

Chapter 65

A kingdom founded on injustice never lasts.

-Lucius Annaeus Seneca

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Brinah watched the transformation from behind a large stone. The weres were ignoring her. She didn't have strength or speed. She was a weak old woman to them and they were waiting for orders from their leader. She understood why he needed the stone circle so badly now. He had shortened the process. This way he didn't have to go through weeks of pain and waiting. Instantaneous power. But there was always a price for things like that. Brinah wondered what the price for that kind of power could be. She watched her granddaughter lying weak and disoriented on the ground. She wanted to go to her and help her but she was fairly certain that there would be no getting to her while everyone's attention was on the demonstration Rafe was putting on. As she waited she stared at the liquid that was seeping into the ground from the jars that had broken, trying to figure out what had been in them.

Jenna watched in terror as Rafe finished his transformation. With the victorius war cries of his men ringing in his ears and Aislinn lying at his feet Rafe didn't even notice Jenna walk toward Cullen.

As Jenna knelt in front of him Cullen growled and snapped at her. His fangs only barely missing her face. She smiled and leaned in toward him ignoring the danger. As she got closer Cullen caught Aislinn's scent. Jenna smiled at him. "She does taste good doesn't she," Jenna said and then kissed Cullen deeply.

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Cullen was stunned for a moment before he began growling and Jenna pulled away from the kiss. Her eyes sparkled an unfathomable depth of sadness. Cullen couldn't help but wonder what Rafe had done to her. Jenna spoke very softly and amidst the din of roaring beasts he almost missed what she said. "The enemy of my enemy Arnauk. On my signal, call your attack."

Cullen watched Jenna stand up and she stepped to the ape-cat that was holding Cullen. The beast growled at her. But Jenna was used to men who growled and she didn't pause for a single moment. She reached up to her shoulders and dropped her red dress to the ground. The red pooled around her feet in a bloody puddle. The man holding Cullen stared appreciatively at the beautiful blonde. She stepped up to him. Jenna placed a finger on her lips and her tongue snaked out to wet her finger. She slowly trailed the wet finger down her chest and over her breast, circling her nipple with it before reaching toward the ape-cat. The man's erection jumped up in front of him. There were few men alive who wouldn't have responded to Jenna's display. A light touch on his chest and the ape-cat released Cullen as the confusion of roaring cheers grew louder.

Cullen immediately jumped to his feet, rounded on the ape-cat and with a feral growl shoved Jenna aside and lunged for the man's throat. When Cullen stood up there was ragged flesh dangling from Cullen's jowls.

Rafe was menacing Aislinn with evil intent. He moved up behind her barely cognoscente form. He was so intent on his target that he completely missed Jenna's actions. He pawed at Aislinn and she turned to face him. She pulled her tail between her legs and backed away from him. She stumbled a bit as she moved and Rafe was on top of her. His size dwarfed her and his member was no exception. Aislinn cried out as he maneuvered her beneath him. She couldn't see how he could do this and not rip her apart. His gigantic paw held her down as he pressed against her. Aislinn wiggled away from him as best she could. But that mostly entailed lying flat on the ground and trying to use her tail to stop the Rafe's intrusion. Her struggles only seemed to spur him on.

Brinah picked up the remainder of the jar at the foot of the standing stone and stared at the substance that Rafe had used to aid in his transformation. It had been so long since she had learned these things. The residue in the jar was red and smelled of herbs. There must have been blood in it. She looked up at Rafe as he attacked her granddaughter. Using the glass from the jar she slit her palm and dropped some of her own blood into the mixture and poured what was left of it onto the ground. Nothing happened. She was panicking but she was convinced that the only thing needed to disrupt Rafe's transmutation would be a change in the formula, before he left the circle. As she looked around for something more drastic than her own blood her eyes fell across the rest of the stones. Eight more jars. *wwW.Nove/©o(r)m.côm*

Cullen saw Rafe trying to mount Aislinn and his attention shifted. He howled in rage, calling out the attack, and there wasn't a wolf on the reservation who didn't know that Cullen Arnauk was pissed. Jenna joined her howl with his and in unison all the Tairneach seemed to come to life. When the Tairneach jumped sides there was some confusion at first. It was as though no one was sure who should be fighting with whom. But the Arnauk shortly got the idea and the true fight began.

The weres were outnumbered by lycans more than three to one. But the battle was fought as though the sides were nearly even. The body count piled as fangs tore at throats and claws disemboweled stomachs.

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