

Chapter 128

Jenna walked into the clearing entirely pleased with herself. The Arnauk and their guests were all in the process of dealing with her new army. There were two people standing in the circle. It was as if someone had given her a present. Maon could deal with the druid and she planned to kill Aislinn personally. The idea sent chills through her body.

Maon led the druids and their guards into the stone circle just behind Jenna. He took the pack off of his back and set it down. He was pleased that things seemed to be working. This was how the plan was supposed to go so far.

Aislinn looked over at Malik. "Do you know what I'm supposed to do yet," she growled as they watched Jenna's troops walk into the clearing. Aislinn knew Maon was at least a beta. She had never seen him fight but she knew that Jenna was rarely without him. She also figured that the others had to be decent rank as well, just in case there had been a fight to deal with when they got this far. It certainly appeared as though the circle had been their intent. Why else bring druids along?

Malik didn't answer her. He just seemed to be waiting for something. Aislinn was getting pissed. She figured she'd never make a very good druid. She didn't like waiting enough.

Jenna tilted her pretty blonde head and smiled at Aislinn. "Maon," she cooed. "Kill the little man."

Maon dropped his clothes to the ground, shifted, and attacked Malik. Jenna stood there watching Aislinn with a wicked grin on her face. Aislinn shifted into her hybrid form as Malik backed away from Maon and was stopped by a stone. His eyes were wide with fear as he stared at the oncoming Maon. Malik found that he couldn't think straight. He had thought he was so prepared for this. He started to speak in gaelic but hesitated as some of the words seemed to blend in his mind.

Aislinn hit Maon in the side. He hadn't been expecting her to actually attack him. It didn't take long for him to discover that she wan't as incompetent as Terrick had made her sound. Her claws bit into his flesh and Maon growled angrily at her. Jenna motioned the other guards to grab Malik while Aislinn was busy with Maon and she made the druids begin setting up the circle for the transformation.

Malik was grabbed and one of the lycans stuffed some waded cloth in his mouth to keep him from saying anything that could impede their progress. Malik looked around for the other druids. But they had gone walking the woods looking for wounded to help. He couldn't remember ever feeling this helpless. He watched as Aislinn fought with Maon. She was doing well. Maon was bleeding and growling at her wickedly. He limped on one leg as blood pour from a gash she had given him. She had taken a few hits but she didn't look nearly as bad as he did.

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"Enough," Jenna shouted. "Kill the druid if she doesn't submit."wwW. (n)©vELaw©rm. (c)©M

Aislinn turned to see what Jenna was doing and Maon hit her hard in the side. She was knocked into a nearby stone and her head cracked against it with a sickening thud. Aislinn felt a wave a nausea as the stone circle spun around her and then the world went black.

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Jenna smiled and walked over to Aislinn's limp form. She looked over the cat with jealousy. Cullen had given her a gold anklet for their mating. It had been nice, but nothing like the jewelry that adorned Aislinn's now limp form. Jenna had a strong urge to scar her pretty little face.

"Mistress," someone called and Jenna turned to see what they wanted. "We're ready for you."Www.nOveL(w)oRmm.cøm

Jenna accepted the fact that she could have company any moment and this could suddenly get harder. "Get her body out of the circle. I'll deal with her after this is done."

One of the Tairneach came over and dragged her roughly out of the circle. Maon joined Jenna on the slab in the middle of the stone circle. Jenna stripped out of her clothes and Maon shifted back down to his human form. The druids started drawing symbols across their chests in blue woad. They spoke softly as they drew each symbol and all around them energy began to surge.

Drake felt Sarah fading. She lie on the ground nearby, blood poured from her nose and one ear. Her leg was bent up at an odd angle and she didn't look like she was breathing. Drake roared his anger and charged the dire lycan. He didn't know if he wanted to die or kill it. One way or the other this fight wasn't over.

The monster had accumulated quite the body count. There were dead and dying lycans all around the clearing. Drake and a two other Arnauk were the only ones left fighting the beast. As Drake jumped at the dire it grabbed him out of the air. Pulling Drake to its jaws the dire bit down on his throat and Drake cried out. The other lycans tried futilely to free their friend. But the dire seemed to be undefeatable.

Out of nowhere the lycans heard someone speaking gaelic. The voice wasn't making any sense. The words didn't seem to go together correctly. Suddenly the tree next to them began to move and vines slithered like snakes out of the woods and around the monster's legs. The two Arnauk tripped back away from the nightmarish scene. The tree seemed to come to life as the vines lifted the dire up and into the branches. Drake was dropped to the ground as the dire tried to free itself from the vines. It was making short work of the plants until the tree shoved a number of branches through the dire, impaling it. Then the tree went still, blood dripping from the branches.

Three druids walked out of the wood from behind the tree. They looked tired and pale. One of them vomited at the sight of the body in the tree branches. The other two began walking amongst the bodies on the ground.
