

Chapter 46

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Rafe stood in the great room of the Tairneach manor. One thing he did like about Brennus Tairneach was his taste in decorating. The manor was huge and richly furnished. Everything was brocade, silk, antique, or plush. A grandfather clock on the wall began to chime. The moon was high and could be seen through the skylights in the ceiling of the great room. Every room in the manor seemed to have a fireplace. That was Rafe's favorite part about the place. It was as though the fates had planned for him to be here. He was seriously considering having the cabin on the Arnauk reservation remodeled in this fashion. A large greenish tinted fire blazed in every fireplace and no one questioned the oddity. Even though the nights had been far too warm to justify lighting them.

Jenna stood in the middle of the room. She was naked except for a large red, ruby, signet ring hanging from a thick gold chain around her neck. It had been her father's ring. Rafe had been gracious enough to let her keep it. Rafe walked up behind Jenna. He was in a relatively good mood. So he allowed her to wear the ring during the ceremony. He found it morbidly amusing in some way that he was about to mate with the girl and she was wearing the ring that had been on her father's hand when he had died.

Rafe smiled as he thought about the look in Brennus's eyes when he died. Rafe pushed Jenna down to her hands and knees roughly. Then he dropped his pants and took up his position behind her. The movement brought some halting applause. Rafe was pleased by the turn out. He grabbed hold of Jenna's hair and yanked her head back as he thrust into her. She cried in pain as he forced himself into her dry cunt. She hadn't been ready for him. How could she be? He disgusted her. But this wasn't the time to fight him. She knew that she'd have her chance soon enough. She stayed herself with the thought that she would be there to see him die.

Kara watched Jenna submit to the punishment that Rafe put her through. He appeared to be thoroughly enjoying himself. He seemed to be looking at this as practice for when he turned himself into what he was calling 'perfection'. Kara seethed with jealousy. The idea that Jenna wasn't appreciative of what Rafe was gifting her with was beyond Kara's ability to comprehend. Just as Aislinn had baffled her. Aislinn had been worse though. Rafe actually wanted her.(w)W.W.ÑôVIElwoŔMl.(c)Om

Rafe continued to fuck Jenna until she began to respond. Jenna was doing her best to cooperate through her revulsion. She managed to imagine herself in a different enough situation that when she faked her orgasm he believed it. Rafe considered himself to have been infinitely generous, allowing Jenna to come first.

Rafe yanked her upright by her hair as he released into her. Positioning her the way he wanted he bit down on the join between her neck and her shoulder. Since he wasn't were (yet,he thought) his teeth were exactly made for this part of the ceremony. He bit down hard on Jenn's shoulder. His teeth finally piercing her skin and drawing blood. There was some additional applause at that point. He had at one time considered this ceremony to be barbaric. But now that he was in the middle of it he could see the draw. He swallowed the blood readily and then pulled away from her to admire his handiwork.

Jenna had yet to fulfill her half of the mating. It wasn't as if this could work the way it was supposed to. He wasn't a lycan. She hadn't even bothered to take her wolf form. She stayed in her human state to match his. She knew that he was only doing this because it would send a message to the pack. The positive point about it being that at least she couldn't make her brain believe this was an actual mating. She felt no bond with him, she was totally unsatisfied, and her wolf wasn't anywhere near interested in the situation. She took his arm in her hand and brought it to her mouth. She bit down just hard enough to draw blood. But she made sure that the wound would heal without scaring. She didn't plan on keeping him around for life.

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The ceremony didn't last long at all. Rafe had watched the weres he had created rutting throughout the great room. Noting that there were a vast number of differences in the tendencies of each of the species. He vastly preferred the habits of the cats. The wolves tended to make each session of sex long, drawn out, and overly intimate. The cats liked their short, sweet, to the point and then they moved on.

Rafe and Jenna spent the rest of the evening mingling with their pack. Rafe was enjoying playing the part of the alpha male. Jenna was frustrated, angry, and ashamed. She tried several times to escape the ceremony. But Kara would appear and send her back into the mix. Rafe mostly ignored her after he had finished. Various members of the pack approached her and she stood bored and indifferent as they knelt in front of her and showed their respect by pressing their faces against her sex and taking in her scent mingled with Rafe's. She couldn't help a grateful shiver when an old lover approached her and spent a great deal of time licking her clit. He had been enraged by Rafe's treatment of Jenna that evening and pitied Jenna. Besides there were currently three women kneeling in front of the new alpha lapping at his latest erection and there was no way Jenna's scent was still clinging to Rafe after the little display he had put on. The point of this half of the ceremony was for the pack to acknowledge the joining of the alpha pair. And this wasn't how it was done.

By the time dawn rolled around Jenna was sent back to her room and Rafe retired to his. He had cleared his morning for sleep, but he had several appointments that afternoon and then he would begin assembling the army.