

Chapter 160

Mira tapped her pen on her desk as she glared at Luther and Tor. "Tell me something helpful."

Luther shifted in his seat. "We believe that the weres that escaped may have something to do with Nora's death."

"How exactlly is that helpful?"

"At least we know where they went when they left here." Luther looked away from Mira. He always had trouble making eye contact with her when he knew that he had disappointed her. "I have several men on it. I believe that the NSA has a tab on them as well though. It's going to be a bit of a race to get to them first."

"Do we know why they killed Nora?" Mira couldn't help the hurt and frustration. It had been a very long time since she had seen Nora. Still that didn't make her death any less upsetting. It never failed to get to her when someone she knew died and she was unable to be part of the grieving.

"It seems they're looking for a cure. They got together with some of the dire's that survived the fiasco between the Arnauk and the Tairneach. We think that they found the Circle and expected Nora to be able to fix them. When she couldn't, she suffered for it."

"How the hell did they find the Circle? No one finds the Circle. I want them all in custody. Without further incident. We have never had this much trouble handling a situation."

"Mira," Luther responded, and finally looked up at her. "You have a majority of our men out looking for those damned tapes. If you want me to handle the quantity of weres that we are talking here, then I need more backup. This time, you're asking for more than we're capable of. This organization was made to handle things covertly. Right now we are talking direct confrontation. We aren't equipped."

"You're exaggerating," Mira exclaimed. She was obviously bothered and both men knew that it took a great deal to push her that far. She stood from her chair and paced to the window. For the first time in centuries, she was concerned for the security of her home.

"No he isn't," Tor added carefully. "We aren't setup for this. It's too big. It's one thing to handle the random lone wolf problem or blood thirsty vamp gone rogue. It's something else entirely to take on a relatively organized group. We need to consider other options."

"I know." Her voice was low. "I've thought about it off and on over the years. The druid's circle, the lycan's council, or maybe one of the vampire's families. I can't help but remember all the reasons that I've avoided that though." She turned toward them. "They all believe they have the best intentions. For the most part each of us do what we believe is best. I would be lying if I tried to claim that our function in the overall scheme of things was entirely altruistic. I started this organization because I didn't want to deal with the aftermath of being found by the human population or anyone else for that matter. I've spent time with each of the various groups and found that in the end it's always about personal agenda. Mine does not mesh with theirs."

Tor growled quietly in frustration. "I'm not saying we have to be permanent best buddies. If you let me handle it, I may be able to set up something to keep cooperative involvement and contact to a minimum without much trouble. I agree with Luther. We need help. You have our opinion."

Mira knew they were right. She couldn't help the concern. The druids at several points in history thought that the best solution to Rillan would be to put him out of his misery. The vampires had wanted to make use of him for their own agenda and the weres had been so indifferent to the situation that she gave up on any kind of help from them long ago. Now he was missing. There were tapes somewhere out in the big wide world that could not only prove the existence of weres but also remind the various factions of Rillan's existence. A group of mix match monster weres was wandering about possibly killing druids. Mira was out of answers. "I honestly don't know when things got so out of hand. I suppose that the weres are the least dangerous of the options."

"I thought you might say that," Tor nodded. "I'll get in contact with them. In the mean time, I did get Natalie to agree to reveal the location of the tapes, so I suppose that should be dealt with as well."

Mira's eyes narrowed on Tor. "When exactly did you manage that?"

Tor shrugged and tried to sound offhand. "When I dropped her back at her room. It seemed mostly a residual reaction to all the questioning she'd already been through. I didn't really do much," he smiled.

"I'll sit and twiddle my thumbs then," Luther groused.

"Actually I have a new assignment for you, my friend. Rillan has yet to return this time. I know that his bloodlust will begin to impair his judgement in fairly short order. Please be as covert as possible, but find out if the families have had to clean up any messes recently and are unsure of how it happened. Hopefully you'll find out nothing, we'll get the tapes back, and discover that he went to ground somewhere inconspicuous and just bring him home."©Ww.n0veℓW0rm.Co©

Luther nodded gravely. They all knew the urgency of getting Rillan back. That was the chance they took when they let him out in an attempt to stealthily retrieve the books from the Tairneach manor.

Mira sighed heavily and looked out the window in the futile hope that he would appear. "It would be so much simpler if he would show up with those damn notes and then we could all disappear again. Until we find Rillan there is too much at stake. Do whatever needs to be done. I'll deal with the consequences as they come."

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The night was wearing on as Jenna watched out the window waiting for a non-descriptor car to arrive to take her to whatever safe house the mysterious voice on the phone had promised. Brennus and Jenna were still arguing right up to the point when the black car with tinted windows pulled into the parking lot of the hotel.

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"Too late now," Jenna growled at Brennus as she strode out the car. She figured that if was Cadifor and she fell for a trap then the hell with it. She was tired of running and she was at least going to go with her head held high. Brennus repeatedly cursed her stupidity as she went.

A man in a dark suit got out of the front passenger side and opened the back door for Jenna to get in as she approached. She silently slid into the seat and he closed the door behind her. A quick appraisal of the driver and the other passenger made it clear that Cadifor had nothing to do with this. Jenna was dying to ask them who they were but didn't want to give them the satisfaction of knowing that she was so clueless as to what was happening.Www.n0vé©W0rm.c0m

Your desperation is going to get us killed, was the last thing Brennus said before retreating to the back of Jenna's mind.

The ride was silent. Jenna watched out the window, trying to determine at least the direction they were traveling. After several hours of driving all she was able to determine was that they were headed north.

"Too many bodies on the pyres of late," an elderly voice responded quietly to the debate passing across the large rune carved table.

"I believe it may be time to walk away from this. Nora was well meaning in her attempts to forge friendships however it is not working out as she foresaw. The Fates must have changed."