

Chapter 93

Brinah reached out to touch her and her hand passed through Aislinn's check leaving a cooling sensation but no tangible touch. "You're right," she said softly. "But the way I died bound me to this place. I didn't know that it would happen. But here I am."

"Oh, grandma I'm so sorry." Aislin couldn't stop the pain. She felt as though her chest was going to explode. "I never should have involved you. I can't believe you're trapped here now."

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Brinah smiled at Aislinn. "You've a great deal to learn. That's my fault. I never allowed you to be taught. How could I have known that the fates would draw you back into this life. Don't cry for me child. I knew what I did each step that I took and I would do it again to help you if need be. Besides everyone who dies must go somewhere. The clearing is beautiful and the ley lines allow me some small existence beyond death. That's a great deal more than some."

Aislinn shook her head. She didn't know how to take all this. "Grandma-

"Hush," Brinah cut her off. "Your mate grows anxious and will tear about the clearing if I don't return you soon. I have some important things to tell you. First, when you need me you now know where to find me," she smiled at Brinah. "I encourage you to take advantage of that in the near future. But for now it will suffice that you know where to go. Second, the books that are missing hold dangerous information. You need to convince Cullen that something must be done about it. Jenna is bad enough. But if they pass into the hands of the men he has sent to deal with Jenna that will be much worse. You need to find them and destroy them. The rest will fall into place as that goal is accomplished. I think our people were much smarter in ancient times. Never write down something you don't want others to know."

Jenna stood over Jacob. He was doing a great deal of reading and rereading. She had provided him with all the books and notes that Rafe had left behind and was insisting that he learn how Rafe was turning people into weres. When Jacob had asked why he had been beaten. That was a quick lesson learned. Do as you're told and ask no questions.

Then there was the fact that he had been shown the others that Jenna had in the basement. She also spent some time telling him to work faster or she'd harm the others.

"As motivating as that is, Mistress," Jacob said. "The man you're asking me to emulate spend a lifetime learning these things. I cannot assimilate the information over night. I'm doing my best. Perhaps if I knew your goal it would allow me to pick and choose the information that would be most helpful and gloss over the parts that I do not need. Especially if your goal is not to create a mixed were from a human base. That seems to be what all of this information pertains to."

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Jenna scowled at him. She was tempted to have him beaten again for being so insolent except that she could see his point. "How long do you think it would take for you to be capable of doing what he did? Do you at least have an estimate on time? I can't believe that following a recipe should be as difficult as making it."

"Technically I suppose you're right there. But my predecessor," Jacob didn't even like thinking Rafe's name, "didn't trust anyone. He wrote a great deal of this in various languages so as to confuse the reader. Gaelic I know and English. But there is also another here and I don't quite catch what it is. I've been reading around those bits. I don't know how dangerous that will end up being. I'll need to spend some time translating it, after I figure out what language it is. Then there is the fact that these recipes are specifically for creating werecats of various types and one that appears to be elephant, boar, and bear. But that appears to have been abandoned in mid creation. The rest of these notes and information is ancient and contains the basic knowledge needed to create the recipes. That would take me a great deal of time. Since the ancients wrote in riddles so as to disguise their intent. I'm sorry. I don't know how long it would take to decipher that."

Jenna growled impatiently. "Fine, I will tell you my intent. I need you to create a formula that will allow me to mix this," Jenna produced a large canine tooth from her pocket, "with existing lycan bloodlines."

Jacob looked at the fossil that was placed on the table in front of him. "I'm sorry but all of these notes involve use of blood. I don't know what you expect me to do with a fossilized tooth. What is it?"

Jenna was getting angry. "I won't accept excuses. I'm sure you can figure it out. That," she said indicating the tooth, "is from canis dirus. My father has a small museum dedicated to the dire wolf. We consider the species to be an ancestor. A slightly larger, more powerful ancestor. Find a way to use it. I can get you more if need be."

"I think you are going beyond me with this assignment mistress," Jacob said as he stared at the tooth, awe and concerned understanding in his voice. "You need dna specialists or something. If you can find a way to make blood from fossilized bone, okay. Or if you can find a druid with enough knowledge of ancient ritual to be capable of changing the formula provided here from blood to bone. But how would you ingest bone? I suppose it could be ground down?" Jacob was torn between being frightened and refusing to help and being fascinated by the prospect and wanting to find the solution. At heart all druids loved knowledge and puzzles.WWw.móŴèlw(c)rrmm.Czmm

Jenna was a little pleased with the fact that she seemed to have caught Jacob's attention. "I'll see what I can do to bring you one or both of those options. For now continue your studies," she said. She left the tooth with him as she went to find Maon. She needed him to bring her some more people.wWw.©ovelwo(r)M.c(o)M

Cullen was going mad. He could feel her utter despair. The fear was gone but something was hurting her terribly. He was pacing back and forth. It had to do with the muin stone circle. He was getting close to having the whole muin thing destroyed.

Suddenly Cullen heard howling and shortly there after a few wolves appeared in the clearing. When Sarah, Drake, and Keith saw Cullen pacing they knew that something was wrong. At first they thought it was funny.

Sarah was the one to mistakenly speak first. Did she get away from you, Cul?

Cullen growled angrily and they all backed up. Something here has her. She's vanished!