

Lykos Redemption

Ch. 5: Project Demeas

Coulter DarkClaw

The three brothers walked on for a time. Melaeneus and Nyctimus discussed their wolfish brother's fate at length. Demeas walked vigilantly by their side and kept his ears perked listening, though not understanding the conversation. Melaeneus relayed to his brother the many misdeeds for which Demeas was responsible. It was a long list including rape, assault, grand larceny, arson, destruction of property, and the list went on to include everything short of murder. The man who Demeas was had a heart so black that no light escaped its clutches. Or so it seemed. "The only way I see for Dem to redeem himself is to be tried for his crimes. How, though are we going to convince the council to even try him as he is now."

"We are his family. Can we not pay for it?"

"No we cannot. We can however do something to aid him in becoming human enough to go before the council...Damn! Zeus will not allow us into the city. We are done with my task and therefore the permission he granted us to go back into the city has expired. To go before the Twelve would mean suicide for all of us. How may we seek judgment for our brother?"

"If Arcadia is off limits let us go to another city. Let us travel to Attica and therein Athens. It may be a long journey, but that has never stopped the people of Greece before. We cannot try Sparta. They will eliminate us on sight. They will see the giant wolf that is our brother as a giant threat. Let us go to the city of logic."

"Brother that is a ridiculous journey that will most surely get us killed."

"Not when Demeas is acting more like a dog than a wolf. He is following us with little to no command even though we are not wolves."

"He is following us because right now he believes me to be his superior. Possibly his alpha. Knowing Demeas, though, once he awakes, he will not be dominated so easily. It will probably cause an issue later down the road. Right now, thank your favorite of the Twelve and hope that he does not wake for some time to come." Melaeneus said in an insightful manner.

"Well at least he is not challenging you quite yet."

"That he is not."

"So shall we head on our way to Athens?"

Melaeneus sighed in response. "If we must, then now is as good a time as any other," he replied. Then to Demeas he said, "Make yourself useful, Demeas, and carry Nyk upon your back for a while."

Nyctimus looked to his brother and chuckled, "Demeas is not a beast of burden, brother."

* Greek word for mile. 1 milion=1,617yds=1,479m

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"No, but you look tired and being helpful instead of hurtful will aid Demeas in redeeming himself. Though I cannot say how much."

"I see. Well then how can I refuse?" Nyk replied semi-sarcastically. Demeas approached Nyctimus and with his muzzle worked Nyctimus' arm to flop over his neck. Nyctimus laughed, "Alright, big brother, if you want this, I will ride on your back."

Demeas wagged his tail fiercely at that and Nyctimus scrambled to mount his brother like a steed. As soon as he did that, Demeas shrunk by a small margin and his muzzle grew even shorter. He was still extremely large. Now about the size of a small black bear instead of a large grizzly. He was still large enough that Nyctimus' could ride him with ease. As he steadied himself, he asked Melaeneus, "Shall we be off?"

"We shall." Mel replied. At that Demeas let out a small bark. They started walking and Nyctimus thought how long it had been since he'd seen all of his brothers. He hoped that he'd see all of them again soon, but he was truly worried how much more he would have to do before his brothers would be back to thinking, talking, laughing human forms again. It was a while yet, he knew. It was that thought that kept him on this path. The thought of a family reunion in full.

He'd do this once he got back from Athens after Demeas had become fully human again.

Demeas continued to carry Nyctimus, He watched over the two humans as they slept and slowly he became less and less wolfish and more and more human. It was really worrying Nyctimus that it was taking so long. Melaeneus may have been the exception, Nyk tried to rationalize, but it didn't alleviate his doubts. He worried that it may take years in order to get Demeas to become human again.

He continued to ruminate on these things as the *milia** continued to pass.

To try and discern Mel's feelings on the matter had become nigh impossible. His face was like a mask now. It had to be, he had to seem impervious in order for Demeas' wolf's mind to not seek out a challenge. This was key. As long as Demeas' wolf was subservient to Melaeneus, Demeas would be easier to control.

It was in this way that Melaeneus, Demeas, and Nyctimus traveled through the Arcadian wilderness toward the city of Athens. The trip wasn't long, but it was indeed arduous. In the best conditions it would take the better part of two days to travel from the city of Arcadia to the city of Athens. However, knowing Aeolus, And the Olympians' general opinion of his family, he knew that this journey would take far longer.

It was nearly the morning of the second day when they arrived on the outskirts of the city of Megalopolis. The city was a vast departure from the rich, small city of Arcadia. It was sprawled out in its valley of residence in such a way as to seem more like ten different cities instead of just one. Its city center was lost in a sea of people. There were too many people for it to be safe to go into the city itself

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with Demeas. So they settled for heading to a secluded area away from the city. It was there that they made camp.

“Demi, watch the camp. Nyk, make us a fire, I will set up our shelter.” Melaeneus commanded.

The most wolfish of them gave a curt nod to the eldest brother and did an about face before unceremoniously sitting down, ears forward, nose sniffing the air. As Nyctimus watched this, he chuckled. Melaeneus soon directed him to go grab some wood as fuel for their fire.

With Nyctimus gone, Melaeneus and Demeas were left alone. Demeas sniffed at the air, then scanned his giant shield-like ears around checking for any signs that Nyctimus was still around. Hearing nothing, he went over to Melaeneus and nudged him. Once Melaeneus was looking down at the wolf it started to speak, “Do you think brother’s plan will work, Alpha? Will I become like you if we continue along this path?”

Melaeneus looked at the dark wolf with something akin to contempt, “You are questioning the *Redeemer*. It is his job to get us back to our human forms. You will stop this line of questioning.” Melaeneus replied, noting with some sadness that Demeas wouldn’t even look at him in the eyes.

“Yes, Alpha. I apologize, Alpha.” Then Mel noticed that the statement wasn’t truthful. If he really was trying to apologize his tail should have been tucked and his ears flat against his skull. Demeas’ ears were up and quite alert, his tail wagging.

Melaeneus sighed. He wasn’t truly angry with the wolf; he just didn’t want Demeas to start questioning Nyctimus. That wouldn’t allow them to proceed with the plan. In fact, it would make their plan fail. They needed to have the wolf’s full cooperation until he was back in his human form. At least until he was back in his human form. Then it was up to Demeas and his wolf to decide their future. J

Nyctimus continued through the forest he was walking through trying to gather wood. He knew that Melaeneus wasn’t just making him go out to gather wood, he was getting rid of him so that he could...do something with Demeas. What he knew not. He couldn’t fathom a reason, but he couldn’t shake the feeling that Melaeneus was trying to get rid of him for a time.

The annoying thing about being the youngest of 51 brothers is that many times the elder brothers babied him. It mattered little though, he knew that he loved his brothers and he’d sworn that he’d protect them through thick and thin, whatever the Fates may throw their way he would *always* protect his brothers.

“And it is this devotion you have for your brothers, this undying love that you have for them that makes me see you in a new light, young Nyctimus. I have always had a thing for men who are loyal to their family. It is in this I find brotherhood, for no matter how cruel my father’s punishments can sometimes be, I love him wholly and without question. It is your loyalty to your family in which I find kinship.” Nyctimus heard from behind him. He turned around and found Apollo. Dressed in a bright gold Himation held up by a brooch in the shape of...a lyre.

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“Lord Apollo, Why do I see you now? I have already heard my prophec—” Apollo had sauntered up to Nyk and put his finger to Nyctimus’ mouth. He gave him a smile, an award winning smile. Nyctimus quieted immediately.

“I come to you now, because I did you a disservice in not coming before. I *love* you, Nyctimus. I fell for you upon your first sunrise as a man, oh so long ago. I cannot allow myself to continue on without you.”

“Lord Apollo...I...I don’t know what to say.” Nyk looked up in shock at the god.

“Then don’t say anything, my love.” Apollo replied sweetly, before kissing Nyctimus on the lips. Nyctimus was at first in shock, his eyes wide. He’d never been kissed by anyone on the lips before. It was just shocking that his first kiss was from a god. He’d never experienced anything like it. The kiss sent a tingling sensation throughout his body as he melted under the god’s heated adoration.

When the kiss finally broke between the two, Nyctimus was left panting. “Wow... That... felt...”

“Like perfection?” The god asked, smirking. “I really do feel for you, Nyctimus. I wish to show you just how much. Come with me to Olympus.”

Nyctimus looked down at the ground, he knew where his place was, and it wasn’t with Apollo on the Mount with the Twelve. He would love to, but his place was here with his brothers and he could not leave them. They needed his protection to survive in this world. “I...I...Oh Apollo, I want to...”

“But your family?” Apollo asked, only a slight intonation of disappointment tainting the god’s perfect voice. Apollo kissed Nyctimus lightly and Nyctimus was quick to return the kiss this time. Apollo pecked him on the lips once, twice, thrice before saying, “I understand, my love. It is for that loyalty that I love you so much.”

Nyctimus’ didn’t know exactly how to respond. He replied clumsily, “I want to be in love. I like you, Apollo. How could I not, but I am not exactly familiar with you, my lord. And what of Zeus? What will he—”

Again, a finger was pushed to his lips. Apollo smiled sweetly, yet lewdly. “Let us not spoil this meeting with ‘what-ifs.’” Soon Nyctimus was embraced tightly by the god. Apollo spoke softly into the other’s ear, “Let’s take our time. I have time. Artemis is hunting right now. She will not slumber for much time.”

The god leaned back to look at Nyk directly in the eyes. He saw the flicker of doubt held therein and asked, “Shall we take a walk. I know that your brother wants you to collect firewood.”

“I...”Nyk shook his head as if to clear his thoughts, “Yes, Let us take a walk.”

Melaeneus had the camp all set up. He was just waiting for his youngest brother to come back from the forest. It had been quite some time since he’d sent Nyctimus into the forest to fetch firewood and he hadn’t come back. Mel was starting to get worried. He looked at Demeas who still stood guard over the makeshift camp. He looked quite less frightening in this situation much more like an ungodly huge dog

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than a gigantic, evil wolf. His tail was wagging slowly across the ground as his perked ears shifted to aid in keeping watch. "Nyctimus is still in the forest. I am worried about him."

"Nyctimus will be fine, brother. He is a strong human. After all, from what I gathered from you he was able to fend you off when you were still in this form."

"I guess you are right, Demi. I just worry. I know he is the one who has sworn to protect us, but I can't help but to want to protect him."

"It was his decision to come and find us, Alpha. It will be his fault if he does not survive our journey."

"He is our *brother*! It is our job to care for him. He is one of the pack, just as much as you or I. Why treat him with such coldness, Demeas?"

"Did we not treat our brothers who died from humans before with such coldness? I am only treating him as he treated us after all." Demeas huffed. His muzzle curled into a snarl, his ears lowered, and his tail stilled.

"That is not how he treated us. He treated us in a fair and just manner in response to the way we treated him."

"Like the weak little faggot** he was? We treated him just as he was meant to be treated. He was *beneath* us. Father never saw it, but I did. I saw that he was indeed solely homosexual. He deserved what he got. It is only through that experience that our brother grew a backbone."

"You do realize that every single one of us has had sex with a man at least once. Does that not make us Faggots as well?"

"That is different. We were all the ones giving, not getting."

"We still fucked men."

"That is unimportant, brother. We were the ones fucking, not the ones being fucked."

"It does not matter anymore. We are dropping this subject," Melaeneus replied with much demand filling his voice, as he glared into Demeas' eyes. He needed to make a point so he allowed himself to flash his wolf. The strange thing was that his eyes turned bright gold for a half second before returning to their normal dark green. He snarled as well, to hammer the point home.

"Yes, Alpha." Demeas replied, showing submissive gestures in ears, eyes, and tail.

"Shall we head back?" Apollo asked, getting up and pulling on his *chiton**** and *himation*****. He attached the brooch to his Himation before grabbing Nyctimus' hand and pulling him up to stand. As he did he pulled him into an embrace. Holding the naked Nyctimus, Apollo gave him another deep, affectionate kiss lasting seconds. It felt like hours to Nyctimus.

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Nyctimus smiled as he pulled away, "By the Gods! I love you, Apollo... Wait, Eros said I would see him. He said I would see him when I found my true love. I thought for sure he would be here."

"You see, Nyctimus. It does indeed feel good to fall for another male. Does it not?" Eros appeared from above.

Nyctimus actually ignored the god of love after he confirmed his presence. "I know I love you. I have no doubts about that, Apollo. I must apologize about not joining you, though. Please, don't forget me. I *love* you, my lord."

"I love you, too. Nyctimus, I can give your brothers their forms back, if you want me, too. It would be much easier than what you are planning to do."

"You may do this with those who are not guilty of much. However this track of redemption must be done. I will not have my brothers not know the meaning of right and wrong. Those who are like Melaeneus and who are only guilty of cowardice should be given back their forms. They did nothing wrong but went along with Demeas and those others who were the real culprits. And I mean the ones who did not participate in the wrongdoings of the others. Those who not only did not stop Demeas and the others, but participated need to prove themselves worthy of returning to human form."

"You are wise beyond your years, my sweet Nyctimus. I will do as you ask. Now let us return you to your brothers." Apollo said. He grabbed Nyctimus' *chiton* and started to help Nyk don the piece of clothing.

After Nyctimus donned his clothes he picked up the pile of firewood he'd gathered before Apollo seduced him. "Thank you, my Lord. I cannot ask for anything more."

Apollo gave the man a small smile and gestured for him to come with him. "Come, your brother is most likely worried sick."

The god and the man walked abreast the god's arm draped protectively over the shoulders of the man while the man's arm was wrapped around Apollo's middle. If Nyk was honest with himself, he was still a little uncomfortable from the sex and he felt like he had to waddle a little to make himself more comfortable. They walked this way until they made it out of the forest. They walked over to the camp where Demeas and Melaeneus were standing. "I must apologize, my love, I must go. Zeus calls." Apollo's form disappeared in a shimmering spectacle of lights. His disappearance was accompanied by a small set of notes played from a flute.

"I love you, my sweet Apollo. Until next we meet." Nyctimus said to the air where Apollo's form once stood.

Demeas heard the footsteps and smelled Nyctimus before turning around and running to his youngest brother. He nuzzled against the human's leg, before then sniffing at the man's groin. "He has had sex while in the forest. I cannot determine with whom." Demeas said to Melaeneus, chuckling.

"Nyctimus do you want to explain why Demeas smells sex on you?"

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Nyctimus turned crimson, “Uh...um...A...Apollo and I...”

“Wait, what?” Melaeneus questioned, “Apollo?”

“He said he loved me. He seduced me. I...I am sorry. Here is the wood for which you asked.”

“There is no need to apologize, Nyctimus. I am only surprised. Allowing yourself to be fucked by a man is one thing, but when that man is a god, especially one of the Twelve, it becomes another thing entirely.” Melaeneus replied, “Thank you for the firewood. Now before Demi and I both gag, go wash.” Mel finished with a chuckle.

Demeas looked at his brother, cocked his head to the side, “Apollo, eh? Well I guess I can live with that. It’s better than being fucked by a commoner,” he said gruffly to Melaeneus, which actually spurred Demeas into a rapid change. He grew ever more humanoid in appearance, his ears returning to their place. His muzzle shrunk into his face whist the fur thinned and much dropped out. His tail receded into his body and much of the fur he had gained as a darkwolf. Nyctimus and Melaeneus looked on in horror as their ‘Project Demeas’ completed itself in little more than an afternoon. “Wh...Why?”

“I believe it is because I have done many wrongs because I was so distraught to find your ‘toys,’ Nyctimus. It was originally your indiscretion which caused me to make many of the moves I made.” Nyctimus blushed at that, “I believe by internally acknowledging myself as your brother. Truly doing so for the first time in nearly eight years. I have redeemed myself to you. I also think your new lover has something to do with it.”

“I do not know of what you are speaking, Demeas.” Apollo appeared next to Nyctimus. Hugging him as soon as he materialized and causing both to laugh jovially. “I only turned those who deserved to be turned at the time Nyctimus asked me to do so. That meant that all those wolves you considered cowards as a human are now in their human form.” Apollo looked at Demeas straight in the eyes, “Don’t believe me, call to them.”

Demeas and Melaeneus both let out howls into the air. The lonesome sound in harmony filled Nyctimus with a dread he’d never felt before. He felt as if he was bereft of his family and left for dead.

When Melaeneus ended his howl. Demeas’ soon followed. And in a cascading effect from the surrounding forests came the response. It totaled twenty-five unique howls. Meaning twenty-five lycans were in the vicinity.

“The three remaining, were killed, I am afraid to say. Though they would not have changed back anyways.”

Nyctimus felt a tear streak down the side of his face. He couldn’t believe it. Out of fifty-one brothers who started this journey, only twenty-nine brothers were left.

His tears flowed freely as he saw Melaeneus and Demeas try to stop themselves from crying. “Grieve freely, my love. It is grief which makes the best hero. And, my dearest Nyctimus, the Lycaonids need a hero.” Apollo whispered as he kissed atop Nyctimus’ head, “Seeing how I love your brother, I want to

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accompany you all to make sure that Nyctimus doesn't try anything stupid. I love him and I'd hate to see him in the hands of my uncle.

"Travel only during the day and I will guide you. You will have a new home in Attica."

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