didn't know why. As she felt Cullen move next to her she tuned in to him and reached for the love and pleasure she had felt before. The strange sensation faded away as Cullen seemed to fill her.

Aislinn turned in his arms and eagerly pushed him over onto his back. "If you're upset," she grinned wickedly, as her eyes took on an amber sheen, and she straddled him where he was lying, "I'm sure I could find a way to cheer you up."

Cullen's growl took on a needy sound and Aislinn felt him harden beneath her. She moaned uncontrollably. She didn't understand why she wanted him so badly when they had only just awakened from an incredibly intense round of love making no more than a couple hours earlier. His eyes were glowing already. But he curtailed his desire to take her again. "We don't have time," he growled with annoyance.

Aislinn pouted as he grabbed her hips and pushed her over onto her back. He leaned down and kissed her. "Come on. Before Keith comes looking for me again." He swatted her on the butt and got up.

Aislinn couldn't help reaching out and tugging at his hardon as he tried to move away. Cullen growled at her and grabbed her to himself. Aislinn could see and feel the amount of forced control that he had to use to stop from responding to her touch. She felt her own need and started growling low in her throat as she nuzzled against his neck.

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Cullen took a deep breath and forced himself to release her. "I promise you, we will revisit this. But we need to take care of some loose ends first, piseagan." He kissed her forehead. Even that was almost more than he could handle. He growled again. Holding her hands away from him he picked up her shirt from where he had thrown it earlier and put it in her hands. The amount of overwhelming disappointment that emanated from her nearly changed his mind.

Aislinn looked over the mauled t-shirt then pulled it over her head, knowing that there was no point in looking for her bra first. He had totally destroyed that. She smiled. When she was reaching for her torn jeans she noticed that her hands were human. "Hey," she said excitedly. "I look normal again."