

Chapter 130

"Brennus," Aislinn said as her mind wrapped around something.

Jenna growled angrily and rushed toward Cullen. Aislinn came out of nowhere and ran into the stone circle. She didn't know if it would work, but she figured that it was worth trying. She focused her mind on Brennus Tairneach. As she stepped beyond the stones the ruby ring around Jenna's neck flashed a blinding red and suddenly Aislinn and Jenna were gone.

Cullen felt his sense of Aislinn fog over and he roared his anger. She had trapped herself somewhere with a dire lycan. Aislinn, his mind screamed. But in that instant Maon attacked him. Cullen rolled away from the monstrous lycan and howled for reinforcements. He managed to dodge the brut again and he heard a response. But it was far off. Cullen was no fool. He knew that he couldn't take on one of these alone. He thought back to fighting Rafe the werebearlion and really didn't want to go through that again. In the end it had been Brinah's sacrifice that won that match.

Jacob watched Cullen dodging artfully out of the way of the giant lycan he had just created. He stood next to Malik and tried to be sly about reaching up and pulling the wad of cloth out of his mouth.

The Tairneachs for the most part seemed unconcerned with the druids now. They didn't know if Jenna still wanted them. They were more worried about where their alpha had gone at this point than what the orders might be when she returned. Then there was the fight going on in the circle and the fact that reinforcements were coming. The men looked from one to the other, uncertain what they should do. Maon seemed more than capable of dealing with Cullen. There was more howling but this time it was closer than before. That seemed to decide it. The Tairneachs took up positions to deal with the oncoming reinforcements.

Jacob untied Malik the minute that the other lycans were distracted. By that point the other three druids had worked their way over to Malik as well. "Strength in numbers," Jacob said. There were nods to answer his comment. There was a quiet conversation as more lycans burst into the clearing around the stones and the Tairneach met the attack head on. As the lycans brawled the druids spread out. They took up positions around the stone circle and began to speak quietly again in unison.

Cullen was running out of steam fast. When he noticed that his call for help was being intercepted he wasn't sure he was going to be able to keep avoiding Maon long enough for it to do him any good. Cullen leapt out of the way of the huge lycan and hit one of the standing stones. When he fell he knocked over a glass jar at the base of the stone. Maon was coming at him again. Cullen picked up the jar and threw it at the lycan's head. It shattered against his face and Maon roared in pain as glass shards stuck in his muzzle.

Cullen rolled under another grab. He was trying to think of something. Maon was bigger than the others that he had fought. He had obviously lost speed in the transformation. But if he got his hands on Cullen it would be all over.

The druids continued speaking quietly. They're voices seemed to carry through the area though. It drew the attention of several lycans but they had their hands full with actual fighting and didn't have time to deal with the little men talking quietly to themselves in the background.

Cullen dodged again but this time Maon got a hold of his foot. With one yank he whipped Cullen back and threw him against one of the stones. Cullen hit the stone with a thud and he wondered if his back had been broken. He crumbled to the ground and felt the glass jar beneath him break and slice into his side. Maon reached to grab hold of Cullen again and Cullen took a huge chunk of glass with him as the lycan held him by the neck and slammed Cullen against the stone with one hand.

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Cullen felt Maon's grip on his neck tighten and his windpipe begin to crush under the pressure. He struggled against the ungodly strength of the dire lycan and slashed at its wrist and arm with the chunk of glass, trying to get Maon to release his hold. Cullen couldn't breathe. The entire circle was spinning around him Maon's disgusting muzzle was in his face and the man was growling savagely at Cullen as the world began to go black.

Aislinn looked around cautiously. She didn't really know what she had done. The circle was silent and still. The battle raged on but that was somewhere else. Here there was only the power and the stones. Standing in the middle of the stones was a ghostly Brennus Tairneach. He looked dazed at first. He stared at Aislinn suspiciously. Then his eyes fell on his daughter.

Jenna was confused. She didn't know where everyone had gone or what had happened. When she had turned to attack Aislinn and saw her father standing there she came to a standstill. Jenna immediately changed back to her human form. The look on her face was that of child who had been caught doing something wrong. "Daddy," she asked then glared at Aislinn with tears in her eyes. "Is this some kind of trick?" wWŴ.ñO(ν)êL(w)σRmm.(ε)εm

"No," Aislinn said. She didn't know what to expect. But obviously this was doing something. "Brennus Tairneach is dead. I just brought you to him."

Jenna's eyes widened. "Am I dead?"

"No," Aislinn said. "You're wasting time."

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Jenna looked back at her father. He was staring at her angrily. "What have you done to my pack, Jenna?"

There were more tears. "I'm making them stronger," she said defiantly.

"By turning them against the Pack Council?" His tone was anger and wrath. Aislinn found herself stepping back. She didn't know how Jenna could stand up to that. wwŴ.nσvëLLwo(r)mm.cóM

"No. By making them."

"Freaks," Brennus finished. "I see all of it Jenna. I know you now."

Jenna was sobbing. "I just want you to be proud of me Daddy."

"And when did I ever give you the impression that this was the way to go about that?"

Jenna shook her head. "I'll show you. I can be the alpha."

"No, Jenna. You were never meant to be the alpha. But that doesn't matter. It never did." His voice took on a sad tone. "I love you, Jenna. You'll always have my love. But you're wrong and you're destroying everything."

"No Daddy. It'll work. You'll see," she pleaded.

Brennus stared at her. "You want to make me proud?"

"Yes Daddy. Please."

"Then fix this," he said.

Aislinn's head was pounding. It was as if someone had taken a jack hammer to her skull. She pitied Jenna. She didn't understand how the girl got so warped. Brennus sounded somewhat intelligent from this angle. She blinked through the throbbing pain.

"How Daddy? How do you want me to fix it?" Jenna tried to touch him but her hand went through the ghostly figure. She cried harder when she found that she couldn't touch him.

"Put things back the way they were."

Jenna's eyes were wide. "I'll look like a fool. I'll not be able to keep our bloodline leading the pack. They'll never follow me," she said desperately.

"That doesn't matter. Bring the peace back Jenna. That will make me proud of you."

Aislinn couldn't take it any longer. She staggered back from the stone she was leaning against and everything flashed back into motion, along with the realization that Cullen was in danger.

Jenna turned on Aislinn when Brennus disappeared. "Bring him back," she screamed and ran to Aislinn.