

Lykos Redemption

\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\Act II\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\

Ch 4: Si Miren Uds. a la Izquierda...

Coulter DarkClaw

"Has anyone seen Demeas?" Nyctimus asked his brothers, worried and slightly annoyed. It had been hours since they all had returned home from their day of work and Demeas had yet to appear. He was worried into what trouble Demeas would get himself.

Melaeneus howled a moment later, making a shiver run down Nyk's spine. Melaeneus chuckled, "There is no need to look so frightened, Nyctimus. It is only me. Your eldest brother. This is not the first time you have heard the howl, either. Why are you reacting this way now?"

"I have no idea, brother. I just feel as though something is not right. There is a very *wrong* feeling to today." Nyctimus looked to his eldest brother and frowned. Melaeneus had a bright smile upon his visage and that more than anything bothered Nyk. "What are you planning?"

"Nothing brother. I just think it is amusing that you are afraid of *us*. We are your family. We will never harm you." Melaeneus replied and grasped him on the shoulder in a gesture of reassurance.

"That is not necessarily accurate." A female voice said from outside. It sounded feral, almost animalistic in its nature.

"Lysea, I was wondering when you would show yourself again." Nyk greeted the she-wolf after opening the door.

The lupine eyed the Shepherd as she walked into the house. "You only see me now as Artemis' envoy. I was told to inform you of what your brothers are capable. As well as deliver the message from her father that he is very angry with you and yours. Though he waits to see how it will turn out, before he decides whether or not to smite you."

"My brother will not listen to reason. He has not the will to lead us. Nor the foresight. I have plans, my brothers. Plans which are now possible, thanks be to Zeus and Artemis. My brothers, there is more power for us than we currently have. And I intend to pursue that power. It will take time, brothers. However, I will be alpha of all wolves. All wolves!"

The small crowd of under a hundred men and women looked at Demeas with fear in their eyes. None had known what it was that Demeas was planning. Though their first encounter with him was not a pleasurable experience as he had turned all of them against their will. He had bitten over the course of the last few days over 150 people. So far only a hundred had actually survived the experience.

Perseus nicked himself on the shoulder just below the deltoid, making it look like a wound received in battle. Then he approached the physician's house and knocked upon the door. The demigod heard the elder doctor order someone to open the door. As it opened, Perseus leaned on the door and put on a

pained expression feigning a greater injury than he had. “The Basilisk...” He groaned before letting his body fall limply to the ground.

“Master, come quickly, It is the hero, Perseus. It sounds as if he has been injured gravely. We must aid him.”

Perseus smiled internally. **Perfect. He fell for it.**

She looked upon the patrons in her little slice of hell. Hoping for the end of the day so that she may rest, she twirled around the raised platform as if she were made of smoke—ethereal and fluid. Her eyes were a gorgeous shade of vermillion green and her skin the color of honey. Melaeneus looked upon her as she danced. Utterly enthralled by her beauty as he was he did not notice Nyctimus slipping into the seat next to him. He was followed quickly thereafter by Apollo, who seemed to be a constant companion of Nyk’s these days. Mel wondered how the sun moved across the sky with how often he was around Nyctimus.

“I have many sides of myself, Melaeneus. Just because I am here with the love of my life does not mean that my duty will not be fulfilled.” Apollo said it as if he knew exactly what Melaeneus was thinking. In truth it had been the god’s best guess as to the workings of the werewolf’s mind.

“Yet I assume that the muses are unattended. Or is it the oracles? Which of your many duties are you neglecting to spend so much time with my brother? I wo—“

“You dare question me, wolf. I could easily turn you to ash, you inso—“

“Tread carefully, Apollo” said a new voice. All turned to look upon a new deity sitting upon the opposite side of Mel. Nemesis gave a chuckle as they all sighed heavily, “What? Is my presence an unwelcome sight?”

“Aye. Indeed you are not whom we wished to see.” Apollo answered.

“I bare warning of a vendetta against your family. I do this solely because my lord, Zeus bade me to.”

“Hmm...?” Nyk’s curiosity was obvious to any with an ear.

“Perseus. I have no idea, what else to say other than I hope Hephaestus’ staff is as strong as advertised, or soon you will lose more of your brothers.” She said, her voice practically oozing with sarcasm.

Just as Nyctimus prepared a response, she disappeared with a ghastly cackle and a puff of red-black smoke. Apollo was there right after leading Nyctimus away from his brothers. He whispered in Nyctimus’ ear, “You could not have known. It is not your fault.”

“No I did nothing wrong, Apollo. I am not at fault. I aided a man in need. I didn’t betray my family. That demigod ass is going to have to try a lot harder than that to take out my family. We are stronger than he thinks.”

“That we are, my brother. I want you to meet some new friends. Meet my new pack.” Demeas intruded upon their conversation walking in without a worry in the world. Acting as if it weren’t unusual that he’d been gone almost three weeks.

Melaeneus was on him so fast, he didn't even have the chance to blink. Melaeneus turned almost all the way to primal form and tried to bite down on Demeas' neck—the ultimate sign of dominance in a wolf pack. Demeas was almost dominated by that bite before he regained his bearings, snarled, and shoved Mel off of him. “So this is the welcome I receive from my own brother?” Demeas snarled ferociously, gnashing his teeth.

“Yes, because you went against me *as alpha*! I cannot have such disobedience from members of my pack. You cursed these people—I assume—against their will to do what, Demeas? Become an alpha yourself? You are still one of *my* betas. If you wish to have your own pack, then you and I must settle this according to wolver practice. A fight. You against me. If you win, I submit to you as alpha and you shall lead both packs. If I win, you shall submit once and for all to me, your alpha, forevermore. If we draw, then you are banished from this pack, and you must take those you turned with you.” With that said Melaeneus launched himself at Demeas again.

They went tumbling into the street outside the establishment. Snarls and grunts could be heard as the two fought. Each vying for dominance over their opponent. Melaeneus scratched fiercely at Demeas' face while Demeas held up his hands in defense. Then Demeas got his feet under Mel and kicked hard. The kick had enough force to knock Melaeneus on his back for a moment. Mel righted himself quickly.

He snarled and gnashed his teeth in between pants. Demeas appeared more relaxed, but it was obvious that the wounds had taken a lot out of him. The two eldest brothers circled each other with fierce expressions set upon their proto-muzzles as they stared each other down. The next move was Demeas'. He jumped wildly into the air his hands wide spread as he bowled right into Melaeneus' side. Melaeneus and he tumbled again through the dirt and gravel for another twenty *podes** further on.

Nyctimus turned to Apollo and rolled his eyes. He then slammed the butt of the Shepherd's Crook down upon the ground and shouted, “STOP!!!!” And suddenly everything froze. It was as if time itself had quit moving. Nyctimus stared wide-eyed at the staff.

Apollo chuckled silently at his side. He put a hand on Nyk's shoulder and said, “The Crook is a powerful tool. All you said was stop. Didn't dictate what. So it stopped all. Say go and time will continue when you tap the Crook upon the ground.”

“G-go!” Nyk muttered and tapped the crook upon the ground. And time did continue. Then, “Stop fighting you blubbering buffoons!” he yelled and slammed it down upon the ground.

The two werewolves—near fully transformed—were suspended in their actions looking with wide eyes at each other. Nyc walked up to the two of them, knelt down in near their faces and said slowly and with the upmost calm, “You two are in public with many people who can see you. Either you run off and finish this in the wilderness or I will allow Perseus at you two.” He then got up took Apollo's hand and walked off toward the city limits without looking back.

As soon as they were able, Demeas and Melaeneus shot off into the night.

*podes-pl. pous; 1 pous= 12.13in.=308.2mm