

Chapter 147

Cadifor growled angrily. It was a substantial blow to his pride that not only had they gotten away, but matters had become much worse. "No. She hasn't been apprehended. And an inside man I have tells me that the facility where the weres that Rafe created were being held was broken into last night. They've all been removed."

"By whom?"

"We don't know."

"When is the Council meeting," Cullen asked. He didn't need to be told that one was going to happen.

"Now."

"You're kidding? That's drastic. Even for an emergency situation. Since when do we jump this quickly?" The concern in Cullen's voice and emanating from him had Aislinn sitting up in bed.

"Since it looks like our government contacts are trying to hide something. We've never been great allies. But we've always been upfront. Or at least the Council thought."

Cullen growled under his breath. "Alright. I'll see you in the morning."

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"You can't go," Aislinn said as Cullen hung up the phone.

"Aislinn," he leaned in and took her hand. Bringing her palm to his lips he placed a light kiss on her hand. "I don't have a choice. We have a problem."

"There will always be problems. No one's life is ever without problems. Can't someone else deal with this one? I want you with me when they're born," she placed a hand on her stomach. She didn't even bother to argue that she should go with him. She knew she wasn't up to it. She could barely walk.

"I want to be there too. Don't think for a moment that I don't. But this is our problem. The weres Rafe made might have escaped. I don't know the details, but this isn't something for someone else to clean up."

Tears in her eyes, Aislinn nodded. "I feel so helpless like this."

Cullen leaned in and kissed the tears away. "I'll be back soon. It's just a Council meeting. Don't worry."

"I know better than to believe you when you say that." She watched him get up and get dressed.

"Sometimes I hate not being able to hide things from you," he teased. One last kiss and Cullen was in the elevator on his way to the Council manor.

Aislinn lay down in the bed and closed her eyes. She had been avoiding having visions since their honeymoon. There was something in them that she didn't want to know. But now the uneasy feeling she had been hiding was overwhelming.

She still wasn't very good at it. Aislinn breathed deeply, relaxing and opening her mind to the guidance of the Fates. She consciously cleared her thoughts so that she wouldn't appear to be asking for information. She only hoped that they showed her something relevant.

At first she didn't know if she was dreaming or in the middle of a vision. Aislinn was lying in a bed with her eyes closed. The only thing to tell her that something had changed was the feel of the room.

Opening her eyes, she found that she wasn't in her own bed. Sitting up she found herself in an asylum. With fear, she realized that she was in a straight jacket. To Aislinn's relief the scene shifted. She was watching a girl hide something.

She's the one who was in the asylum,Aislinn thought. She tried to get a closer look and the scene blurred and shifted. "Caoch, I know better," she said to herself, trying to relax again.

Suddenly the scene shifted and it wasn't about the girl anymore. Now she was standing in what appeared to be a vast vault or dungeon. She stared with confusion in all directions. There were rows and rows of cells. From the shadows inside the cells were hungry eyes, all staring at her. Aislinn's modesty returned as she realized that she was naked.

Feeling compelled to go to the end of the hall; she started walking in that direction. She shifted, feeling a little more comfortable covered in fur. The instant she did and her senses sharpened she almost vomited. The entire place reeked of death. Strangely, it was death on a level that her human senses couldn't detect.

Choking back the bile she moved more quickly. At the end of the hall was a door like nothing she had ever seen. Covered in runes, tall and heavy, it was beautiful and terrifying all at once. And it was open.

Aislinn started to move to go into the room and the scene shifted again. Somehow she knew that the only thing she was supposed to see was that the door was ajar. But that didn't stop her from wanting to know what was on the other side. And she wanted a closer look at the runes.What were they meant to do? Does a druid live in this place?

The active thought process was enough to bring an end to the vision. The last thing she saw as the vision closed was herself, standing in front of Jenna. Perhaps more frightening than anything she had seen or felt in the rest of the vision; Jenna was holding one of Aislinn's babies. The infant seemed dead in her arms.

Aislinn sat bolt upright in bed screaming and sobbing.

If Keith hadn't been driving the large black SUV, it would have been turned around and Cullen would have been headed back to the Taigh-Oèsdà.

"I hate it when she has visions. The muin things are never pleasant." Cullen growled angrily.

"I already sent Jay to check on her," Keith said.

The minute Cullen sensed Aislinn's mind moving away from his, he knew she was having a vision. If the meeting hadn't been so important he would have gone back home right then. Instead Keith called Jaylyn and asked that she check on things.

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"It could be worse," Keith suggested cheerily.

"How's that," Cullen growled, feeling a bad joke coming on. wwww.mδWel(w)orm.c(o)(m)

"Could be raining," Keith grinned.

"That was bad even for you."

"You're not giving me much to work with here," he groused.

Cullen shook his head. When Jaylyn finally got to Aislinn it took several hours for Cullen to feel her begin to completely calm. By then he was half falling asleep in the car, anticipating the meeting he was going to be attending come morning. Aislinn had tried to convey to him the things she saw in the vision. But it was all disjointed and didn't make much sense.

He had already learned that the visions could be real or symbolic. He didn't know how to interpret it. He was frustrated that he suddenly had so many upsetting things to think about during what should be an exceedingly happy time in his life.

"Did Aislinn dream up anything helpful?" Keith couldn't help his curiosity.

"I'm sure it was intended to be helpful. Unfortunately, it seems that her muin visions never help until after the fact."

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"Yeah well at least now we know enough to pay attention."

"Sure, keep an eye out for Jenna and a great big door with runes on it," Cullen groused. "I'm willing to bet that I would have noticed either of those things without a warning."