

Chapter 63

Aislinn shuddered and tried to relax. When Jenna felt the fight go completely out of Aislinn she released her hold on Aislinn's leg and inserted a finger, then two into Aislinn's now dripping cunt. Jenna smiled with pleasure as Aislinn whimpered and pressed her face to the leather seat. Aislinn hated her body for her reactions to the woman's mouth. But there didn't seem to be anything she could do to stop the impending reaction. At least it wasn't Rafe. Aislinn gasped as her body tightened and her cunt rippled around Jenna's intruding digits. Jenna continued her tongue lashing and stroking until Aislinn lay limp again, panting for air. Then Jenna withdrew her fingers and much to Rafe's delight sucked the last of Aislinn's juices from them while she stared into his eyes. $\mathbb{W}w\boldsymbol{w}^{(n)}(\circ)\vee e\ell\boldsymbol{W}or^{(m)}.\textcircled{\circ}(\circ)\mathbb{m}$

Rafe toyed with himself trying to decide which of the three women in front of him deserved the pleasure of helping him find his release. He finally decided that Aislinn would be receiving that gift soon enough and Jenna had hers not too long before. But he had been neglecting Kara since their move into the Tairneach manor. Kara. The one truly loyal follower he had. He had never been forced to manipulate her in any way. If he asked her to do something she willingly did it. She worshipped him. Rafe had often wondered why he felt nothing for her. Perhaps she ruined her chances with him when she posed no challenge to him. He didn't know. But every so often he felt obligated to reward her for her loyalty.

Rafe nudged the lioness with his toe and she eagerly stood and presented herself for his approval. Rafe made sure that she was positioned so that he would be fucking her right in front of Aislinn's face. "Watch this," he said grabbing Aislinn by the hair and forcing her face to angle up and watch was he was about to do. Jenna sat back on the seat to watch Aislinn's misery. All Aislinn could think was that at least it wasn't her.

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Cullen had left some men at the reservation to defend the territory. But the vast majority of lycans had returned to the city in order to find out what had happened after the mating ceremony. No one expected that there would be an attack on the reservation so soon. Cullen had sent word that a significant force would be coming. But the preparations for the battle had only just been started.

An alarm blasted through the manor-like cabin as the Tairneach vans charged through the front gate. The drive was long and the Arnauk inside the grounds scrambled to assemble in order to defend their territory. Men and women took up positions at windows holding guns and waited.

The Tairneach vans pulled up in front of the cabin and as the lycans and other weres got out of the vehicles the Arnauk began a volley of gunshots that had the Tairneach jumping for cover. Rafe completely ignored the battle. He got out of the limo and had his driver open the trunk as if nothing were happening. He pulled a duffle bag out of the trunk that clinked of glass before he headed toward the wooded area that concealed the standing stones. Jenna spared a glance of concern for her men who were being shot at before trailing along behind Rafe obediently. Kara was left to drag Aislinn along.

Aislinn was shoved out of the limo. Pain shot through her body again and she fell to her knees and then onto her chest. The gravel from the drive dug into her breasts as she hit the ground. She only barely managed to lift her head high enough to not scrape her face on the driveway. Kara growled impatiently and shifted into her hybrid form so that she could carry Aislinn.

She reached down with a golden clawed hand and took hold of Aislinn's limp form. "You make me ashamed to be a woman. When I took the change I didn't roll about on the ground whimpering. If I'm going to have to put up with you being around again the least you could do is make an attempt at dignity," Kara snarled as she flung Aislinn over her shoulder like a rag doll.

Aislinn looked up toward the cabin. It was obvious that the Arnauk were losing this battle. The Tairneach had already reached the front door and were climbing in some of the windows. As Kara toted her easily into the woods she saw someone crash out of a window on the top floor and scream before hitting the ground. Aislinn let her head fall back down as Kara entered the woods and trailed after Rafe and Jenna toward the standing stones.

Cullen drove like a maniac. The caravan of SUVs blasted down the highway trying to close the distance between themselves and the Tairneach. Cullen had called in a favor that was owed to him by some friends on the highway patrol and were managing to make it across the state in record time.

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As he gripped the steering wheel of the lead truck and gunned the gas even more his cell rang. He reached into his pocket with the intent of taking note of the caller ID for a future pummeling. The name of his federal contact flashed across the display. Cullen closed his fist around the cell and an audible crunching noise told everyone else in the truck that calling the man right now was not a good idea. Cullen tossed the cell into the backseat and nearly hitting Sarah in the head with it.

Keith tried desperately to find humor in the look on Sarah's face when Cullen's cell went flying passed her head. But even he was having a hard time seeing the good in this situation. The truck reeked of the lovely perfume Brinah had whipped up and his brain was trying to calculate the odds of getting disemboweled by a were-tiger or whatever else he might be about to fight. "Well," he said trying to lighten the tension in the truck. "At the very least if this stuff we're sprayed down with doesn't stop Rafe from his mind control coach we might be able to stink the lot of them off our territory."

Cullen's growl told him that his attempt at humor had not been appreciated. Keith grumbled a bit and settled back to watching the road speed passed them. He figured that at this rate they would make the reservation in less than an hour. Hopefully that would be soon enough. Though what they were going to do when they got there he wasn't sure.

Cullen knew that his pack was uneasy. His brain was working overtime for a solution to this one. He knew that if Rafe didn't have Aislinn he would have waited and thought it out. It didn't make sense charging into this and it pissed him off at himself. How many people are going to die, he asked himself over and over again. But he couldn't stop himself in the head long charge. He didn't know how he was going to do it but he was going to bring her out of this safe, then he was going to hunt down Ranaild. He felt like his entire pack was falling apart and it started with him.

"Brinah," Cullen demanded with a growl. "Are you able to do anything like what Rafe can do?"

Brinah shifted uncomfortably in her seat. She had been wondering when they would get around to that. "Most of the Senach were able to do things similar. All of our talents lied in slightly different places though. My talents tend toward premonitions, but I closed off that part of my mind a long time ago. There are consequences to seeing the future." Brinah hesitated as though there was a bad memory attached to that statement. "I believe Aislinn is fairly gifted in premonitions as well. I was never very good at using my talents and I never put the effort into developing them. They always used to control me. Then I fell in love with a human and left the Circle without looking back. I forced that part of me into silence and I can't claim that it could be of any help to you now. Aislinn's abilities always concerned me. I tried to stop her mother from encouraging her. But she seemed to manifest the talent for dreams without even trying. I'm sorry but I don't think there's anything I can do to the Tairneach to help you." $\textcircled{\mathbb{W}}\boldsymbol{w}^{(n)}.\mathbf{N}^{(c)}\vee e\ell\mathbb{W}or^{\mathbb{M}}.(c)\acute{o}\mathbb{m}$