

Chapter 158

Jenna lay in the foul smelling hotel bed staring at the ceiling and not sleeping. I should have tried something.

Go to sleep child. You know there was nothing you could do. Did you think you could walk up to the Council manor and disrupt a meeting of that magnitude alone?

I could have gone to the Circle. They would have been no match for me.

You don't know where the Circle is. And if you did know you have no means of getting there.

Are you saying I should just give up? Tears streaked down Jenna's cheeks. Everything feels so hopeless.

There's always a way. But you have to look at the whole picture. Right now doing as that phone call suggests might have seemed a good option. But there are more important things to consider.

For instance? Jenna threw the blankets back and sat up on the bed. She was tired of the disgusting smell of the mattress and unwashed linens. Pacing into the bathroom she stared at her reflection in the mirror. She could almost see her father staring back at her from behind her own eyes.

Right now we need to focus on Aislinn.

Jenna laughed sardonically. "You're insane."

Not yet. But I believe we both will be soon if I don't get out of your head.

"Are you saying there's a way to end this?" Suddenly Jenna felt like there may be some hope.

We have a small window. And actually this meeting may be a good thing. Cullen will have been called to it, leaving Aislinn heavily pregnant and less protected.

"She's in the Taigh-Osda. How is that less protected? If I go anywhere near there I'll be attacked by the whole of their pack."

I think that the reservation may be a more logical approach. She's drawn to the stone circle. She'll return there. She doesn't have a choice.

"What do you mean? How do you know? And what good would getting her do?"

It's not actually Aislinn we need. It's one of the children. If I could convey to you the sum of my ancient knowledge I would child. The lycans spent centuries trying to forget their heritage. To some it was a surprise when they realized that the legends about our creation and the druids came to be true. But I already knew. The talent to make use of the runes and ley lines and stone circles is hereditary. A person may know about druid talents even if he's unable to summon the powers himself.

"You're not making sense." Jenna was starting to think her father truly was losing his mind.

I don't expect you to understand. Brennus growled into her mind. If you did, then we wouldn't be here like this now. Suffice it to say that I've lived a very long time and have studied many things. You are not the first lycan to seek to make use of druid talents. But I learned a long time ago the lesson you are currently finding out. The druids are more formidable than they first appear and small amounts of knowledge of their ways is more dangerous than knowing nothing at all.

"Will you just tell me what you want me to do," Jenna said in frustration.

If I am to have a body of my own and make my living existence permanent then we need the child who's soul was trapped in the ethereal plane so that I might join with you.

"Father? What did you do?"

When Aislinn gives birth it will have to be at the stone circle. She is bound to discover the truth of that before the children are due. If she gives birth anywhere else then one of the babies she currently carries will be stillborn. It has no soul. If we are there for the birth then it may be possible for me to take the child's body.

"And leave mine," Jenna added.

She stood in silence staring into the mirror for a time.

Now you see our priorities?

Jenna nodded. "But how am I supposed to get back to the Arnauk reservation?"

I suggest a taxi.

"I don't find that funny." Suddenly the ringing phone interrupted their argument. Picking up her phone Jenna recognized the number that appeared as the strange number which had attempted to prompt her to stop the meeting. (w)ww.n0V©LW(0)r@.com

"Hello," she said cautiously, as she picked up the phone. She could feel Brennus' anger.

"Nicely done," came the stranger's voice.

Jenna paused a moment. "Thank you," she responded, hoping that the voice would give her a clue as to what he meant.

"I honestly didn't believe you could do it. I'm impressed. I also live up to my word. I have a safe house available to you and your followers."

Jenna carefully considered what the voice was suggesting. Someone has managed to stop the meeting. This guy thinks it was me and he thinks I have a team working for me.

Brennus had to admit that even he was curious at this point. The alpha in him, who felt a need to know the political moves of all the factions around him, wanted to know who was on the other end of this line and who had the balls and resources to stop a Council meeting.

Jenna cleared her throat. "I'm currently separated from my men," she responded.

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"I know. When the others were picked up outside the Circle's territory, they said that they had lost contact with you. If you tell us where you are, I will send a car."

In an instant Jenna and Brennus exchanged suspicious concerns and possibilities. Father, if someone is out there willing to suggest that they are still in alliance with me then it may be worth looking into. Lone wolves don't live long. We will need help to do what you suggested.

Holding the phone in a trembling hand, Jenna decided to take a chance that she was about to make an incredible mistake.

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"You look exhausted," Sarah said sympathetically, as Aislinn sat down in the chair across from her. "I have a bad feeling about what you're going to tell me."

Sighing, Aislinn sat in the chair wishing she was up in her bed asleep next to Cullen. "Really I don't have much more to add to the visions I've told you about Sarah. Unfortunately the one new piece of information is exceedingly disturbing. I believe someone has killed Jacob."

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"Jacob?"

"You remember. He was one of the druids that Jenna and Maon kidnapped to create the dires."

Sarah nodded in recognition. "At least that seems to be a more clear cut message than most of the others," she said in annoyance.

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Aislinn glared at her apparent lack of sympathy.

"I'm sorry. I'm not trying to downgrade the situation. But it seems like lots of people are dying recently and I'm becoming desensitized." Sarah rubbed her face with both her hands and Aislinn couldn't help think that she had to have gotten that mannerism from Cullen. "Okay, so Jacob may be dead. What do we do?"

"I don't really know. He said to find someone named Mira. But when I asked him who that was he said he didn't know. Not as clear cut as it might first appear. I'm getting frustrated. I already know how you're going to react to this but I'm going to say it anyway," Aislinn looked Sarah hard in the eyes. "I need to go talk with my grandmother."

There was a long pause. Sarah could see how serious Aislinn was. "Ais, I know exactly what Cullen would say if he were here. Do we really need to have this conversation?"

Aislinn had already considered that Sarah was going to tell her "no". She thought about the effect that pulling rank might have on their relationship. But she finally decided that she felt like this was too important to play games with. "Sarah," she said carefully, "I'm learning more and more to trust my instincts. Something in me tells me that I need to see my grandmother right now. I can't really explain it. I know that if Cullen were here he would tell me no. But, he's not here. And in his absence, technically, I'm alpha."