

## Chapter 90

Cullen sat in his office with his phone in hand. He figured that the sooner he got through the small pieces of business he had left the sooner they could be on the road back to the reservation. He had a plan in mind for working with Aislinn on her ability to change. He figured it would be easier than most since she could read him so well. He'd just show her. He smiled to himself as he searched paged through the numbers on his speed dial and located Brennu Tairneach. With some regret he changed the number to Jenna's name. No matter what had happened in the end Brennus and Cullen had spent too many years as friends to hold a grudge against the dead.

Jenna kept him waiting on the line for some time. He'd half expected it. But he was in a good mood and not even Jenna's ego could spoil that now.

Her voice was honey dripping through the line. "Hello love. Calling for me so soon? Have you decided you don't like used toys and want to trade up already?"

Well he thought nothing could spoil his mood. It amazed him how easily Jenna could rub him the wrong way. "I think I liked you better when you were set on winning me over," he said flatly.

"Mmhmm, that doesn't surprise me. What can I attribute the pleasure of this call to?"

"I wanted to thank you for returning my people," he said honestly.

"I may be many things," she said with a sincere tone that got to him. "But I'm not quite as nasty as that druid was. Not quite," she added and Cullen could almost see the plotting smile slide across her face.

"Can I ask what your intent for Arnauk/Tairneach relations is to be in our near future?"

"Oh, Cullen, I was only kidding when I asked if you were looking to trade in your toy."

"Jenna, you know that's not what I mean. From what I hear you're sitting pretty good as alpha over there at the moment. It standard policy for me to attempt to figure out where the minds of my borders lie."

Jenna thought that was a fairly interesting way for him to phrase the comment. Jenna knew from experience not to underestimate Cullen Arnauk. If he was trying to make sure she knew to not underestimate him she was tempted to just outright tell him not to bother with the setup game. "At the moment Lord Arnauk I have no intentions on trying to cause direct trouble on Arnauk territory," she said in an official tone.

Cullen read the tone with exactly the intent behind it. He heard the 'at the moment' loud and clear. "Understood. We're having a memorial service for the lives lost tomorrow at the reservation. I'm inviting you and your men. Seeing as our tentative alliance is what saved us from having much larger pyres."

Jenna was taken aback by that. After all this he was still trying to be friends. A small voice warred in her head momentarily before her standard tendencies kicked back in. "I'm sorry, but we've planned a service of our own," she lied. But decided that it would be a good idea to add it to the agenda as a way to further ingratiate herself to her people.

"Shame," Cullen answered honestly. "I truly hoped that the bond the Arnauk and Tairneach have shared for all these years would continue."

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"Hmm, it would be a terrible loss if that were to change," Jenna replied.

Cullen shook his head. He didn't need any more of this. He growled inwardly. I should have called the feds first, he thought. They wrapped up the conversation and Cullen added Jenna's name to the list of people he'd have to keep a close watch on. They could move some of the spies and start getting more frequent reports from their Tairneach contacts.

Cullen paged through his list of contacts and hit the button to call Stevens. The fed answered the phone on the first ring. He was always overly efficient.

"Stevens here," came the official voice through the phone.

"Arnauk," Cullen replied.

"Checking in I assume."

"You could say that. I was wondering what had happened to our friends that you picked up," Cullen asked. He didn't want to admit his fear of the government turning the weres into the next super soldier project when he found out that they were all created recently. The belief, to date, that weres had to be born had kept the scientific experiments to a minimum. But Cullen couldn't help wonder what would happen when the word got to the fools that ran the government that they could mix up a batch of whatever they wanted.

"For now the weres you turned in are being held in protective custody, pending interrogation and relocation. But that will also be dependant on the review of the report completed by your second. It may help if we received a report from you as well."

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Cullen nodded. He wasn't going to get anything helpful. "I'll see to that you get a detailed account as soon as possible."

"We'd appreciate that. And I'd also like to know if the conflict between the Arnauk and the Tairneach is still a threat to the human population on your territory."

Cullen growled inwardly but answered honestly. "That has yet to be determined. Jenna still seems to have intent on something. Though she'd yet to declare what."

There was that tell tale silence on the other end of the line that told Cullen that Stevens didn't like what he had heard. "So can I take it, from the fact that you're informing me of this, that the pack council is allowing government intervention on this matter?"

"No. I haven't discussed it with them as of yet. You can take it that I'm being up front about the situation and I don't know if the human population is under threat from Jenna's intentions or not," Cullen answered. "I don't think the pack council would see this as reason for government intervention. I would like a report on your part to give to the pack council covering what happens to the weres we handed over."

"Understood. I'll get that to you as soon as possible. Anything else?" Stevens answered.

"No."

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With that both men hung up the phones. Cullen sat grousing for a moment. The only things that kept the government in line was the fact that the human population was clueless and the were population was large enough to cause serious damage world wide if they chose to attack. That didn't stop them from poking their noses into pack business on a regular basis. At the same time the pack wasn't above using the government for their dirty work if they didn't feel like leaving their dens to take care of someone messing with the human population. Cullen didn't know who the people that Aislinn saw in the Tairneach manor had been, but if they weren't Arnauk and they weren't weres then Cullen figured that the human government was welcome to deal with Jenna if it came down to it.

Cullen finished his business by spending the rest of the afternoon writing up the reports he needed to send. One to Stevens to encourage that he weres be handed over to the pack council as soon as possible. After all, it was pack business. If there had been any other way of dealing with the weres after the battle Keith wouldn't have just handed them over. But the reservation had no facilities to hold the weres and there had been too many of them for the Arnauk to control with guards for long. When the feds showed up and Keith was given the opportunity to get rid of the problem he did. Cullen couldn't blame him for that. He may have done the same thing.

The second report was to the pack council to explain what had happened over the past few weeks, why, and where the weres that had been taken prisoner ended up. He encouraged the pack council to seek out the proper government contact to get the weres turned over. He also suggested that the pack council look into the possibility of the existence of a large population of druids underground that could pose a threat to were society.

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With the last of his reports finished Cullen pushed his chair back from his desk, stood up and went to find Aislinn. He grinned as he thought it and wondered if there was time for another game of tag before they headed back to the reservation. He looked at the clock and sighed realizing that it was late enough for dinner. He hoped that Sarah had all her business with the new omegas wrapped up so that they could just eat and get out of here. He wanted to be there for the last of the arrangements for the funeral.

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