

## Chapter 92

Terrick looked distraught as his audience started to filter out the door. Sarah smiled at him triumphantly. She knew that it wasn't over but she had won this battle. Keith looked at her. "Do you really think that was a good idea?" he asked nervously as he watched the rest of the pack heading out after the alpha.

"Well, he did say to invite them out," Sarah said with a vengeful look. "But you're probably right. Come on. We'll catch him first and warn him that he's got an audience. That's if he's even managed to get his claws on her yet." Sarah smiled at Drake as he approached her. He always had a look of pride on his face when he caught up with her after something like this. Sarah counted herself incredibly lucky that she had found a mate who could handle the fact that she acted as alpha in the pack. Drake was her support. He was always there when she needed him and never minding standing in the shadows of her spotlight.

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Keith saw the looks on their faces and knew that he was no longer needed. Jaylyn was her way but wouldn't arrive until later that evening and he knew that he wouldn't be getting any from her. Maybe if she was there she'd let him take out some of his pent up aggression on an omega. He thought back to the one who had brought Cullen clothes for Aislinn the day before. She'd had a awfully nice ass.

Sarah, Drake, and Cullen headed out into the night, shedding clothes as they went. Keith and Drake actually had the best chance of finding Cullen considering they had hunted together for so long. They knew his tactics. They shifted into wolves and headed for the woods, howling into the night as they went and hoping that Cullen wasn't too far gone to notice the noise the pack was making.

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Aislinn threw her clothes in various directions as she ran through the woods, hoping it might confuse her scent a little. She didn't have enough of a head start to actually do anything clever and she wasn't exactly positive what she should do to throw him off. She wasn't familiar with tracking or hunting. Right now she was just trying to stay ahead of him.

Her heart raced. She heard him howl and she spared a look in that direction, her eyes searching the shadows for her lover. She stifled a laugh, knowing how good his hearing was. Then she headed deeper into the woods. She didn't know the territory or where she was going. Those were both disadvantages. She felt her cat trying to take control. When she heard Cullen howl again and knew that he was still a ways off she stopped and stood still. Closing her eyes she tried to feel her beast like he had told her. She took some deep breaths and reached into herself but there wasn't anything that she could get a grip on. When she heard a rustle in the bushes she stopped trying and bolted.

Cullen knew he could find her easily enough. Her scent was a part of him and he could feel her excitement. He was moving slowly so that she could get a bit of head start. That would make it more fun. When he found her bra in a bush he rumbled in his chest and pushed his nose into the clothing taking in her scent on the fabric and howling again, before following the trail after her.

Aislinn felt him coming. She knew he was close behind. She could feel the cat, but she couldn't quite let it slip through. She didn't understand what she was doing wrong. If I didn't want it to happen it would already have taken over by now, she thought angrily.

Cullen could feel her frustration. If he could have smiled and laughed as a wolf he would have. No wonder he was catching up so quickly.

Aislinn sent a mental growl at him for his amusement at her predicament. It doesn't matter, she told him. I can still out smart you.

Only if you can change your scent mo piseagan. Keep getting mouthy and I'll come after you right now, and end the little fun I'm letting you have.

You are such a smug bastard. Just wait! Aislinn ducked under some branches and looked around for something brilliant but she just wasn't seeing anything. She knew that if she didn't get her cat to help then he was right. Even with her cat she didn't know if she could win this. He had too many advantages. Not that she didn't want to get caught in the end. She just wanted to at least make him work for it.

Aislinn didn't know where she was going, but Cullen did. He knew the territory too well. She was head straight toward the stones. He wondered briefly if he should work his way around and herd her off in a different direction or not. Aislinn was so caught up in finding a way to outsmart him she didn't notice the stones until she had stumbled into the clearing outside the circle. She didn't really think much about it other than the fact that it allowed her some bearings. She ran straight for the stones. As she stepped into the circle she felt like she was grabbed by the wind and wrestled to the ground.

Cullen felt the fear the minute she was caught and he charged headlong through the bushes toward the stones. She was confused and frightened. Then suddenly the emotion was muted. It was as if he was feeling her through a fog of some kind. That only drove him on harder. Cullen didn't know what could possibly be attacking her but there was no way he was going to let harm come to her again. When he barreled into the clearing she was gone. He could still feel her, barely. He knew that she had to be here somewhere. He followed her scent into the middle of the stones to the point where it stopped. Cullen whirled about trying to find whatever or whoever had taken her but there was nothing. Not even a breeze. No scent, no footprints.wŵw.nôvelw(c)rM.coM

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Aislinn felt like she was in one of her visions. She was staring around at the stones and there seemed to be a timeless sense about the place that wasn't there before. It was as if everything has stopped. The trees were still and there was no sound from the animals as there had been before. As she stood looking around a terrible foreboding came to her. The bond she shared with Cullen felt weaker. She knew he was panicking but there was something missing or blocking most of him from her. That terrified her.©wŴ.ÑovelWbr©.com

Aislinn walked to the stone that had fallen over during the fight. Someone had stood it upright again. Suddenly there was a sound behind. Aislinn turned hoping that it would be Cullen. When her eyes fell on her grandmother standing there and smiling gently at her she burst into tears.

"What is this place?" she cried almost hysterical. Her legs wouldn't work. She just stared at Brinah's ghostly figure in disbelief.

Brinah walked up to Aislinn slowly. It was obvious that she hadn't been ready for this. But there wasn't enough time to do it gently. "Calm down child. You're perfectly sane. I'm here."

"You're dead," Aislinn responded through the tears.