

Chapter 129

Celia had to be held back. There were a number of omegas who were trying desperately to keep her inside the cabin. She could feel Mack fading out of her mind. He had been there for so long that she didn't realize what was happening at first. There had been pain and confusion. A lot of pain and confusion. She tried to talk to him but he was too far away. There bond wasn't complete and had never really been strong enough for any communication out of visual range. But she tried anyway. Her panic was working up some of the others. Celia wasn't the only one feeling the loss of someone, but she was the only one who was going crazy over it.

"Celia," Rissa said calmly. "What do you think you'll be able to do if we let you out of here?" She was standing in front of the door and there were a couple other omegas at the nearby windows.

Celia paced. There were tears in her eyes. "I don't know," she cried and fell to her knees on the floor. "I don't know Rissa. But something."

Rissa came over to Celia, sat on the floor next to her, and wrapped her arms around her. "It won't help if you get yourself or the babies hurt," she said softly. They just sat there for a while. Celia cried and Rissa rocked her back and forth in her arms.

Cullen felt it the minute Aislinn had to shift. He knew that she was in the middle of a fight. Fear surged through him and he prayed that it wasn't with one of the dire. I shouldn't have left her alone, he cursed himself. Cullen was stopped in his head long flight toward her by another dire attacking a small group of lycans.

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Cullen recognized the group as one of the packs from out of Cadifor's territory. They were losing ground fast. The dire already had several of them down and was working on disemboweling one he was holding up by the neck. Cullen had to force himself to go to their aide. His wolf was howling at him to go to Aislinn. But he couldn't just pass the men up. Aislinn didn't seem to be in trouble. But these men obviously were.

Cullen roared his attack. He charged at the dire and hit him in the back of the knees with all of his weight. The monster's legs collapsed and he fell back onto Cullen but dropped the lycan he was mauling. Someone pulled the lycan out of the way as the dire scrambled to get back to his feet. Cullen bit down hard on the creature's hamstring and yanked his head away pulling muscle away from bone. The dire howled in pain and the rest of the lycans surrounding them descended on the wounded beast.

The seconds felt like hours as Cullen helped them kill the dire. Suddenly he felt pain in the back of his mind and then Aislinn's voice went silent. She was still there and still strong but she wasn't conscious. When he felt his sense of her fog over he took off toward the stone circle where he had left her, cursing himself for being distracted by anything.

Jenna felt power surging through her. With each line that the druids drew on her body it seemed that she tingled a bit more. There was a strange euphoria to it. She decided that this must have been what Rafe felt all the time.

Maon was nearly unconscious from blood loss. He knelt in the middle of the circle. The woad burned from where it touched the bloody gashes in his flesh that Aislinn had created. If this works I'm gonna flay that bitch, he thought. He couldn't stand the idea that such a little thing from another pack had so thoroughly beat him in front of Jenna. Maybe Jenna was right to be so jealous of her.

The druids spoke quietly. They're words ominous. Jacob handed her a jar containing a yellowish foul smelling mixture and she gagged as she drank it down. Maon was handed another jar of the same stuff.

Malik eyed Jacob and the man shook his head. Terror was on his face as he continued to speak the powerful words softly. Jenna suddenly felt an orgasmic surge of pain and her body began to rearrange itself. She fell to her knees and laughed manically, believing she had already won. Maon was not enjoying the sensations so much as Jenna. He was light headed and he started to fear that he may pass out. He was pissed and knew that Jenna would think he was weak.

Cullen burst through into the clearing. He didn't know what to do first. He saw Malik and considered freeing him. There was Jenna and Maon, but Cullen was wary about entering the circle. When he saw Aislinn on the ground his mind was made up for him. The Tairneach who had dragged her from the circle stood over her menacingly. Cullen took him down without thinking about it. The fool shouldn't have stood in his way. Cullen knelt next to Aislinn and picked her up gently.

He stroked her hair out of her face. Aislinn, baby, please, he begged. It was a strange sight to see the large lycan being so gentle with her. Aislinn's eyes fluttered. Cullen's heart skipped as she looked up at her. He almost cried. She was alright. He pulled her to his chest and held her tightly. You scared me, he growled at her. Aislinn couldn't help but smile even though her head was splitting. She nuzzled her face into his chest. She didn't realize the fight wasn't over yet.

A wicked howl like nothing Cullen had ever heard drew his attention back to the circle. The change was complete. Jacob retreated toward Malik, hoping that there was enough other things going on that he wouldn't be noticed.

Cullen reluctantly released Aislinn and stood up, stepping between her and the howling dire that had just been created. Cullen glared in disgust at what Jenna had done to herself. She was defiantly formidable enough to keep her seat as alpha now.

Aislinn stood up, staring wide eyed at the two lycans who were menacing them. Maon was still a bit light headed but the change had healed a great deal of the damage that Aislinn had created.

Are you frightened of me now, Jenna asked.

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No, Cullen growled. I wonder what Brennus would think of you now?