

Chapter 47

Sarah boarded the plane angrily. She sat in the seat fuming. And she was still pissed when she took the taxi to the address that Aislinn had given her. Cullen had been insistent. He didn't know who to trust. So his solution to the problem was to only involve the people who he thought needed to know. Sarah and Keith were the only two on that list right now. Cullen would arrange a meeting of the pack elders when he had enough information.

Keith was in the middle of dealing with the fact that while he had been talking with Cullen about Aislinn's grandmother and then having a delicious dinner at Taigh-Oèsda, Sarah had managed to pin down Ranaid's son Iain on the fact that his mother had been missing for quite some time. When Sarah had tried to talk to Ranaid about it he had also turned up missing.

Sarah figured that she should be the one looking into it since she had discovered it. But Cullen was adamant that Aislinn's grandmother be dealt with delicately. Keith was not the delicate type. Well right now neither am I, Sarah thought in annoyance. She had also suggested that Aislinn go after her own grandmother. But Cullen wasn't letting Aislinn out of the den for any reason. Aislinn had protested. That made Sarah less angry with Aislinn. But Cullen was the alpha and Cullen told Sarah to go.

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She told the taxi driver to wait and she headed up the path that lead to the front door of a pretty little white house. Before she had a chance to ring the bell on the door it opened hastily and a small woman with gray-white hair, pulled nicely into a bun on the back of her head and wearing jeans, a t-shirt that said 'don't underestimate me', and carrying a duffle bag appeared in the doorway. She eyed Sarah with the same striking blue eyes as Aislinn. Nodded. Then locked the door.

Sarah was nearly bowled over by the woman as she headed for the taxi. "Are you coming?" Brinah called back to the startled lycan.

Sarah got herself together and headed for the taxi. Once they were both in the backseat they exchanged introductions as the driver pulled out and headed back to the airport. "I don't think I will," Sarah said as she indicated the t-shirt. "You certainly weren't what I was expecting."

"And what were you expecting dear?" Brinah said. Her tone and words belying the appearance that she was giving.

"I don't know. A grandmother?" Sarah said. "I guess I can see where Aislinn gets it."

"I don't think I know what you mean by 'it' but I'll take that as a compliment." Brinah looked out the window impatiently.

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"We can't get there any faster. I got the earliest flight. We should be there by dinner." Sarah watched Brinah.

"I haven't seen my granddaughter in a very long time. You'll have to excuse my haste."

Sarah nodded. The rest of what she wanted to say to the woman would require privacy. That they wouldn't have until they were back at the den. So the rest of the trip was silence.

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Cullen wasn't willing to concede that any of the names on the list that Keith provided him with could be in the process of betraying his loyalty. "I want more proof," he stormed as he threw the list down on his desk. The names on the list were people who were too close to him. "I refuse to start ripping throats out until I know without doubt that these people have turned. Rafe has to have done something to them."

"You're the one who wants to believe Aislinn when she says that they won't do anything that they would be drastically disinclined to do in real life." Keith argued. He thought that all of the men and women on the list should be caged for their own good until this was figured out.

Cullen growled. "Is there anything else?"

"Not until Sarah gets back," Keith said.

"Good. I've had enough news for this afternoon. I'm going to find Aislinn."

Keith got up and walked with Cullen out into the hall. "You find Aislinn an awful lot you know," he said with a chuckle. "She in heat or something?"

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Cullen rolled his eyes. "Do you have to make this into a joke?"

Keith shrugged. "No I don't have to make it into a joke. It's just more fun that way." Keith's voice took on a mocking tone. "The mighty Lord General Cullen Arnauk chasing after a woman." He started chuckling again. "Actually the best part is that she seems so clueless about the grip she has on you. I can't decide if it's denial or she's just that dense." Cullen growled a warning at Keith that caused him to start laughing again.

Aislinn was getting seriously bored with the way things were turning out. Cullen refused to let her do anything that might put her in what he saw as danger. If she hadn't been sleeping with him she probably would have put up more of a fight about it. But she just couldn't argue with him when he got that concerned, hurt tone in his voice and asked her to stay upstairs in the den for just a little while longer. She was just too used to always having something to do. This sitting around was driving her nuts. All she did was think about the next time she would get to be with him. And those thoughts only made her sitting around more miserable. She squirmed in her seat a little and looked around to see if anyone had noticed. She still couldn't decide why she was so infatuated with the guy. Maybe I just don't know what's bad for me. First Rafe and now Cullen. He's a werewolf, she told herself. What am I doing?

She growled to herself and turned the page of a decent book she had found in the library. At least there was plenty of entertainment on the main floor, even if no one except Rissa would talk to her. Aislinn fully planned on making Cullen let her have a job after this was all over. Alpha or not she didn't see anything wrong with waiting tables at the Taigh-Oèsda. That way she could feel useful. There was also the thought in the back of her mind that she'd like to have her own stash of cash somewhere. Just in case. She just couldn't help but feel like this couldn't be real. She was waiting for him to get bored with her and move on. With all the talk about the women who were after him it was impossible for Aislinn to completely believe that he wanted her more than one of them.

She was having trouble concentrating on the book she was reading and kept looking out the window instead. She watched planes fly by and her stomach would jump. She couldn't wait to see her grandmother. It had been so long and she missed her family so much. She had to keep telling herself that they were safer this way. But that didn't make the hurt stop. Although, she had to admit, Cullen had been a fairly good bandage for that pain recently.