

Chapter Two

For the next couple of days she had been questioned and interrogated by just about everyone. She got to a point that every time someone asked she would snap at them and tell them to shove it and stop asking. She was tired of being asked things she didn't know the answers to. The only people who hadn't been questioning her was her CO Nicola Conners, John Riggs, Sarah Janson and Kevin Harts. They knew many of her secrets and she was starting to wonder if Conners knew more. Everyone wanted to know how she knew about the 'storm' before it hit? She got the feeling Conners knew it wasn't a storm just as she knew. But he wouldn't talk to her about it. He pretended like he didn't know a thing. Like he didn't talk to the dragon like he knew it.

Yes, he said he was like her, but how much and was he telling the truth? On top of that, she fretted asking because the dragon had said no one would remember seeing him. Would he even know what she was talking about? She didn't know and the only thing she had going for her was that just an hour ago she arrived at her hotel room in Moscow, straight off her flight from what use to be North Korea before China took over, so she could catch her flight back to the states with a group of wounded. Her flight would have to stop in Cairo first for more passengers before flying to Atlanta.

Conners seemed to think with everything that had happened some time off would be good for her. A new assignment for a while and someone to work with her in learning and controlling her powers. He also mentioned that they were more than human and everything would become clear soon, that he was not the one allowed to tell her what she needed to grow. So, here she was, standing in the bathroom waiting for the shower to warm up. It was getting dark out and it was cold. The winter in Moscow was snowy and white. Seemed like it'd be a white Christmas after all in most parts of the world. When she checked the weather in Atlanta it was snow covered and expecting more, which was very odd period. She just hoped it wouldn't stop her flight.

Apparently she was booked a privet jet from none other than her brother and he had text her while she was on the plane to tell her she'd take that plane home. So when she got it she didn't even reply. He behaved as though she was in danger of flying with everyone else. Who did he think she was for god's sake? A child? She was always annoyed when he played the over protective brother card. She was a member of the military for the last five years, successfully too and top of her class. The Elite, how much more could one wish for? She was fully able to protect herself and then some. She'd not give into him and obey his command to take the privet jet, no way in hell.

She hated being in a confined space with a lot of people, but she dealt with it. Under normal circumstances she'd have flown to the UN then caught a flight to Atlanta from there. However Martial law was pushed in the UN and flying in and out of the air ports was time consuming and sometimes impossible. She and everyone else going to and from the middle east and the combat zones in India and African as well as most of Asia, it was just a pain in the ass.

After the 3rd World War most of the world was still in shambles and taking much longer to recover. It was not the safest place anymore and the UNA was working hard to help the rest of the world that had suffered the aftermath to recover. It was a long road after a 12 year war. The longest War ever in history even compared to those in ancient times, at least she thought that was true, it was devastating even if she had no memory of growing up in it. In a way she was glad she didn't remember it.

Shrugging the old history and her negative thoughts away she pulled off her shirt and turned to check the water temperature. It was ready, nice a warm but not too hot. Turning around she reached behind her and removed her bra, dropping it to the floor near the vanity. Then shucked her fatigues and socks. Her gaze dropped on the pendants around her neck looking back at her in the mirror.

She looked down where it sat between her breasts just where her cleavage began. When she lifted the strange gem encased in small silver dragon figures like a yin yang around it, it shined and sparkled in the bathroom lights. It felt heavy in her hand and had felt heavy around her neck almost like it was a memory, or a burden weighing heavy on her heart. The sensation made her feel like she had once had seen this piece of jewelry before. Like she knew its meaning and significance but the memory was hidden away somewhere deep inside her mind.

She dropped it, letting it fall onto her chest again. Her gaze looked back to her reflection and she focused on her eyes, willing them to become more than human. They changed from a pale blue teal, lightening to a soft turquoises iris with a small purple ring outlining her narrowed pupil. She had never noticed the purple before. She never really did this and looked in a mirror either, not this close, not with this much interest until now.

Her encounter with the dragon, its blue iris with emerald green outlining his wide and narrow pupil. Just like her, only a different color was the only difference between them. It made her wonder what the connection between her and the dragon was. Why he had the same eyes she had and yet he was not human, but a mythical beast of ancient lore. That was what had her most confused about the entire encounter and her thoughts. She was not a mythical creature of lore, so how did she share his eyes?

Snapping back to her intended task, she turned a bit to look at the back of her thigh where the pink of a bullet had healed over the course of several weeks. As well as some of her open scraps on her arms and hands from a few days ago. Another smaller bullet wound a year old on her shoulder, and a knife scar over her collar bone. All major wounds had healed over and she somewhat hated to see them, at the same time saw them as badges of her survival. Each had a story.

The knife wound had been an attempt on her life in Chinese territory two and a half years ago, her second tour into China. She had been doing recon with her crew, Sarah, John, and Kevin. They had split up to cover more ground but made sure to stay close enough to hear one another without a radio in case of ambush. The would be assassin tried to cut her throat, problem for him was she saw him 5 seconds before he grabbed her and got out with a 7 inch long gash that needed 30 or more stitches and he got shot in his ugly face.

Her shoulder wound was in a firefight one year ago while protecting the border between what was once North and South Korea and what was all India now. She had foreseen the possibility of being hit, but didn't know when and knew it wouldn't be fatal. She had stood to lay down some cover fire and wham, she was slammed in her left shoulder and fell back. She had gotten back up and continued the fight, her adrenaline had kept her in motion for a long time. Their medic was surprised she had stopped bleeding on her own and began to scab over by the time he got to her. She had healed in half the time anyone else would have.

Lastly, her thigh. Six months ago at the same base where the dragon came to their rescue. A base hidden on the borders of old Korea and India. They had scouted to a nearby village that was helping them with information and supplies. A group of outsiders who came in on horseback. When they were alerted by the villagers, her team had hidden in order to protect the people. If they knew they were helping the UNA Military they'd kill and ravage the villagers.

She had gotten shot when she couldn't stand by and watch them hit and threaten the villagers. When they killed the father of a sweet wife and five young children, then threatened to kill the youngest girl if the mother or people didn't tell them what they wanted, Kaylin exploded. She burst out of the jungle and fired a shot in the head of the man holding a gun to the little girl's head. The man had dropped in a lump and fire rang out. When it was done, she realized she had been hit in the right thigh and was still walking until she started to feel it.

The strangest thing was she healed up in a little over two months. For a high caliber rifle injury which should have taken six or more months of healing and surgeries to fix, she was on her feet, with a limp, in a month and cleared after two and a half months. The anomaly had the medics and doctors who

were only allowed to do so much to her thanks to the religion she was raised up in.

It didn't count for wound care in emergencies or she might have lost her life to the shot in the leg because it went in and out of her leg, causing her to bleed from the artery in her leg. But again, after getting cold and queasy, the bleeding ended up stopping on its own. But it did take this one longer to heal than the smaller caliber bullet that had hit her shoulder. The fact she healed so fast and could still move like nothing happened after a rifle shot to the leg just added to the list of weird things about her. Things that made her feel less than human. Different and an outcast. She would kill to know who and what she really was.

Taking her eyes from the mirror, her 'real' eyes still in place, which was easy to keep, she turned and stepped into the shower and pulled the curtain. Hidden from her strange reflections in the mirror. She stood under the spray as still as stone, her head back and eyes closed as the warm water rolled and beaded down her softly tanned skin. The water seemed to soothe her overly cool skin.

She wished the water could wash away all her frustration, all her doubts about herself and her confusion. She wished it could heal her damaged part of her brain that block her memories before her 18th birthday. All her known life Kaylin wanted to know what parts of her life she was missing and the older she got and strong her powers became, the more she knew about what she had been told of her childhood might be a lie. A lie that was created for reasons she was not sure of. The intimate encounter with the dragon pushed her instincts into overdrive. Pushed her to look beyond all she knew and consider that not only was she not the only one, but there was far more to her and those like her than just healing faster and moving stuff with their minds.

Opening her eyes, she ran her hands over her hair making the water splash onto the tub basin in a loud sloshing sound. She leaned down for the shampoo and froze. Her hand began to shake and her vision blurred for a moment. In the back of her mind there was a vague flash of what felt like... a memory? It depicted a scene where she was laughing at someone who came over to her, carrying a wooden sword with dark auburn waist length hair in a braid from the nape of his neck to his waist. He knelt down and took her hand, hauling her to her feet.

She was having a hard time placing the man's face, but he was taller than she, and she came to his collar bone. She got the feeling she was far younger here thus the huge height difference. When she looked up at him she remembered grinning and he had patted her head. When he spoke however, she couldn't make out the words, they sounded foreign. Couldn't remember, but she did remember a calm, gentle, deeply accented voice. Somehow it sounded very familiar, like she had just heard it before and recently.

She stopped what she had been doing slowly dropped to her knees in the tub her eyes staring at the necklace again. She had grabbed it, she realized, like it was a lifeline. She had begun to breathe heavy and her head felt like she was hit with a baseball bat. A migraine so bad she was dizzy and did not want to stand up at all. Not yet. She clutched at the necklace and blinked a few times, waiting for the pain to fade away enough for her to ditch her shower, take some Advil and just go to sleep.

Everything was just spinning and when she stared down at the tub tile, she eased her death grip on the pendant enough to take a breath before looking at her free hand. It was still shaking, but not as bad as when the memory suddenly surfaced. Was it possible that she might begin to remember more? The thought terrified her and at the same time it made her feel hopeful that they might come back on their own after so long without them. Without knowing her history and having to rely on others to tell her about herself and who she was before... it unnerved her and she hated it.

As her breathing slowed and her head began to fade into a dull tolerable ache her senses went into overdrive. She felt the presence of another person in her room and she couldn't pinpoint it as someone she knew. Even if it was someone she knew, they didn't have a key to get in. Unless they were a hacker they'd not break the lock to her door. Her mind went into military mode faster than her body could respond. She managed to get to her feet in a sluggish motion.

Leaving the shower running she quietly got out and dried herself enough to get her fatigues and

blue tee-shirt on over her damp skin. Her hair was soaking her back as the dripping wet nearly waist length light auburn hair lay over her back and shoulders. Her eyes blazed in that inhuman way when she glimpsed them in the mirror. She moved on bare feet to the door and slowly opened it. She didn't have her gun and didn't know what to expect. She hadn't seen a vision to know what was going to happen so it was unknown to her if she was in danger.

When she cracked the door open, frigid air hit her in the face and licked over her damp body and before she could stop herself she let out a startled gasp. She slapped her hand over her mouth as she began to shiver. She opened the door more. When she peaked into the darkened room she saw the terrace double doors were open wide and the curtains softly blew about as freezing winter air came in and chilled the room. Her eyes moved from the doors toward where the king sized bed was, she couldn't see anything more past the wall. She'd have to leave the bathroom doorway.

Backing up she closed the door to a crack and shut off the light letting her strange eyes adjust in seconds so she could see in the dark. She opened the door and crept out of the bathroom slowly and moved down the hall toward the suit bedroom. She was able to see the sitting area from the bathroom that was next to the balcony. Across the sitting room was where the bed was, which was beyond her line of sight from the bathroom. When she stopped at the corner, she took a breath before looking around the corner toward the bedroom area where a desk and two night stand were.

The sight she saw was one she never expected to see. Laying on the floor next to the bed, in front of the desk that sat in the open area near the bed, lay a big, green eyed, red maned dragon, curled in a ball with his head down on his feet, staring right at her as if he belonged.

* * * * *

He just stared at her, his eyes taking in every detail of her. She was wet and her clothing clung to her body. Her hair was soaked and stained her shirt dark with moisture everywhere her long hair rested. She was gorgeous even in her disheveled form after showing. When he had come in, he had not expected her to sense him. He had hoped he would have time to get more comfortable in the room in his current form before she came out, hoped he had time to shut the doors before she came out. He didn't want her to catch a chill.

He shifted his gaze to her eyes when she seemed to become nervous and stiff. Her scent was confused and unsure. He unnerved her greatly, he could smell it. However, being as far from home as he was, and it being to cold out, this form was protecting him from freezing to death. He had no clothing to shift back and wear. He would be naked if he changed, and if she saw him she might snap. She was already stressed about more then one thing and he did not wish to add to that. He wanted to ease her into things, slowly unlock her past for her to see and understand. He wanted her to trust him like she had started to grow on him.

Over the last ten years of watching over her he was starting to become more attached, more interested, and he experienced want when thinking of her. Now that she was grown and her own woman, an independent woman much like her mother and strong and confident like her father. Her powers were growing and over the years he had slowly, a little at a time, unleashed his hold on the

block he had put on her powers. The block had also effected her memories and created something that seemed to tie them together. He could always feel her in a slight way. More than likely, she likely was more in-tuned to him as well.

She seemed to sway on her feet, her eyes closing, she heaved a deep sigh as she turned on her heels, headed for the terrace doors and closed them with a loud slam. The noise made even him jump, she radiated irritation and annoyance, confusion and disbelief. She stood there for a long moment with her head down and her hands braced on the door handles. When she spoke, she suddenly sounded drained of all energy.

"I... am going insane," She turned abruptly and pinned him with an evil glower that made him shift uneasily, "I am not even going to ask how you found me let alone how you got in... Because I seriously don't think I'd get an answer but I warn you.. you... dragon that if you try anything funny or try to eat me I will shoot you in the head."

Her threat made him grin with a sneer that to her likely looked like a growl or threatening answer to her, so he forced it back as quickly as it had appear and in reply to her worry, stood carefully, turned in a circle and dropped onto his belly again closer to the bed. When he looked at her, she was staring at him with daggers in her eyes. Then she growled in frustration and stormed toward the bathroom.

"Whatever! Why did I think you'd understand me let along listen?" she slammed the door behind her.

He could understand her behavior somewhat. She was in shock, trying to wrap her head around the unknown. She was handling it better than he thought she would after her stunned encounter with him on her base. He had to rest after that. The amount of power it took to call a storm that powerful and control it had him in so much pain that he needed a day at least to fully recover. Then, a day to find her after she had left on the plan. It wasn't hard, flying and catching up to her was different. He had to fly at night when no one would see him and he could more easily cast a veil over his large form.

Standing slowly, he pricked his ear to listen to the sounds behind the bathroom door. She was muttering to herself about what he was. She asked herself if he was really real, if he was sentient, and, if it was his voice she really heard two night ago or her imagination. The feeling he got from her was that her logical mind was in a battle with her instincts. In this case, she needed to fallow the latter in order to fully accept and understand him. As well to make it easier for her to remember.

When he was confident she'd take her time he took a moment to focus on the change. His body blurred like magic. Bones popped and muscle contorted, reforming and shrinking into human shape. When he finished, he titled his head to the left and to the right, the bones popped in response. He stretched his limbs and his back to pull out the strange feeling of stiffness after being in dragon form to long. He however, having no clothes was stark naked. All solid muscle, over 6 ½ feet of well cared for male. He worked out often enough and being what he was, burned more calories when shifting any day. The best way to be able to shift with more ease was to stay healthy.

His long dark blood red hair ran in waves down his back and over his shoulders, falling to his butt. He needed it to be trimmed again, his bangs had become long and shaggy and some areas of his thick hair was trying to stick out in places were he had split ends from it being snagged and pull when racing through woods and jungles. He himself needed to bath if he was to stay in the form of a man, well sort male. He did not look human without his Neural Inhibitor active.

The odd piece of tech was made for use in spying and recon. It was implanted at the base of the skull and easily removed by a technician. It was about the size of a grain of long rice and it amplified their ability to shift and with the right command codes they could alter their humanoid appearances to look like other alien races in order to blend in when spying or during high end recon. Here on Earth, they know it as Terra, it was used to hide their people within plain sight within the human populace. If not for this, they would not have been able to hide from their enemies so well. It also helped they could mask their powers and the Inhibitor sent out waves to make them appear human to scans. So far it was he perfect disguise.

Looking down, he wiggled his toes, looking at his toes nail which poked out like claws. His markings were a darker shade of his tanned skin, with most in lines that looked like lightening in the sky, some connecting to tribal like tattoos. They showed up on his arms, his legs, backs of his hands, areas on his peaks and biceps, and his lower back where that wrapped around his sides,, up his ribs to connect with the one on his chest and shoulders. Everywhere else, his thighs and abs were absent of the birth marks.

He had smaller sutler marks on his cheek that were lighter and mostly showed when his powers were more active, like calling lightening or wind or water, or all three in the case of the storms he could make. Though using all three in such a display of power took a toll on his mind and body. That was his people's weakness. They could only maintain certain amounts of power for a given amount of time before it weakened them physically. With training, practice and age, the longer one could hold their power and the shorter the recovery time, and, the stronger they became.

Getting his balance on two legs, he walked over to the glass double doors to the terrace and reached up to grab the curtains. He stopped for a moment to look at his inhuman eyes and his long pointed ears, his horn grew from his head above his ears and went back then they turned, branching out slightly and turning forward just like a bull. He had read books and seem pictures of a beast called, a Minotuar. The depiction looked an awful like the Encarions, a bull like humanoid race that was trading partners and allies with his people. Part of the Council of the Seven, a large interplanetary alliance between seven powerful and ancient races.

Opening the Balcony doors, her stepped out, the icy air sending chills over his bare skin. He could handle it for long enough to send a message using his bird, Iris. The animal was perched outside with her feathers fluffed up and out of sit on the rail to the far left of the balcony waiting for him to either let her in or send her away. The species of bird looked just like a Earth myth of the fire bird call 'phoenix' but was red and gold. In this case, he took a moment to to pet her before he stepped back inside to tear a blank page of paper from a paper on the table in the sitting room. Taking up a pen, her wrote his note to one of his warrior that manned his home when he was not there. He and several Legion warrior branched off from the council and like roughs, they do their own thing. Main goal is to watch over and remain loyal to the princess, not her brother.

They were not against their people by any means, but they would not follow Aurnore's lead and the way he was doing things. Aurnore felt it better to sit low and hide Kit'anya from the danger's an threats to them,. He and his warriors felt she needed to learn and understand, to be allowed to remember and make the choice to weather or not she would fight for their people or not. It was not her brother's choice to make for her. It was hers, and he would stand by her to make sure she could have the opportunity to make the choice on her own. To chose him if he could prove to her that he could be her knight again, and that he loved her. So, he and his Legion stood for her, and her alone and what was right for their people. They would not sit by and let their allies help them in their own time, they would fight. As he finished his note in the Daragon script, he dropped the pen and returned to his bird.

The large raptor sized bird was larger than earth's largest vulture or eagle, but she was loyal and docile to him and him alone. He ended up raising the bird when her mother was killed by a predator. Giving the bird his rolled up note, he pat her head gently.

"It's for Zepheria, make sure she gives you a treat for having to fly so far. Now go." the bird quietly hopped away and jumped off the rail and flew off.

Turning to head back inside, he caught his reflection in the window as he closed the doors. His horns reminded him of the minotaur pictures. The only difference was that his horns had an odd spiraling look to them. Almost as if someone had twisted them like wool until they left a twisting pattern. They were a gray color and had a dull shine to them in the right light. He leaned in closer to the window and saw mud or dirt on his left horn. He reached up briefly to scrap it off, as he watched the dried mud fall in dusty clumps he heard the shower shut off.

'That was rather quick...' he thought.

Quickly shutting the curtains, he turned on his heel stalking quickly back toward the large corner that housed a long corner desk and the bed on the other side. He formed the change as he walked, his form grow and changed as the bathroom door came open. His tail would be the only thing she had seen as he finished his shift just in time for her to round the corner and catch him flexing his wings, and curl his tail close to him. He turned his head to look at her and she stared at him, an eyebrow quirked.

Her head turned to the double doors and then back to him, she opened her mouth as if to say them, but snapped it shut as she looked back to the closed curtains. She suspected he may have done it, or maybe she swore she must have shut them when she shut the doors? He didn't know, but she seemed as though she might ask, but didn't. He was trying to read her expressions and her eyes. He didn't want to invade her thoughts without her consent even though he was dieing to know what she was thinking. She took a deep breath and seemed to calm.

She looked at him, then she looked at the bed with unease. When he gaze shifted back to him he mad a show of looking as cuddly as he might muster by stretching his front legs out, pushing his butt in the air and stretching out like a cat. His too long body having to face toward the sitting room in order to achieve the action. Then he opened his jaws and let out a huge yawn, a long content whine leaving his throat. He dropped his rear end down and flopped over to his hip and curled up again, his tail slinking around his head and neck.

"Wow..... you...uh...." she seemed at a loss for words for a moment as though she was unsure of herself, then she stepped closer, "Your kinda cute... you behave more docile then you look."

She knelt down on her toes, her elbows on her knees so she could look at him where he lay on the floor. She reached out to him with her right hand only to freeze in hesitation and fear as though he might bite her hand off. He watched her and wanted her touch on his fur so bad that he feared if he didn't do something she'd pull her hand away.

Not thinking at all, he lifted his head from the fur in his tail and moved his head toward her. Closing the last few inches he pushed his snout into her hand before she could recoil from him. His eyes locked with hers for the longest moment, her pale eyes in shock. Then, her eyes changed and she smiled slightly and slowly, cautiously ran her head up and between his eyes and back down to scratch his nose gently. He couldn't take his eyes off her beautiful face, she seemed to glow when she smiled and her eyes sparkled. He felt his heart start to hammer in his chest and he wish he was a man again and he might court her, to touch her, talk to her, anything... he hoped he could soon.

"You feel like velvet...." she said, both her hands on his head. He pushed a step further and licked her cheek, she laughed and fell back on her behind, her laugh was musical, "Ok... and apparently you're a charmer too."

She let him scoot closer and lay his head in her lap. She seemed to calm while she touched him, becoming more comfortable and at ease with his uninvited presence. That was the hopeful outcome, he was glad it was sooner rather than later. She had strong instinct and he knew she was an animal lover and good judge of character. He knew this from being her 'guardian angel' for the last ten years. Her petting him began to slow as she glanced at the bed, then back at him.

"I don't know how much you can understand or if you can understand me at all.... but... if you can fit without knocking me off the bed, you're welcome to it." she said, then patted his head and moved away from him and stood.

He lifted his head and watched her walked to the sitting room. She shut off the lights there and in the bathroom, then she returned to the bed that was at his back now and his eyes grew wide as she shimmed out of her fatigues. She was just in her blue tee and silky pink panties that he would kill to pull off with his teeth as he seduced her. In his human skin of course. He snapped his eyes away and shook his head as she pulled the blankets back and climbed in.

He watched her reach over and turn off the light sending to room into pitch darkness. He could see her turn over, putting her back to him. She took a deep breath and relaxed. To him, turning her back to him was a sign of trust. He lay there for the longest time, listening to her breathing. After an hour or so,

it slowed to a quiet steady rhythm that told him she slept. He shifted his weight to his other hip, rolling over in turn in order to face her better. He craned his neck to look at the double doors and with his mind, turned the lock. They might be three stories up, but he could fly, so one could never be too cautious.

Rising to his feet slowly and silently he softly walked over the carpet to the end of the bed. She took up a very small portion of the king sized bed. He was very big, almost a fully grown dragon male that could reach ten to twelve feet tall, but at a little over eight feet, he felt that he could fit just fine. After all, he was longer than he was tall and very flexible. He tended to sleep in a ball in this form most of the time anyways, it was warmer.

Carefully, he put one large clawed foot at a time onto the bed, it dipped heavily at the foot, she shifted and he froze. When she turned over again, her back to him yet again, he stepped up all the way and lay down on his belly, shifting to his right hip. His tail hung off the bed and half way around the bed. He rolled his eyes at how it looked. His attention turned to her face then and after a moment found a spot to lay his large head where she couldn't hurt herself on one of his horns.

He gently laid his head on the pillow just behind her head, far enough away that he'd not hit the headboard with his horn, or if she moved or got up, she'd not hit her head. With a sigh of content, he closed his eyes, and before he realized it, he was fast asleep.